

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

NUMBER 31

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Interview

Andrew J. Offutt

NOISE LEVEL

John Brunner

**ON THE EDGE
OF FUTURIA**

Ray Nelson

THE ROGER AWARDS

Orson Scott Card

MOVIE NEWS AND REVIEWS

Bill Warren

THE VIVISECTOR

Darrell Schweitzer

SHORT FICTION REVIEWS

Orson Scott Card

PUBLISHING AND WRITING NEWS

Eton T. Elliott

BOOK REVIEWS - COMMENTARY - LETTERS
NEW BOOK LISTS



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IF THE FUTURE ISN'T WHAT IT USED
TO BE, DOES THAT MEAN THE PAST IS
SUBJECT TO CHANGE IN TIMES TO
COME?

4-16-79 Elton Elliott still called with the just-awarded Nebula winners:

Best Novel: DREAMSNAKE

By Vonda McIntyre

Best Novella: THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION By John Varley

Best Novelette: "A Glow of Candles, a Unicorn's Eye" By Charles Grant

Best Short Story: "Stone"

By Edward Bryant

On page 33 of this issue I mention my plan to publish/write my novel, MASTERS OF DEATH in my personal journal, RICHARD E. GEIS, to begin with the current issue (to be published around April 20th). But a week ago a NY editor called and invited me to send a partial of an intensely erotic sword & sorcery novel. (New line of books.)

I thought immediately of MASTERS OF DEATH with 4000 words already completed with a rough outline in place.

So---you guessed it---MASTERS is being untimely ripped from REG and voyaged to NY.

In its place I'm beginning an already-outlined present-day erotic novel, SPLITTING.

I wish you wouldn't ask why I don't start STAR WHORES in REG, instead. The reason is I don't want to be doing two sf novels at once.

The dalrog Awards were given at the 1979 Fool-Con, April 1, and the winners are as follows:

Best Novel: BLIND VOICES by Tom Reamy.

Best Short Fiction: "Death From Exposure" by Patricia Cadigan.

Best Collection/Anthology: BORN TO EXILE by Phyllis Eisenstein.

Best Poet: Ray Bradbury.

Best Artist: Tim Kirk.

Best Amateur Publication: SHAYOL Edited by Patricia Cadigan and Arnold Fenner.

Best Professional Publication: AGE OF DREAMS by Alicia Austin (Donald Grant).

Outstanding Amateur Achievement: Paul C. Allen for FANTASY NEWS-LETTER and "Of Swords & Sorcery".

Outstanding Professional Achievement: Donald M. Grant

J.R.R. Tolkien

Judges' Choice: Andre Norton for Life Time Achievement

Jonathan Boror. for FANTASY CROSS-ROADS.

474 ballots were cast.

The Ballrog Awards received their name from one of Middle Earth creatures created by J.R.R. Tolkien in his LORD OF THE RINGS trilogy.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS, NEW AND OLD, ARE HONORED AND FULFILLED ON AN ISSUES NUMBER BASIS.

Next Issue.....

PART II OF THE ANDREW J. OFFUTT INTERVIEW

AN INTERVIEW WITH ORSON SCOTT CARD

"A WRITER'S NATURAL ENEMY: EDITORS" BY GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

ALL THE REGULARS, A CARLOAD OF REVIEWS, AND MORE GEIS THAN YOU PROBABLY WANT.

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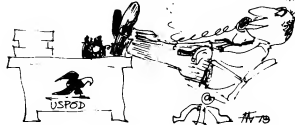
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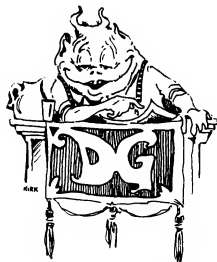
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LISTEN, HARRY... AFTER WE GO TO THE TEN DIGIT ZIPCODES, THERE'S THIS NUT IN PORTLAND, OREGON, WHO COLLECTS OLD ZIPCODES! YEAH.... YOU GOT IT... EMPTY THE WAREHOUSES RIGHT ON HIS FRONT LAWN!



ALIEN THOUGHTS



BY THE EDITOR

2-13-79 THE COPY FOR SFR #50 WENT off to Times Litho today, moaning as usual about being "used", a mere "reading object" soon "cast aside, forgotten..."

That's nonsense. I love all my past issues as much as each new one. What do magazines want? You can't live with them and you can't live without them.... What a life.

RECEIVED

CRISPAN MAGICKER by Mark M. Lowenthal. Novel. Avon 42333, \$1.95. Original. Fantasy.

GALACTIC EMPIRES, Vol. 1, edited by Brian Aldiss. Anthology. Avon 42341, \$2.25. First published by St. Martin's Press. Science Fiction.

THE SUNDREN STAR by Pamela Sargent. Novel. Fawcett 1-4114-4, \$1.95. Original. Science Fiction.

2-15-79 I've received two letters from GALAXY subscribers asking if I know anything about the magazine's health... Shit. I haven't gotten my subscription copies, either! I hear of issues on the stands, I hear of big plans for future issues, but nothing comes in the mail.

These subscribers tell of repeated letters to the GALAXY subscription dept. which are not answered, not acted upon.

Plainly the subscribers to GALAXY are getting the dirty end of the stick. This inability or unwillingness by the publisher to make sure subscribers get their copies within a reasonable time of the magazine's

newsstand appearance only infuriates those subbers and insures they will not never no-way renew their subscriptions.

Sheer suicide? A calculated policy of rip-off? Critical lack of operating capital?

How long can I continue to snap at the ownership and still keep my reviewing job with GALAXY?

RECEIVED

THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE by Arthur C. Clarke. Novel. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10.00. Original. Science fiction.

LETTER FROM CHARLES R. SAUNDERS Box 193, Postal Station B Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1P 6C4 December 10, 1978

'If 90% of everything is crap, then 90% of all the people who think that 90% of everything is crap must be crap.

'If I were asked at gunpoint to give a one-sentence review of ONE IMMORTAL MAN, I'd say, "It read like A FEAST UNKNOWN, with Vik Kunzar as Lord Grandrith in blackface".

'Since you're not holding a gun on me, I'll say that the story was quite innovative. As far as SF about blacks goes, I'd place OIM a notch below TELEMPATH, but a hell of a lot higher than FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD. One thing I liked was the mutated jungle. Now that was original. Where else would one experiment with botanical mutation but a rain forest?

'Your speculation that race relations will probably be worse 200 years from now is probably well-founded. One thing though... by then the memories of the slave trade might well have faded. And if that memory did indeed fade, the Africans and Europeans might, to their chagrin, find that they have very much in common. Think about it... doesn't much of the present strife in Africa parallel what was going on in Europe during the first half of this century, and for many centuries before that? The nationalism, the insistence on maintaining an impractical number of mutually unintelligible languages, the preoccupation with the extended family... and the deposing, often violently done, of monarchies. Sound familiar?

'Guess that's it. Hope you can find a publisher for OIM.'

(If you accept the social cycle theory---that undeveloped peoples gradually reach unity and homogeneity and a strong civilization---then do you accept the logical assumption that we are heading for the ass-end of the cycle when our society will break up into smaller geographical or religious or "tribal" units and have continual small wars... Ummm, no, come to think, after we break up we'll probably be dominated and held as colonies by the United African Nation.))

LETTER FROM LUKE MCGUFF 2217 N. Hoyne Chicago, IL 60647 January 15, 1979

'I've been getting SFR since number 17, so I guess that makes me almost a long-time subscriber. What's finally moved me to comment is Darrell Schweitzer's "Occasionally Mentioning Science Fiction", which I enjoyed pretty much.

'Whenever anyone has said, "You go to cons to meet people", I've always thought it was instantaneous. One hears stories about a fan always being an outcast, Discovering Fandom and suddenly being in and three weeks later editing a really hot fanzine.

'This could probably still happen, but I'd like to point out to all hopefuls that it most likely won't. It takes time and patience. Most of all, a lack of pushiness. I haven't regretted any of the 3 cons I've attended (all Windycons), but I have had the wonderful experience of talking with someone for an hour or so and then they don't recognize me twenty minutes later. At a con like Windycon there can be about 1200-1500 people. Lacon, Lunacon and others probably attract just as many. It's sensory overload and only by the fourth or fifth con do you actually get to see someone you recognize. But they certainly are fun, and looking ahead, I see as many cons in the next three months as I've attended in the last three years (three). Yes, it does get addictive after awhile. And fanzines too. If anyone has a hot new fanzine, or even a warm old one, I'd like to see it.'

((You asked for it.))

2-16-79 Jeff Johnston, of Toledo, Ohio, wrote in January to comment on the future I have mentioned before--when magazines will be "sold" by the

process of computer-terminal exchange. You key in SFR #89 on your home terminal viewer, and scan the contents page. You decide to read the issue, so you key for payment and confirm it with your secret code. The payment is credited to my bank account, and your account is debited.

If you want a permanent, printed copy you could send to me for a photocopy, or have your terminal/printer make you one (depending on how elaborate a home terminal installation you have.)

So, asks Jeff (and I echo), who controls access to the computer which handles the storage and "selling" of the magazine? Who decides which magazines, which books, which plays, which records, etc. are made accessible to the public?

That is where true freedom of the future "press" will reside. Because sure as hell there will be a limit to the publications the computer can handle.

Will there be an entertainment/educational access computer for each city....county....state....federal zone....for the entire country? Could a city or county or state censor their computer?

All the problems of the paper/film industry would be shifted to the new computer-terminal industry. One way to "protect the kids" and other "impressionable" minds would be a lock on the terminal or a way to lock out or restrict certain areas of the computer offerings, by parents or certain authorities.

Could the government secretly put blocks on certain computered books, magazines, programs? 'In the national interest'? Yup.

So what we face is a knowledge monopoly---a lock on access to knowledge---unpopular, embarrassing information could be locked out---by our paternal 1984ish governments. And freedom of the press would be a thing of the past, since only approved and "responsible" "publishers" would be granted the privilege of having their material on file.

Of course, you may say, there is always the old-fashioned paper-printing way, selling by advertising, by mail.... Except that the costs of paper and etc. would be prohibitive, and physical delivery of paper publications would be exorbitantly costly. The governments would see to that.

Few people would pay \$10.00 for a magazine...especially if the government propagandized the view that only un-Americans, radicals, and mentally ill people patronized the fringe press...the underground, criminal press. Your name would be on lists....

This is, admittedly, the darker view of the coming electronic-living world of our future. But every rock has an underside...and this one has bugs.

RECEIVED--
STRANGE EONS by Robert Bloch. Novel. Whispers Press, \$12.00, signed edition \$25.00. Box 1492-W, Azalea St., Browns Mills, NJ 08015

Note: a rare event--a new Bloch novel, this on the Cthulhu theme.

THE HUGO WINNERS Volume 3, Book 1, edited by Isaac Asimov. Fawcett 2-3841-5, \$1.95

Note: this is the first half of the complete Doubleday book THE HUGO WINNERS--VOLUME III.

LETTER FROM GLEN T WILSON Sept. 1978

'I was very interested in your interview with Ben Bova. Some comments, especially on the economics of SF publishing and movie-making.

'(1) "Science fiction magazines don't have enough readers to attract advertisers".

'Wrong, Wrong slant. All small magazines -- golfing magazines, camping magazines, SF magazines -- have to charge higher rates per thousand readers, and hence are unattractive to national advertisers who want to sell soap or cigarettes. But, if you are selling golf clubs or camping tents, you get much better payoff per dollar by advertising in a specialty magazine. The problem for an SF magazine publisher, then, is to find advertisers whose products have specially high appeal to the kind of readers who read science fiction.

'(2) Sex and violence. Distribution is all-important for magazine sales. The magazines need to be there on the drugstore racks. SF magazine editors have to fish or cut bait on this issue, unfortunately. If they include explicit sex at all, or naked ladies on the cover, they lose distribution in small-town drugstores all over the country.

'The only sensible solution is the one that evolved naturally: have one magazine (GALAXY) print the stories with sex as an integral part of the plot, while the others stay prim

'(3) Movies: "Do you think current novels in science fiction could be filmed today?"

'Let's put it this way. Suppose you made up a list of the 100 or 200 best SF stories and novels ever written. Some of them would make excellent movies. Others would be totally unfilmable.

'The trouble is, Hollywood producers wouldn't know the difference. All they know is creature features

and Flash Gordon. Also, they don't have the time to waste on reading all 200 best stories, they're much too busy making deals.

'So, SF writers, or fans, or someone, should darn well do the winnowing for them. Some stories are unfilmable because the action is too cerebral -- nothing visual to show. Cut that 200 down to 100. A movie has to have a reasonably happy ending for the good guys, so cut out all the downbeat stories -- 50 left. Some stories require special effects that can't be done yet, or have a plot too complex for a couple of hours -- 25 left.

'OK, so whoever's organizing this then takes the 25 stories, summarizes the plot of each in 3 Pages or less -- Hollywood producers hate to read any more than they absolutely have to -- and circulates the list

'Here are my suggestions (I sure haven't read all SF, but I know what I like):

'Asimov's Foundation series -- too long for a movie -- could and should be made into a 12-part TV series.

'Roger Zelazny's "Nine Princes in Amber". I can just picture Robert Redford, waking up in a mental hospital, escaping, engaging in more and more fantastic adventures as he recovers his memory. Of course, may be some of the audience will figure he really is a loonnie, on a drug trip (remember how 2001's ending was misinterpreted?), and the later Amber books get ridiculously convoluted in plot. But the first two are eminently filmable.

'Larry Niven's excellent books -- at least half of them should be filmable. Isaac Asimov's time-trav-



The only problem I can see in a writer aiming high is keeping the paper on the ceiling long enough to finish.

el novel, THE END OF ETERNITY. DUNE (novel #1 only).

'The next problem was that Hollywood people too often want to make drastic changes in what was excellent to begin with, and belloy it up. The author has no power to alter things, is busy writing his next stories, doesn't want to spend a year arguing with nitwits, and will usually have to just shrug his shoulders unless he has a pugnacious personality like Harlan Ellison.

'Perhaps what's needed is a blacklist. A blacklist of directors and producers who change the originals inexcusably. A whitelist of those who see their function as making a craftsmanlike adaptation of the original book to a workable screenplay. You could judge their proclivities by seeing what they've done to mainstream bestsellers.

'Well, maybe that isn't legally possible under current publishing contracts. Right now it's a big bazaar, with authors and publishers delighted to sell movie rights to the highest bidders, regardless. But it ought to be possible. Otherwise all that the STAR WARS success will produce is a lot of garbage in the movie theaters.'

((I'm afraid the best we can hope for--all I ever hope for--is high-quality garbage. Well-made garbage. Inventive garbage. Interesting garbage. We are all garbage. We are born as garbage and end as garbage. That's my considered opinion. I know...you think it's a bunch of garbage. That proves my point!))

2-18-79 A subscriber wrote and asked how come titles can be used by different authors at different times. Isn't there a law?

It was long ago decided that titles could not be copyrighted. Some people would make an industry of thinking up fine titles for novels, songs, what-have-you, copyrighting them (as titles on four-line nonsense poems, for instance) and then selling rights to their titles to authors, publishers.... Or suing whenever one of "their" titles was used without permission.

There is a way of protecting a title, though...by making it a Trade Mark of your product. Thus PLAYBOY is trademarked, as are the names of cars and breakfast foods, etc. The magazine becomes a product protected by law. And so PLAYBOY, INC. will sue anyone using Playboy in a business name. PLAYBOY MASSAGE PARLOR, for instance, wouldn't last long.

An obscure little magazine titled THE CRITIC had its title trademarked by its publishers/sponsors, a Catholic group, and has (and will) sue in federal court anyone using the word Critic in a title for a periodical. That's why I had to change the title of this magazine from THE ALIEN CRITIC to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. No one had ever managed to trademark 'Review'.

I first used the name SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW in the mid-Fifties, then went Gafia (Getting away from it all) for about ten years as I started writing in 1959 and didn't seem to need any other interest until 1967.... Well, who needs my life history. SFR was used during that hiatus by a fan publisher in San Diego. He quit. I picked up the title and have been using it ever since.

I note that a new all-review zine is being born, published, I believe by Borgo Press, to be titled SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY REVIEW. That's cool. It may cause some confusion in some inattentive and/or ignorant and careless minds, but that's their problem. My problem is when/if I start getting mail intended for SF&F REVIEW.

LETTER FROM HARRY ANDRUSCHAK
6933 N. Rosemead Blvd, #31
San Gabriel, CA 91775
Jan. 10, 1979

'1) I am the OE of FAPA ((Remember FAPA? I think you were in it once, were you not)) and trying to get a few constitutional amendments into action that would improve the organization. Don't wish me luck, wish me a miracle.

'2) I am one of the new Directors of the NFFF. Remember that organization? Still around, and with a new directorate trying to revitalize the old organization. As with FAPA, wish us a miracle, not luck. New dues are \$6.00 a year payable to Janie Lamb, route 2, Box 272, Heiskell, TN 37754.

'3) Overwhelming everything else, and the main reason why I am so tired when I get home, is the fact that we are now approaching Jupiter with VOYAGER ONE taking pictures and operating 24 hours a day. I wish I could convey to you my feelings on seeing all these pictures coming in after 18 months of cruising. MAGNIFICENT. We are already getting pictures equal to anything obtained by Pioneers 10 and 11. The planet's atmosphere is far more active than during the first visit, and several breakthroughs are expected.

'All in all, I just cannot get over the thrill of watching the Ramtek screens build up the pictures. I must admit fazines and fandom are a bit of a letdown after such a spectacle.'

((I was a member of FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association) twice. It was THE place to be, and a place where old fans went to die. I wasn't ready to die, I guess. I didn't last long either time.))

LETTER FROM JACQUES PRESSEAU
145 Msgr. Lang
Edmundston, N.B.
EOL 1H0, Canada
Jan. 28, 1979

'I have long held an extreme interest in a sub-genre related to science fiction: the alternate history/alternate timelines story. The type that has been illustrated by works like "Bring the Jubilee" (Ward Moore), "Time Without Number" (John Brunner), "Tunnel Through the Deep" (Harry Harrison), "The Man in the High Castle" (Philip K. Dick). I have been collecting those works with the idea of doing a study on this sub-genre (thematics, recurrent themes, content analysis).

'Do you know of any individual, group or organization sharing my interest? To your knowledge, has there ever been a study on this sub-genre or is one currently in progress? Any information which would allow me to make contacts, trace works or studies would be greatly appreciated.'

((No, sorry, I'm not up on the academic work being done on s-f. What I can do is throw you to the ~~WTF~~ readership, who may be able to assist.))

HELLO, GOD... I'M
WORKING ON AN ARTICLE
ABOUT GENESIS, AND
I HAD A QUESTION:
WHAT COULD YOU HAVE
SAID BESIDES "LET THERE
BE LIGHT!"?



THE FANS DIRECTORY
By Graham England
1 Fleetway, Didcot, Oxon,
OX11 8BC, United Kingdom
5-Dec.-78

WHAT IS IT FOR?

The Fans Directory will list those in the UK willing to put up overseas fans about the time of SEACON '79, as well as fans from overseas, who don't know who to ask. (The directory will formalise (slightly) the tradition that fans are welcome to stay with other fans.

HOW TO GET LISTED?

If you live in Britain: Please write and tell me how many can stay, and describe yourselves briefly -- e.g. We're vegetarians, we're into junk food, there's one double bed and unlimited room for sleeping bags, or we keep 24 dogs, or whatever...

If you live overseas: Please write to me and make a fanish offer in return for the hospitality. The people offering you house room don't show you. Persuade them that they want to have you to stay.

(A very admirable project. Incidentally, fans visiting Oregon are NOT welcome to stay here. Drop by for a short visit--fine. Stay too long and I'll let you talk to Al--rr-Ego.)

ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

X725L5Z17-8N92-B5613

TOP SECRET

TO: ZCYLEP, G82-5

LOC. DESIG.: ALTER EGO

LOCAT.: 76°23'15.02"N; 15°23'52.56"W;
118.2536K; 3

LOC. DESIG.: EARTH, NORTH AMERICA,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
OREGON, PORTLAND

ROUTE.: B5623

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AM JAN 5 1979 LOCAL TIME STOP RE-
PORT AS USUAL UNTIL THAT TIME STOP
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TRANS: JTR

2-19-79 The story elements in my novel, STAR WHORES, starting in this issue, are probably not what I had led you to expect in previous issues.

Why not have human minds in robot bodies serving as sex technicians on a long-voyage spaceship as I had expected and you expected?

The sequence is this: I had STAR WHORES plotted at least a year ago, peopled with entirely human characters. Then Bruce Conklin sent along some artwork I liked and kept. One work was the drawing you see on this page--lush human-form robot being repaired or assembled.... And I on the spur of the moment, in a comment in SFR, added that speculative element to my description of the novel. I didn't think it through.

And again, in a response to a letter--if I remember correctly--I added something about maybe a man's mind could end up in a "star whore's" robot body...

Again, I hadn't considered all the problems and logicalities of adding this to the novel.

But now, in the past few days, I have traced the implications--and it won't work. For two major reasons:

1. Why go to the very expensive trouble to put a human mind/brain in a robot female body which/who is to serve as a giver-of-sexual-pleasure?

Why go to the expense of first psychologically conditioning the person for the switch and the shock, and then why go to the expense of months of reorientation and training and psychological support which would be required? I couldn't come up with any good reason at all. In the future of STAR WHORES the male and female sex technicians are a guild, respected, legal. But they aren't important enough to justify a ten million dollar investment...to put three of them on a corporation mining spacer!

2. I feel that the robot body would distance the reader from the women, and that the sexual scenes would become...er...too mechanical and inhuman.

So I decided to go with my original plot and characters, technology and social-cultural future.

The mind-in-robot idea still intrigues me, but it will have to be used in a story structured for it.

2-20-79 Heh. Well... I just wrote the first chapter of STAR WHORES, and...uh....it is much too erotic to publish in SFR.

Edit it down to "acceptable" sex levels, you say? I hate to do that, and I hate/resist the internal censorship of writing that way. I see now that STAR WHORES has to be a highly erotic sf murder mystery...a



mixture 'I'm positive in advance to attempt to all decent national publishers. And I don't know of any indecent ones.

I can hear some of you screaming: "Why not publish it in SFR?"

Because SFR goes into a lot of libraries and, too, I don't want to impose this much sex on the percentage of subscribers and readers who would be offended by it for various reasons.

Which is not to say I won't write it or publish it. It's just not appropriate for SFR.

[I was taking a chance with ONE IMMORTAL MAN last year, but in it the sex was tertiary to the danger/tension/violence, and thus not enough to trigger the irrational fear/anxiety that large proportions of sex descriptions set off in many people. Maiming and killing in graphic detail is okay, on a virtual non-stop basis, but pleasure---erotic pleasure---ah, that pushes big red buttons!]

So I'll write it, type it up on stencil, and run it off on the trusty Gestetner in a limited run...say 300 copies. No sexy illos. Cost you \$3. delivered first class mail, if you want a copy.

If you decide to send in money, be advised that you gotta state in your letter that you're at least 18 years old. And sign the letter.

I ain't going to make a fortune off this novel, but I feel this yen to write a good erotic novel again. I expect to get it finished in a couple months.

RECEIVED-----

RED NAILS by Robert E. Howard. Collection. Putnam's, \$9.95. Edited by Karl Edward Wagner. Introduction by Wagner. The title novelet plus "Beyond the Black River" and "Shadows of Zamboula." Added is a fine map of the Hyborean Age continents and Howard's essay on his creation.

Note: a splendidly bloody fight scene, Conan in action, makes the wrap-around dust jacket painting by Ken Kelly a collectors item in itself.

FROSTWORLD AND DREAMFIRE by John Morressy. Original novel. Popular Library 04376-8, \$1.75. Science fiction.

ENGINE SUMMER by John Crowley. Original novel. Doubleday, \$7.95. Note: the blurb-writer calls this a "science fiction fantasy".

THE SECRET SEA by Thomas Monteleone. Original s-f novel. Fawcett, \$1.75. Note: advance copy; scheduled for publication in May.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SHEFFIELD
6812 Wilson Lane
Bethesda, MD 20034
March 12, 1979

'A couple of comments, if I may, on Steve Brown's review in SFR #30 of Arthur Clarke's THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE, and his footnote reference to my forthcoming novel, THE WEB BETWEEN THE WORLDS.

'First, my work will appear in August, 1979, from Ace, not 'next year' as Steve's review stated. I assume that he wrote those words in 1978.

'Second, the following comments, extracted from letters that Arthur Clarke and I wrote to the SFWA Bulletin, should allay some of Steve's fears that my novel will be judged as a steal. The coincidences referred to below between THE FOUNTAINS... and THE WEB... are all there, even though the stories are vastly different in almost every other respect.

'From Arthur C. Clarke, January 17th, 1979:

"'Early in 1979 I published a novel, THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE, in which an engineer named Morgan, builder of the longest bridge in the world, tackles a far more ambitious project -- an 'orbital tower' extending from a point on the equator to geostationary orbit. Its purpose: to replace the noisy, polluting and energy-wasteful rocket by a far more efficient electric elevator system. The construction material is a crystalline carbon fiber, and a key device in the plot is a machine named "Spider".

"'A few months later another novel appeared in which an engineer named Merlin, builder of the longest bridge in the world, tackles a far more ambitious project -- an 'orbital tower', etc. etc. The construction material is a crystalline silicon fiber, and a key device in the plot is a machine named "Spider"....

"'A clear case of plagiarism? No -- merely an idea whose time has come. And I'm astonished that it hasn't come sooner....

"'....Anyone reading our two books will quickly see that the parallels were dictated by the fundamental mechanics of the subject....

"'I'm writing this letter to put the record straight, and to divert any possible charges from Dr. Sheffield....

"'As for the rest of you, go right ahead. Charles Sheffield and I have just scratched the surface. The Space Elevator (and its various offspring, some even more fantas-

tic) may be the great engineering achievement of the Twentyfirst Century...."

'From Charles Sheffield, January 30th, 1979:

"'THE BULLETIN should by now have received Arthur Clarke's comments on the construction of Orbital Towers, a.k.a. Skyhooks, a.k.a. Beanstalks. These remarks form a set of footnotes to his discussion.

"'Although there are a number of papers already written on the subject, and although as Arthur Clarke says the surface has as yet hardly been scratched, you may find a couple of problems if you want to till the same soil. The papers are to be found in periodicals... such as ACTA ASTRONAUTICA. When you do run them down, they usually presume a good familiarity with mathematics....

"'In an attempt to solve both those problems, I wrote a fact article for DESTINIES, called "How to Build a Beanstalk". It is long on explanations and short on equations (there is just one) and it ... appears in the issue of the magazine dated July, 1979...."

"'If you would like to know more about the similarities and differences of the two novels, the SFWA BULLETIN has both letters in full -- but a far better method, at least from my point of view, is available: Buy and read both books! That should be enough to dispel the "haze of scepticism" that Steve worries about in his reviews.

'One other comment: The idea of a Space Elevator, Beanstalk, Orbital Tower, or Cosmic Funicular (all essentially the same thing) is closer to science fact than many elements that appear in science fiction. Arthur Clarke will be giving a survey paper -- non-fiction -- at the International Astronautical Federation Congress in Munich, this September. I am keen to get my hands on that as an article for the American Astronautical Society Journal, and have been providing him my inputs on building materials (solid hydrogen, positronium, muonic atoms, and stable-quark bonded nuclei). It's all wonderful stuff, at least to me; and in practice all of these things may be less than a century away.'

((I can hardly wait.))

SFR CARTOONISTS! ALERT!
I STILL NEED CARTOONS. BE DARING! BE BOLD! GIVE ME A WIDE VARIETY!

SFR REVIEWERS! ALERT!
I'VE GOT 41 REVIEWS IN THE FILE AND WON'T NEED ANY MORE UNTIL AFTER JULY 30TH. HEAR AND OBEY; IT'LL SAVE POSTAGE.

2-21-79 Donald Saxman sent me a clip from the Feb. issue of MS. magazine which (the clipping) is about Harlan Ellison's stint at the Worldcon as Quest of Honor and as advocate of ERA. The story quotes Harlan as saying, "Sci-fi fandom likes to talk about how far-reaching their fiction is," he explained. "But when you try to discuss anything real with them, they don't want anything to do with it. They live in a never-never land of Hobbits and 'Star Wars'."

Donald wondered if Harlan was misquoted. Did he really say "Sci-fi fandom"?

Maybe. If Harlan was making a distinction between sf fandom as we know it, and the plastic, shallow sci-fi fandom that is made up of personality cultists and movie/book cultists.

If Harlan was misquoted and meant us.... Well!!

RECEIVED

THE GREEN GOD by David Dvorkin. Orig. sf novel. Pocket Books, \$1.95.

ATLAN by Jane Gaskell. Sf novel. First published in hardback by St. Martin's Press. Pocket Books, \$1.95. Note: This is the third book of the Atlan saga; the two previous volumes were THE SERPENT and THE DRAGON.

This has a sexy nearly nude on the cover, painted by Boris. And a cover blurb: "Cija struggles to save Atlan from invaders---and herself from bondage to a brutal master!"

LETTER FROM ØYVIND MYRE

Hulderveien 15, 1482 Nitteidal
Norway
Feb. 23, 1979

"What makes me write a letter, really, is Darrell Schweitzer's review of WHO'S WHO IN HORROR & FANTASY FICTION, by Mike Ashley. I agree with Schweitzer that that's an excellent book, which will serve very well for quick references. However, it takes the provinciality of an American to put the following statement on paper: "There is a vast amount of information here about many pre-modern writers, plus virtually all the moderns. The only omission I noted was Jane Rice."

"What? You mean you never noticed the omission of moderns like Jorge Luis Borges (by many people considered the finest living writer of fantasy), of Miguel Asturias (a Nobel Prize winner, for God's sake!), of Yasar Kemal (another Nobel prize winner!), of Tove Jansson (the finest writer of children's fantasies that I know of), of Astrid Lindgren, another world famous writer of children's tales? Or not even of Camara

Laye, whose dark fantasy "The Radiance of the King" is one of the greatest tales to come out of Africa during the last generation? Well: Presumably these people can't be real writers, since they didn't write for an American audience in the first place?"

"Ah, but Ashley does mention the non-Anglo-American writers (imagine, there is a literature outside the English language!) in those cases where he has just happened to hear about them: Franz Kafka or Jonas Lie, for instance. The idea might be that only writers who have been translated into English are mentioned, since nobody is able to give a literary overview of the whole world? I'm afraid that defence will not hold either. All the writers that I mentioned above have been translated, and so have the not-so-moderns like Halldor Laxness, Johannes V. Jensen, (who just happened to be rewarded with a Nobel Prize as well), Martin A. Hansen, Ernst Junger, Michael Bulgakov, Leonid Solovjev...all of them giants, inside fantasy as well as outside, of at least the same order of magnitude as Tolkien, Vance or Lord Dunsany. Now would you really consider a "Who's Who" that didn't mention Tolkien a fully complete reference book?"

"By the way, in the Chronology I also miss a few important items, like GESTA DANORUM by Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish monk, who compiled an enormous "history" of the Danish kings out of the same myths, legends and scaldic verses that went into Snorri Sturlason's HEIMSKRINGLA (which isn't listed either, but at least his EDDA is listed). Saxo was used as source material by Shakespeare (for HAMLET) and by Poul Anderson (for HROLF KRAKISSAGA), and it still contains a tale or two worth reading....

"My only point is: Please be a little bit more certain about what you're talking about before making a flat statement like that; and, above all, please don't confuse the English-speaking countries with the whole world. Most of the books in the world have never been translated into English, you know; and even those that have, are generally not known by the fans!"

((Well, thanks for the added information and the seasoning of high dudgeon. Your point is well taken, of course; American/English chauvinism is often rampant on a field of ignorance, in fan publications. Even in professional publications. And chauvinism isn't just the peculiar property of males and Americans, either.))

CARD FROM ROBERT A. BLOCH
2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90046
March 9, 1979

"Never thought I'd see the day when I would complain of a surfeit of SFR -- but with the arrival of SFR #30, that time has come. As I finished reading the book reviews, magazine reviews, film reviews and news of books, magazines and films in the offing, I suddenly got the damndest yearning for the days when it was quite possible still to keep up with every new SF book, magazine, film and/or TV and/or radio program merely by expending sixty-eight days per month full time on the material.

"But today's output can't possibly be covered in less than three hundred and ninety-six days per month, with the assistance of a staff of seven. On the other hand, SFR does the job for me, and does it well, so perhaps I can endure -- as long as no one announces a sequel to DHALGREN. Which reminds me: The word you weren't sure of last time was POX."

((Maybe I should amend SFR's title to PRINTED SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW? That would make my attempt manageable. If I was strict about the "science fiction"; no fantasy need apply! But the genre is so broad, and there are so many borderline books and stories.... No, therein lies madness. In fact, herein lies madness.

((Oh well, my dad told me I was crazy in 1953 when he came to my apartment, saw my collection of s-f magazines shook his head and said, "You read all that junk?" He studied me and said, "That stuff'll make you crazy...if it hasn't already."

((I didn't believe him. When I was twelve he'd told me masturbation would make me crazy. Since I'd been doing it for six years by then I figured he was wrong. Now, of course, I realize he was right, both times!))



CONTINUED ON P. 15

AN INTERVIEW WITH ANDREW J. OFFUTT

INTRODUCTION -- C.J. CHERRYH

The first time I met Andy Offutt or Andy offutt or Andrew J. etc., was reader-wise, having discovered early that the man writes books I like.

The second time I recall was by post, on the auspicious occasion of my having sold a first novel. I applied for SFNA membership, Andy then being secretary, ... and I discovered there was a rather nice fellow writing those books. I also recall he thought I was eighty and school-marmish, being as how I write in cursive script.

The third time was face to face at MidAmerican in the pitch blackness of the Authors' Party by the swimming pool...and it was a while later before I found out clearly what he looks like.

I had confirmed my impression, though, of a kindred soul...one of those born either too soon or too late.

Andy, now, strikes me as a genuine mediaeval man.

I suffer from the same affliction, a disaffection for concrete and gray flannel suits...an attraction toward the handwive way of doing things, the leisurely and artistic fashion...the gloriously intricate convolutions of Celtic art...the multi-level meanings of myth...the rhythms and poesses of the language.

We used to play a game when I was young, not so long a-gone as eighty, -- in which we imagined the interior of our skulls as a room, and described after what fashion it would be decorated.

Some folks I've met are stain-less steel and telltales.

Some are pink wallpaper with stripes and red hearts, and doilies neatly pinned to overstuffed couches ...lamps on each end.

Some are offices and outbaskets and tally sheets and bankbooks.

Andy, now, I much suspect, is bare old masonry, portcullises, blast-ed heaths and folk clanking about in armor and boiled leather, honest folk with straightwive thinking and common sense; -- with here and there a

faery-mound and a touch of earth-magic, of course, to keep things lively.

Andy has the self-confidence to send out correspondence on the backs of old manuscript pages. I shudder. I shred mine, being paranoid.

He talks about wanting to write real women into his books, women with no inclination whatsoever to swoon at spiders, women with minds and feelings. I think this is delightful, a healthy wind blowing in the right direction.

He knows a little Latin. Could any mediaeval man be without?

He cares about getting things right. His demonstration on the method of getting out of a mail shirt is delightful when viewed from the proper perspective...all in the line of research, of course. He belongs to that sensible school of writers who know what will happen if you aim a mighty downstroke of a twohanded blade at a well-braced chain...and that's all to the good of the field, too.

Realism and magic, earth-magic, old magic.

Iron and silver.

That's Andy Offutt.

SFR: You've been President of the Science Fiction Writers of America since 1976. What was the state of the organization at that time, and does that have anything to do with why you wanted to be its President?

OFFUTT: Nothing like starting off with a tricky question that invites me to dump on someone!

You know, Dave, I'll bet I'm not ready for this yet; I'm probably



too close to it. A year or two from now would be a better time for me to answer questions about my two years in the barrel at SFNA.

We can try.

In 1972 I stood for treasurer and lost. In 1973 I stood (no one runs for office in this organization of the unorganizable) and won -- or "won". They re-elected me each of the next two years. The while, I was compiling a list of Things We Should Do. My immediate predecessors, Pournelle and Pohl, had some of the same goals and accomplished some of them. In 1976 I was elected president, and re-elected in 1977. Elections are in March-April; the terms of office run for one year from 1st July. I am profoundly happy to retire. I've long sworn that I'd stand for no office this time, and accept no appointment. That stands.

I'd always waited (I was asked to run in '73, when Pournelle did, and in '74, when Pohl did, and in '75 too: I would not oppose Fred), until I thought I could afford it, financially. It interferes with work, both in terms of time (which equals money, to the self-employed) and of the fact that most writers can't write when they're hurting, anguished. Maybe I could afford it and maybe I couldn't; two years as president cost me about \$20,000 in work unwritten. Yeah, seriously and literally.

The organization's state in July, '76 was fine. I wanted the presidency because I wanted to do some things. I've accomplished, in truth, about half of them. What happens is the constant necessity of high-instant decisions, and constant criticism. Every president who drives to accomplish has that.

My biggest accomplishment: I decided, initiated, and pressed the investigation of Ace Books. As a result over a quarter of a million dollars in back royalties and rights

Conducted By David A. Truesdale 10

payments have been sent out to writers in all fields. Some of those payments went back more than a decade! I am unconditionally proud of that. So is Jerry Pournelle, who handled the nitty-gritty hard work once we'd begun. For the first time in history, writers -- in the form of an organization representing 500 of them in 12 nations -- sent its auditors in to comb through a publisher's ledgers!

Ace's new management was eminently cooperative and all is better than well between us and Ace now. Oh -- never having sold to Ace, neither Pournelle nor I gained aught. We just blew a few hundred hours -- mostly Jerry's. Many profited directly. We will all, all writers, benefit for years to come. No publisher failed to take note.

(One did take a giant step backward along about January of 1978, issuing a "new" standard contract that does away with every writer's right gained over the past 25 or more years. Three typewritten pages of amendments are necessary to bring that contract up to the level of one I'd signed with them just a year before! That same month that publisher told my agent that my new book was doing well, and though it had just come out they were discussing a second printing -- and wanted to sign a contract for its sequel. Then the President of the SFWA and Joe Haldeeman, our new Grievance Chairman, began shoving hard to get that publisher's contract changed back to one that did not represent ... larceny. Now it's July, 1978, and while President Offutt continues to press that publisher, it has not again mentioned the contract for the sequel to writer Offutt. Cause and effect? I don't know. Moral: Either don't be President, or if you are: Don't militate!)

Odd: Recently, I spent seven hours making four telephone calls, receiving three in response, and writing three letters. Those hours made the SFWA 1,750 much-needed dollars this year, and more every year after this. They made me nothing -- wait, that's false. They made me feel good, very good.

SFR: Do you think some of the rhetoric about you during your Presidency is unfair? Who has been unfair, why, and on what topic(s)?

OFFUTT: Look, I was hurt a lot, and pretty seriously, at first. Fred Pohl told me I was an ass to stand for re-election (I wanted to see the Ace matter through), and had I known I'd be so viciously opposed by one other member and twice physically threatened by him, at two parties in New York, I'd not have done. I am too empathic, too thin-skinned to

be President. I am neither a politician nor a statesman; I am an organizer and a Doer who operates personally and takes things personally. Yet I am harder to hurt now. Maybe it's scar tissue. Maybe I learned a little; more of the never-ending maturing process. Most likely it's both.

Consider: This is an era of strong resistance to authority. Since about 1960 our schools haven't taught English -- as magazines, anthologies, books constantly prove -- but have taught mistrust of authority. (In the late '60s that horribly backfired on many colleges!) Then came Agnew and Presidents Johnson and Nixon. They made many sure that one couldn't trust anyone in authority anywhere; mistrust even to hatred. Too, it is a trait of youth that one pretends worldliness by criticizing everything that moves: Con committees, hotels, restaurants, books, writers, leaders. Lord, I know; I've been there! Sure, it's kneejerk. Much of humanity operates that way and it appears that about the time one realizes it, one is sixty or seventy years old.

Now, consider that writers tend to be products of childhoods less than happy, and iconoclastic authority resisters. In general, we far more imaginative writers of SF are less conventional and more iconoclastic; more wary, mistrustful, even hating of authority.

Put all that together and it becomes obvious and normal that an SFWA president is going to be strongly criticized. If he's very visible and much a Doer (OK: and thin-skinned), he's a lot better target. If he's also pretty public, frank, lets mistakes show -- right. Change the suit to Spades. I don't know about this "rhetoric" you speak of. Sure, some statements and criticisms have been unfair. All? Nope. I am not any distance at all right of Jenghis Khan (please spell that with the proper soft J, will you; it comes from Chinese Cheng- or Ching-tse and sure can't begin with a hard G!), or even of a megalomaniac man such as LBJ. I am a libertarian. Oddly, as some have noted in the works of Heinlein and Pournelle and others, libertarians are frequently strong -- and authoritarian. Certainly, I'm a doer and take-charge sort of person.

Here's something ugly, Dave, and it isn't about me or the SFWA: In the SFWA; in Kentucky; in Wisconsin; in the entire nation: Again and again people will vote more responsibility into the hands of leaders and bureaucrats -- and responsibility means decision-making, and thus power -- because people want to be taken care of, don't want to have

to decide and think. And then -- WE people RAISE HELL!



You can bet that not all my decisions have been brilliant, though nearly all were made with advisers and my elected officers and directors. (A Board of Directors "governs" the SFWA: Three directors and four officers. As in about anything else in this country, the President is the chief executive officer. He's not the dictator or even the ruler!)

Some of my decisions have been mis -- ah, hell, say wrong. My goal is perfection, but saints preserve us all if ever anyone achieves such a goal! What could one set as goal after that? Shaw said that the perfect man must either rule the world or be crucified by it. The world and I are in no danger of that, from me!

In the eyes of some I can do and say nothing true, or right. Others think I'm terrific. That's nice. Keep a nice low image and one needs never note the first. Try to accomplish, decide, and naturally criticism develops. Some is good and some is not. Some is to the point and some is not. Some is fair and reasoned and some isn't. The hard part is for an individual to learn which is which, and not to suffer the stings and arrows of the very small. Mature as I thought I was, I went through a year of office without recognizing the difference.

There have been a few deliberate, knowing lies. Both came from the same source; he's one of those in whose eyes I can do no right and I'm damned if I know why. You know bloody well how powerful a rumor is, particularly a negative one. Cite some specifics and I'll answer them in the next issue. You've got to remember that you must have heard more about me than I have.

SFR: What responsibility as President did you feel concerning the Lem affair? What was your position on it,

and what do you try to do about it in your role as President?

OFFUTT: As President I have no responsibility for what you call the "Lem affair". God, what past history and how fruitless to talk of it now! I did, at great length, in a journal called SCIENCE-FICTION STUDIES.

Briefly: A past administration, urged by a Polish-American member, conferred honorary membership on Polish writer, Stanislaw Lem. It was an error. It wasn't legal. We have two or three honorary members (ALL others pay dues, though only writing writers vote). The by-laws state that an administration may make an honorary member of one who can't otherwise qualify. Stanislaw Lem, of course, qualifies as an active member with full voting privilege, who could have his dues sent in by publisher and U.S. agent, as other writers in other nations do. From Poland, he could vote in elections and on Nebula!

Lem had been asked on four occasions by three members, in writing, to join us as full, voting, active member. He's been high begged. Naturally, he's on record as disliking this nation and being contemptuous of American SF writers and our organization. I say "naturally" because he lives under a government in which one does not thrive by declaring love for this nation; indeed one thrives by doing quite the opposite.

SFR: Do you feel that the SPWA is still a worthwhile organization? It seems there's too much childish bickering and game-playing and many have lost sight of its founder, Damon Knight's, original vision. Any gut level reactions to this?

OFFUTT: What a question! The SPWA does more, for all writers, than any other writers' organization that is not a union. (If it becomes a union it'll be without me. I don't want a union to Take Care of me any more than I do poor Joe Califano or poor Ted Kennedy.) Your personal view that "it seems there's too much childish bickering" is, Dave, presumptuous, affronting and insulting. Without rancor, I tell you that you don't know enough to say that (or, for the matter of fact, to say "SPWA's great" either), and you're so far offbase you could be thrown out by the bat-boy.

SFR: Hey! That's not my personal opinion! I'm an interviewer, and asking about rumors!

OFFUTT: Sure, I understand. I've just sent a message to the rumormongers, Interviewer.

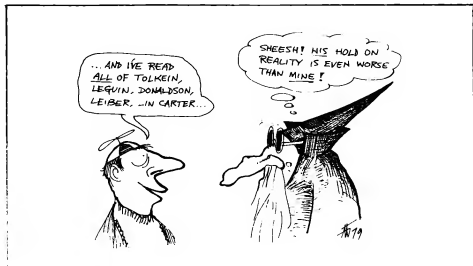
SFR: Do you have any reflective, overview, large-picture thoughts on your years as President of SPWA: Concerning either you personally, or the evolution and or direction(s) of the organization as a whole? What do you see in store for it in the near future?

OFFUTT: The SPWA was founded and continues for the furtherance of us all by the exchange of information and unified knowledge, even action (in the face of such as the horrid "new" book contract I mentioned earlier). On 29th June, 1976, Gordon Dickson took my blood pressure: Good, normal. Two days later I took office and in June of 1977 my doctor accidentally discovered that my blood pressure was very high. I am on daily medication. He says for life. I

with noisy me out of office and the vastly more experienced and calm Jack Williamson as President. Look, I recognize swiftly the jerk of a knee, and the metallic screech that comes from axes being ground, and pay little attention to a lot of gabble. I go around saying that my knee doesn't jerk -- and hell, it isn't true. I resist authority, and I am an inveterate rocker of boats. That stirs up the water. It will calm, now. And that's about enough metaphors for today.

SFR: In the Spring, 1978, issue of ALQOL, Harlan Ellison says some rather uncomplimentary things about you. How would you respond to his perception of things regarding this matter?

(Note: At the time this question



say I'll be cutting back after 1st July, 1978. Cause and effect? Look, Dave. Nearly all the SPWA and the NSF and your readership and the U.S. Senate and... the Lions Club, for Pete's sake, criticize -- and many not in them! -- and few work. This year Fred Pohl, as elections committee chairman, wrote potsful of letters and made phone calls and phone calls and was able to find precisely six candidates for five elective posts in the SPWA! He tried.

The very near future, eh? Well -- you are aware that people join every year, and resign every year. Several have resigned more than once. Phil Farmer resigned and came back; seems to me that Pohl once did. Harry Harrison resigned last year for the second time and is back; Spinrad once resigned and has returned; I am afraid to avow this but I believe that '77 was Ellison's second resignation.

The SPWA will quiet down. So will criticism, and half-knowledge,

was asked, I had not personally seen the above issue of ALQOL.)

OFFUTT: I dislike talking about Ellison. My way is not to talk about people much, and to try to grab my knee when it wants to jerk and let me write off a reply to this and this and this -- hell, a person could make a career of that, like being interviewed. The job is to stay silly happy by writing books about the things I love to write books about and when do we get to that part of the interview?

Ellison and I are very different people indeed. (If he said that to me someplace, or I said it to him, you'd see us both whooping with laughter and you'd wonder what the hell!?) His worldview and his ways are his. They are not, obviously, mine. Each of us, I believe, has a respect for the other's work and strength. Certainly I have, for his. We express the strength and our feelings in different ways. Certainly it wasn't "uncomplimentary" to me to say that I was in the bar the after-

noon he was speaking in New York last April, during Nebula weekend; I was, with lots of company. It was a good time to talk about some things that needed to be done, and how to do 'em. Probably Elwood was one; we've done too much of that. The shocking unanimity of that morning's vote to raise dues -- higher than I'd suggested -- was a topic. And others; Joan Holly and I have been officers together for two years and I have seen her twice! My Vice President, Bubbles Broxton, I've seen exactly once.

The ALGOL article does contain a footnote that is misinformation. It says that Purdon and I "assumed the moment of 'No Award' winning in the Dramatic Presentation category would provide a setting in which Ellison might well cause an embarrassing scene". See that's a tiny portion of what I mean by worldviews. Alternate Reality, Andrew Weil calls 'em, in his brilliant THE NATURAL MIND. No one asked me, or Tom. Either Ellison or Porter assumed: subjective supposition. Now I run the risk of getting Isaac down on me... no. Not he, surely.

Purdon planned the affair, the whole weekend; many hours' work. He chose that best of MCs, Isaac Asimov. During dinner, for about three minutes, the MC and I talked about the results: The membership of the SFWA had unanimously voted to give No Award in that category. (Why? Well, Ellison was a nominee on the basis of a phonograph record, and I'd said a lot of us just hadn't heard it; I hadn't, and so didn't vote at all in that category.) (I certainly voted for MAN PLUS and for GATEWAY this year; my god, Fred Pohl's become the very best among us!) I can't guarantee direct quote: Asimov said to the effect that: "I know Harlan; I'll handle it." I said, "Thanks!"

Dammit, the truth I'm not wild about the hyper-swift way he handled it -- nor about the fact that his name was misspelled on his award! Once again, this is something I've managed to keep to myself for over a year. Dang you, Truesdale! I wasn't wild either about his saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, our President. Come, Offutt." Grinning, I murmured to him that if he pulled that again I'd respond with "Up your Asimov!"

(Later, having noted with horror the spelling on his Nebula, I amended it to "Up Your Asimov!" and broke us both up. We needed it; I, sentimental ass, had wept with reading first Heinlein's and then Williamson's beautiful letters to the new Grand Master, Cliff Simak. Magnificent giants!)

All of us dummies thought the affront and shock would be lessened,

to a man who alone in an unpopular category, and voted down in favor of No Award. We wanted to minimize that clear message. Yes, I swear. You know what "mea culpa" means, Dave? The way it was explained to me as a child, it carries the extended meaning: "It's my fault, and I'm sorry, and my God I never intended this!" Mea culpa.

Damn. I guess Ellison considers me enemy, and for the wrong reasons as well; that is he thinks I did that which I didn't do, and did something else for a reason precisely the opposite from the way he sees it. Had I dreamed, I'd have been at pains, honestly, to handle things most differently.

See what I mean about having made some wrong decisions? We do those thought we were being nice to a fellow writer -- and human being. The best intentions lead humans often into error.

Sure, I think he was offbase, too. We should have held converse as two men, months before; even weeks before. That night he could not. A week or two later he would not allow a committee to have him introduced by that Con's permanent MC: Me. Can you believe I didn't know why? We handled that, and that night in Tennessee he reaffirmed what I've said for years: His mind is brilliant and he's one of the very best entertainers around; an audience-enthraller. You can bet I complimented him.

And, with a sort of insouciant sigh, or maybe the word is fatalistic: We'll never love each other. We are too different/too alike. Bet we had similar dads.

Oh, wait. This is too much time on this matter, Dave, but -- last year a man wrote to a bunch of members saying he was creating a new TV series, and would we send him ideas. In his speech/ALGOL, Ellison says he "called the Writer's Guild and complained about it. I advised the officers of SFWA. But nobody seemed really to understand the seriousness of the hype. Nobody seemed to care."

Now, darn it, carefully put -- that isn't so. Ellison telephoned me about that matter; I wasn't sent one of the letters and that was the first I'd heard of it. I agreed that the dude wanted to "bleed our minds" and asked Harlan if he'd write about it, a warning to go into the next issue of whichever of our two publications came out first. (Each has a separate editor and schedule.) He couldn't; his mother was -- he had a few minutes to fly out of there and see his mother, who was worse than ill. I called Bob Silverberg,

right then. Never mind what I personally was in the middle of; this was important to all of us. He agreed to write about it, and he did; his warning was published in the next issue of FORUM. See what I mean about instant decisions and necessary action?

Now, here's a shocker: That lapse is of little consequence. I forget, too, and that was a rough day for Harlan. If we went through that speech, I'd object to some words, some language and real nastiness -- and agree with, in general, -- about seventy percent of what he said! Certainly, there are misstatements, and we don't use the same sort of language or methods. Ellison is very right about the movies' and TV's being the where-it's-at for the big bucks. Probably we all dumb not to be going after them. (It was shocking to see that he thinks we're still getting \$1500 advances, and that his '76 income wasn't even double mine. With my ability at salesmanship and at writing dialog, I suppose I could Go West and Get Rich.) All good writers should be receiving more money than we are, and more than Watergate convicts! I concentrated on the book publishing industry: New York; I was elected and that's what I know about. It would be interesting to see Ellison as SFWA president with a film/Hollywood orientation.

Meanwhile... Do you know how ridiculously in love and happy Jodie and Andy Offutt are, in Kentucky, writing books, going to cons as fans, raising four children well? I'll probably wait for someone to shove me at film and an industry I am contemptuous of -- and a town that I, to tell the truth, fear.

SFR: What does Andrew Offutt think of Harlan's proposed antics at this year's Worldcon?

OFFUTT: It would be presumptuous of me to comment on his actions, Dave. I objected to his oft-printed statement's running in BULLETIN: The voice of the SFWA. In there, its severalth appearance, it constituted an advertisement. Those 2.3 pages cost a hell of a lot of member dues. That has nothing to do with the statement or stand, and I am not going to comment on either. It's Not My Way.

I am suggesting (and will catch flak for it, too) that we put a barrel or big ice bucket in the SFWA suite and hopefully elsewhere, at Iguacon: The purpose would be, for anyone who wanted to, to drop in money to be handed to the organization determined to be the most serious and effective supporter of the Equal Rights Amendment in Arizona. (God, I just thought: A Harlan Ellison benefit could raise the money for

several full page ads for them! Or a party in the Goli suite, with a charge -- or \$5 E.R.A. buttons.)

I've got to admit I am wondering what the blazes the concom are going to do with the Guest of Honor suite: Big hotels provide those free of charge to big conventions.

Now, ole Dave, I've got to say this: I don't like these questions. I've answered; you publish; we've got a lot of time in. I've said nothing at all about so much of this; and now Andy Porter'll be on my case; I told him No when he handed me an ALGOL at ChambanaCon and asked me to respond. What I'd rather send Andy is my introduction of Theodore Sturgeon, our very best short storyteller. You got any questions in there about me, my work: ME? It feels as if I have used the writer's favorite word -- I -- about a thousand times already, and yet it feels as if I haven't been talking about me at all. Damn this being treated as an object. Who the hell's going to respect me in the morning, Truesdale?

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO WILL COVER ANDREW J. OFFUTT THE WRITER AND INDIVIDUAL, NEXT ISSUE.

NEVER SAY DIE

By Robert Grossbach
Harper & Row, \$8.95, 1979.

Review: This is according to the jacket, 'an autonecrogographical' novel...the amusing/serious story of what happened to one man after he died.

You yawn? Don't. This is a damned good, funny, suspenseful novel, and it isn't supernatural fiction at all...it's cleverly disguised science fiction...er... science fantasy.

It seems that aliens control the afterlife of humans, and work them to a premature second death! And as with any many peopled and many entitled organization, there are ways to get around the rules... even ways to escape, get back to Earth...maybe even try to contact all those still-alive loved ones.

Except....

Grossbach has a fine imagination and a sure touch; he flirts with Cuteness a few times but doesn't get serious.

MAYBE I CAN SAVE SOME WRITERS A BIT OF TIME, TROUBLE AND POSTAGE. I DON'T WANT ARTICLES ANALYZING A GIVEN AUTHOR'S FICTION.

ODE TO GLEN A. LARSON

You're hardly a scientist, that we know,
For stars do battle on your TV show.

You've also set back our metric education --
Beaming "millicentons" throughout the nation.

To genre conventions, you seem really deaf,

And we shudder to see this labeled SF.

How, we ponder, will Adama ever be

On old, green Earth sans FTL, super-C?

While the control room is active -- gadgets galore,

Why the sound and the light of old submarine lore?

In short, for deep research, it truly looks

Like your sources are decades-old comic books.

As for character names, how novel, what flair!

Starbuck and Ork's Mork make a wonderful pair.

The backdrops and the costumes are striking, but

'Tis lucky the copyright expired on King Tut.

On future relations, you've earned a few digs

For the perpetuation of chauvinist pigs.

And from the non-humans, we'd more pleasure reap,

Waddle, and gleep.

But somebody loves you, there's an audience today --

Nicely primed by STAR WARS and CE3K.

So, of caveats, complaints, you need have no fear;

Your fortune's assured with this "hit" of the year.

-- By Dean R. Lambe



LISTEN MRS., SEE, THE
GALACTICA LANDS ON
"BARNNIS" WORLD
WHICH IS RUN BY CLONES"
DEESEO AS CLOWNS SO
YOU DON'T KNOW IT UNTIL
THE LAST 5 MINUTES -



REMEMBER GLEN,
YOU CAN'T DO A BUNCH OF
ON GALACTICA, THE HATEWAYS
ARE TO LOW

LETTER FROM ROBERT ANTON WILSON 1090 Miller, Berkeley, CA, 94708 March, 1979

'Poul Anderson's gallant defense of the American medical profession leaves me unconvinced, and I would like to offer a few more comments on the subject.

'Poul notes that "unfortunately a lot of people feel the same way" about the medics as I do. I don't know how "unfortunate" it is that people feel that way, but I do know that it registers an important social fact. Every poll I have seen in the past 20 years shows that doctors are disliked and distrusted more than any other profession in our society. This is "unfortunate" only if the dislike is an ignorant prejudice, like racism or sexism. But maybe "a lot of people" (the majority, according to the polls) have been disillusioned with the medics, as I have been, through bitter personal experience.

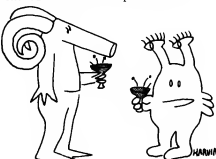
'Poul says there are many fine men and women in the medical profession. There certainly are, as I know perhaps better than Poul, since I have worked as a medical orderly and ambulance attendant. It is important to realize that in criticizing a profession one is criticizing the general level or average performance of that profession; one does not imply, if one is not a hopeless bigot, that every person in that profession must inevitably be a scoundrel. I grant that there are saints and geniuses in the medical profession, just as there were in the medieval priesthood. But a monopoly surrounded by a mystique, such as the priesthood was in 1300 and the A.M.A. is today, tends to take on the character of its very worst members. That is the nature of a monopoly, and of an authoritarian mystique.

'Poul asks with great emotion, "For God's sake! Are they expected to work for nothing?" That's a touching question from a man who accuses me of beating a straw dummy. No, Poul, I don't expect doctors to work for nothing. I don't believe in the tooth-fairy, either. However, aside from the devices of either-or rhetoric, there is in the real world a vast, wide territory between working for nothing and gouging the maximum that can be extorted from a helpless victim. At one extreme, there are people who cheat themselves, underselling their product out of false modesty or timidity. There are perhaps people plumb in the midpoint of Justice who charge exactly what the most idealistic disciple of

St. Thomas's doctrine of the Just Price would have them charge. There are people who overcharge a little. There are people who overcharge more than a little. There are people who overcharge to a hoggish or swinish extent. And there are people who overcharge to the point of near-unendurability, to the point where nobody would have anything to do with them except under urgent necessity. "Unfortunately, a lot of people" -- the majority, according to the polls -- share my perception of the medics as being near the extreme of unendurability. Again, I do not blame this on individuals; I blame it on the monopoly and the mystique the A.M.A. has created.

'Having said that much, I hasten to add that I agree with everything Poul says in the second part of his letter. The open-ended approach which he urges ("Let anybody build a hospital and practise medicine who wants to, any way he sees fit") is what I have been urging, in a variety of decentralist, libertarian and outright anarchist magazines, since 1962. My chief bitch against the A.M.A., in fact, is that they are the chief opponents of any attempt to introduce this free-market approach to medicine. I am very glad that, in this really important matter, Poul is on my side and not on theirs.

'In sum, it seems that Poul and I agree that there is a problem in American medicine today -- although he thinks I exaggerate it, and I think he underestimates it; and we agree that the solution is to be found in libertarian economics. Our real disagreement then is only about how bad the present situation is and how many angry adjectives are appropriate in describing it. On that matter, I admit that my original letter was a "diatribe", as Poul says, but I can only say in closing that we have all seen such diatribes about this subject before, and we will see a lot more of them, until the situation is improved.'



I'm not so much against
socialized medicine as I
am them putting penicillin
in my martinis.

LETTER FROM RICH BARTUCCI, D.O.
SBNH -- 300 Market St.
Saddle Brook, NJ 07662
Feb. 26, 1979

'Last night I came home from the hospital and stepped into my palatially-appointed basement studio apartment (the one with the swimming pool in the kitchen when it rains). The tube refused to focus on anything but THE SOUND OF MUSIC and in danger of developing diabetes, I flicked the thing off and wandered about the joint, bumping my head occasionally on those places where the ceiling descends to 5'9" where I am 6'1". By chance my eye fell on SFN #29, and I flipped it open to see Robert Anton Wilson's letter in rebuttal to my previous communication on those who treat themselves (and therefore have idiots for both doctor and patient).

'Wilson contends that American medicine is exploitative, that doctors, moreover, are "...getting rich and fat out of the pain and suffering and agony of their fellow citizens." Actually, he's not quite accurate there. The physicians who get rich are generally the ones who treat only the self-made victims, folks who for one reason or another develop incurable hypochondria and have to be helped along on pharmaceutical crutches. The most you can say about that breed of doctor who treats hypochondriacs is that they are at best benign and at worst fulfilling what H.L. Mencken conceived as God's Will-- "... helping the botched on to their eternal reward".

'There is another group of men with degrees who I will not call physicians. These bastards are the lowest, most vile sons of bitches on earth. They can be seen pushing laetrile into patients dying of cancer (while neglecting such simple factors as nutrition and hydration) and charging the victims and their families all the traffic will bear. They own or operate nursing homes where over-sedated, malnourished, dehydrated semi-human creatures wait in limbo for disease or neglect or benign providence to deliver them into death.

'(In medical school I was taught that every nursing home patient admitted to a hospital ER should be assumed to have one or all of the following: dehydration, pneumonia, urinary tract infection or digitalis toxicity.)

'In contrast to these there is the majority of medical men, MD and osteopath as well, whose intentions are good, whose standards are high, whose respect for their vocation leads them to work long hours and shoulder crippling loads. Swamped

by demands on their time and energy, they sacrifice family, home life, privacy and peace of mind to serve their patients.

'They drive big, fancy cars and live in expensive homes. They invest in bonds and securities. They hobnob with the great and go to conventions in Honolulu. They also work sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, with wake-up calls from the CCU at three a.m.

'(As an intern I work six 12-hour days a week and I leave my work at the hospital when I go home. Phil Silverman, an internist of my acquaintance, can never leave the hospital without letting the switchboard know where to reach him in case of an emergency. He is a slave of the Coronary Care Unit.)

'A simple day off is something dearly purchased. ("I'll cover for you Sunday, Alan, if you can give me Tuesday off; I've got to go down to Philly for a conference.")

'Mr. Wilson can call doctors gougers if he likes. He can hateus for seeming to take advantage of pain and fear. He can think anything he damn pleases. Those of us who do the job collect the pay and, by Christ, no amount of money is worth one half of what it costs us.

'Mr. Wilson complains that American medicine is dehumanizing. He says that millions agree, and are not going to put up with it any more. He's right; they're going to take medicine out of the hands of the cold, calculating doctors and put it into the hands of the kindly, benevolent U.S. Government.

'Hmm...

'I haven't sufficient experience to comment on the dehumanization of medicine as practiced in big centers like the one portrayed in THE HOSPITAL. All I know are little osteopathic hospitals, the ones I trained in and am training in today. If there is dehumanization, I've yet to find it. From the wheezing little one-year-old asthmatic to the senile old lady with the broken hip, they're people to me -- always have been (and I hope to God they always will be). Mr. B, who has cancer of the esophagus, knows he's going to die, and he's scared. His doctor doesn't bullshit him about cures -- but he does give him some hope.

"Martin," he says, "We're going to get a biopsy of that tumor to tell us what kind it is; that way we can hit it with radiation and chemotherapy. Meanwhile, we put a feeding tube into your stomach and help you put on some weight. You may never swallow solid food again, but you're not going to die of malnutrition. We're going to

make you comfortable, keep you with your family."

'Unsaid: We're going to help you die well. There's nothing else to be done for you -- not at the present state of the art -- but we can give you more time to watch the butterflies or bitch at the state of the union. We won't abandon you.

'When it's two o'clock in the morning and Mrs. L. needs a chest tube inserted to reinflate her collapsed lung and Mr. K's blood pressure is fifty over nothing and Mrs. A's heart failure won't respond to oxygen and diuretics and you have not slept for twenty-six hours and still you ache with frustration and fear and rack your brains for your patients....

'If the American medical profession seems like a closed, jealously protective clique of elitists, it's because only another physician can understand the fears and failings, the desires and needs of the doctor. Only another physician can comprehend his peculiar strengths and vulnerabilities because only another physician has the benefit of a similar background. The gulf between the sixty-year-old chief of staff and the twenty-six-year-old intern is not so broad as the one separating the intern from the bewildering young men and women who have every weekend and every evening off, who drive new cars and have homes, families, jobs...

'(In early adolescence, my cousin Rudy and I used to hang together. I introduced him to Robert Heinlein and he returned the favor by showing me Edgar Rice Burroughs. Today he's married, has a house and two kids. I haven't seen him for years. I'm single, drive a car borrowed from benevolent parents, I'm \$12,500 in debt, and Uncle Sugar has my ass for two years after I finish my internship. We've grown apart. Neither of us would want to change places, but I look at my old friend's life and sometimes wonder...)

'Want to see something funny? Look up a friend who has an MD or DO degree. Get him engaged in conversation. You'll find him as fun-loving or morose as the next guy, as bright or as dull, as conservative or as liberal. Then mention something medical about yourself or a friend or relative and watch closely. Some will do it perceptibly, like flicking on a switch -- others perform a more subtle metamorphosis. Suddenly you're not talking to your friend. You're talking to an observant, forcedly casual machine, rapidly making and discarding diagnoses as the data dictates. He may even ask guiding questions, eliciting information in a practiced manner. He becomes an alien.

'He elected his damnation. He sought it to the exclusion of all else. He deferred his youth for it -- and lost his youth thereby. He borrowed for it, connived at it, conspired over it, and at last he got it. Twenty-four hours a day he carries it around with him and in him. It will never leave him; it will literally hound him to death. If you cannot bear him sympathy, grant at least a little pity, and try to understand.'

LETTER FROM DIANE E. DUANE

18520 Prairie, #20
Northridge, CA 91324
February 2, 1979

'Picked up SFR #29 at Change of Hobbit last week; read it, loved most of it, but there are a few things I had to write about. Normally I'm not much of a writer-to-fanzines, but this past week I spent four or five meetings/lunches at a major Hollywood Studio which shall remain unnamed, trying to explain to some people there the difference between a galaxy and a solar system, and as a result my irritability level is up.



'First thing that came to me want to write was Robert Anton Wilson's letter. I have been watching this whole argument about Medicine in Our Times since it started, I think -- around the time John Brunner was having trouble with Aldemore -- and not commenting, because both sides were making salient points. Also because any comment I might make would have to include my credential as an RN with a specialty in psychiatry, and would therefore enlist me hopelessly (in some people's minds) on the side of the Pompos Greedy Bastards; said people would probably turn me off, and why bother preaching to the converted? But now the data included in the letters is beginning to ebb in favor of invective, and some of that invective requires response.

'To start with. Mr. Wilson seems to have some pretty firmly entrenched ideas about the medical profession in America, and I find myself wondering where he's getting his data from. More than that, I wonder about the way he throws blanket statements around. I was taught early on to be suspicious of statements that begin "Everyone knows..." or "Everybody..." or "Always..." but it seems Mr. Wilson has no such fears. "Every poll shows that doctors are disliked and resented more than any other professional group..." "Nobody hates the other gougiers...quite as much as doctors are hated..." "Everybody knows this and hates it, except the doctors..." "Everybody knows somebody cured (or seemingly cured) by unorthodox methods..." and everybody knows people who have died horribly in the merciless "care" of the money-hungry orthodox medicos..." Goodness. Everybody? Certainly I do, can't beg on either of those counts. One of my best friends managed to "Spontaneously" remit a cancer by the Norman Spinrad Do-It-Yourself method, which her doctor swore up and down would never work; on the other count, my very first patient as a nursing student was dying of terminal bedsores, and the second one (this is two weeks into nursing school, kids) had a gangrenous left foot that came off in my hand while I was attempting to dress it. Certainly some of the "unorthodox" treatments are of great value: Washing hands between patients was once considered unorthodox. And certainly there is negligence and thoughtless cruelty and horror in modern medicine. But I have also known at least one person who died from poorly-refined Laetrile, and one little old lady who crippled herself more terribly than she was to begin with by wrapping her arthritic joints tightly in saran wrap and copper wire, the way her "folk medico" said she should;

I have known people who needed their Thorazine, or whatever psychotropic they were on, and felt better while they were on it, but whose relatives told them that they should stop taking it because it wasn't "natural" -- and those people danced out fiftieth-story windows as a result, or tried to stop a subway train with their bodies -- with the results usual for those of us who can't really leap tall buildings at a single bound or bend steel with our bare hands. And I dare say many of us know people who went to doctors, or into hospitals, and got better, or who went to quacks or fast-back artists and got sicker...but I wouldn't say everybody. Because I might be wrong.

'All this argument has been fascinating, but the two chief viewpoints seem both to be hiding the truth from themselves. One side seems to be saying that all medical people are Angels, Servants of the Sacred Oath, proponents of the One Truth, guarding the befuddled layman from Things He Doesn't Need To Know. The other side seems to be saying that all medical people, or most of them anyhow, are grasping, greedy, bloodsucking wallet-emptying ghoulies, intent only on how much \$\$ can be parted from the fools before the fools are finally parted from their bodies.

'All of you, just this once, listen. We are human beings. Just people, just like you. The human race as a whole has a mixed, splotchy record as to how well it keeps its promises--some people do, and some people don't, and some people alter-

nate between the two; look at history, or as much of it as you think you can safely believe. The medical profession is not the only one that takes oaths, makes promises, signs agreements. There are honest lawyers. There are also Haldemans and Erlichmans. There are honest teachers, wise teachers, insightful ones, and there are also teachers who assault their students, intellectually, emotionally, sometimes sexually. There are just, brave cops, and rotten unethical brutal ones. There are honest bankers, and hardworking, concerned public officials who really want to do their jobs; and there are also inefficient, uncaring, negligent, indifferent professionals of all kinds, people who take the short way around or the easy way out or the unethical way through. We are human. People. Good and bad both, just like you.

'If some of us have told you that we're angels, we've lied. And you have been fools to believe it, to not test the data when common sense tells you that we're the same species as you, we live the same, we die the same, the same glad and miserable things happen to us no matter what we do for a living. If you've been told that we're devils, that's a lie too, and you're fools for believing that, when asking around can show you that there are medical people in existence who value their oaths, cherish life, believe in the honorable and dignified death, don't want to waste your money or time or cause you unnecessary pain. But we are still people. Some of us are stupid, some of us are kind, some of us are thoughtless, some of us are benevolent, some of us are cruel, or courageous, or rapacious, or blind, or crazy. Just like you. The oaths we take are promises to try to be better than most, to be ethical, and to try to keep ourselves honest we threaten ourselves with the prospect of retribution or reward after death; but those oaths aren't guarantees, and if you think they are, you're wrong. They are the sound of people trying to be a little Godlike, as many people try to be one way or another. But, as with those many people, it doesn't always work.

'Please. Test your data. Shop around for medical care the way you would shop around for anything else. Look for bargains -- it's getting easier. Ask any medical people you know personally; they'll try to help -- and test their data too, don't rely on it blindly. Demand explanations and accountings from your doctors and nurses. If you don't get them, go elsewhere, and keep trying until you do. Make them prove their worth, make them work



for their money. Yes, it's your body. It's also your brain. Use the thing. Don't trust us until we prove worthy of it -- and even then keep your eyes open. Medicine is a service, not a religion. Ask questions. Make trouble. Rock the boat. Keep your doctor nervous. It'll give her something to think about besides the cost of her malpractice insurance.

'On other subjects:

'Re: Alan Dean Foster's letter in response to the Wright review. 'RAAAAYYYY!! I cannot always get interested in Alan's work, but I'll defend to the death his right to bite incompetent reviewers. Lately in fan reviewing I've been noticing an unfortunate tendency for people new to the job to fudge their data, to stretch the facts just a weeeee bit.... just far enough, sometimes, to fit whatever thesis they're working toward.

'Speaking of which....

'Re: Paul McGuire III's review of David Gerrold's DEATHBEAST: This has to be the classic "backhanded review" -- the reviewer seems to have liked the book, yet at the same time he also seems to be trying to make us all believe that David sat down and wrote the thing just to make money, and then got the first chapter of it into STARLOG "hoping to increase sales by once again getting non-SF readers to buy." Now how he came by that piece of information, I can't imagine -- certainly he didn't call and ask David about it, at least not while I was working with/for him -- but as for the business of writing DEATHBEAST just to make the money, well, kids, let me tell you, it's the truth. Why, I was there the very day he made the decision. I was in my office, sitting in the Jacuzzi and typing up some transcription, when the intercom buzzed. When I finally walked through the huge brass doors embossed with dollar signs that separate David's working office from his "lounging" office where he makes his movie deals, he was sitting behind the big Carrara-marble-and-onyx desk and rubbing his hands gleefully together like Scrooge snarking over a found penny. "Duane", David said with a snicker, "I've stumbled across yet another stupendous plan to pollute the precious bodily fluids of science fiction, cause my wretched detractors to gnash their teeth in rampant jealousy, and make a fast buck!" I applauded; generally this is a good idea, and besides that, at the time the reconstructive surgery from the time I hadn't applauded wasn't yet healed. "Well, your sublime and money-hungry wickedness", I said, "what is it this time?" David leaned across the Steuben inlay

on his desk and grinned diabolically. "I'm going to write a book just for the money," he said. "Sheesh", I gasped. "What if you start having fun?" "No fun," he said. "No? What about literary quality? Plot construction? A couple of good scares?" He shrugged at me. "If they get in there", he said, "it'll be accidental". "How long is it going to take you?" I asked. David shrugged at me again, frowned, backhanded a Porsche chronometer which he had always hated off the desk. "Maybe a month," he said. "I'm going to see to it that I have every moment of it. This one is just for the money."

'Pardon me while I stop for breath: I am a very beginning fantasist and there's just so long I can lie before hypoxia sets in.

'I could tell you the truth, of course -- that David wrote DEATHBEAST for fun, because he loves dinosaurs, and that putting that chapter in STARLOG was Kerry O'Quinn's idea and Howard Zimmerman's -- but who would ever believe something as ludicrous as that?

'People believe what they want to, I guess. Paul McGuire III seems to believe some things about David's writing career, for instance that diverge somewhat from the chronology as I understand it, from the publication dates on the insides of books and the release dates of TV episodes But with this in mind, maybe his analysis both of David's book and of David's motives shouldn't be unequivocally accepted.'

((Thank you for the long, thoughtful letter, Duane, and for the behind-the-scenes look at what David Gerrold is really like!))

((This long segment of letters on the medical controversy is now ended, and the medical question is now ended in SER...for a long time. I hope---and the letter-writers hope --- you readers have been enlightened and made to think in slightly different grooves. They didn't do it for the money.

((Now, on to a more vital matter!))

WINOSAUR



LETTER FROM RONALD R. LAMBERT
2350 Virginia
Troy, MI 48084
March 15, 1979

'I see by your reply to George Warren's letter that you are contemplating killing off Alter-Ego. While I hate to see him go, I would at least like to see him go with style. How about running a contest to see who can think up the best way to do him in? The winner can get a free something or other.

'Here are a few suggestions for aing Alter:

'1. He dies of syphilis contracted in rishathra.

'2. He dies of complications while giving himself a vasectomy.

'3. He materialized in Jerry Pournelle's microwave oven once too often -- while Mrs. Pournelle is cooking dinner. (This way, not only does he receive, but he is, just desserts.)

'4. He is crushed by avalanching hugoes when he accidentally trips while trying to swipe them from your trophy vault.

'5. The Devil comes to you demanding your soul in payment for all those hugoes he arranged for you to win, and you give him Alter.

'6. He is exorcized by a Masai laibon sent as a missionary from Africa to Portland.

'7. He experiences a religious conversion and exorcizes himself.

'8. He is scared out of your wits by your doom and gloom prophesying.

'9. The sponsors of the Alien Critic recall their agent. (They have learned what they wanted to know; the invasion will commence immediately.)

'10. He swallows his pride for once and dies of botulism.

'If one of my suggestions wins, please note that I don't drink, so don't send me any pretzels.'

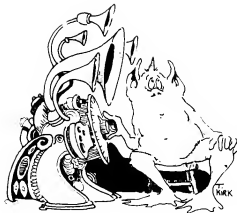
CONTINUED ON P.20

NOISE LEVEL

a column

john brunner

OF CATS, OF CATSUP,
AND OF FAIRY GOLD



I think I know what was the origin of legends about "fairy gold" which vanished before mortals could spend it.

Last summer, on our way home from Greece, we stayed -- as we always try to do in Paris -- with our good friends Claude and Marianne Avic. (He's the *gu*, who writes SF as "Pierre Barbet.")

Apart from being a pharmacist by profession, he is also an enthusiastic amateur palaeontologist. In his personal collection of fossils he has some of the most superb ammonites I've ever seen, a few of which are too heavy for one person to lift, and many retain their ancient colours.

A few years ago I spotted an ammonite in a piece of sandstone in our garden and sent it to him; he was delighted, and wrote back to the effect that "not only was it unusually well preserved, with its shell quite intact, but it's a species not represented in my collection". So on this latest visit he gave me a duplicate from his collection in exchange which is far, far prettier. Only some two centimetres across, it's of a beautiful burnished old-gold colour, even after 180,000,000 years.

Discussing it, he mentioned that the stratum in which it was found had been heated -- I presume by a volcanic eruption -- and baked until it was hard, like a brick. Others, he told me, are often found in strata which have not experienced this treatment, and they deliquesce on exposure to the air. By the morning after you dig them up, they turn into a mere pile of clay...

These ammonites are about the right size and certainly they are the right colour to be mistaken for coins. Moreover, as I've just been reminded by the secretary of the Folklore Society, small inexplicable objects found in or on the ground -- flint arrowheads, spindle whorls and suchlike -- have traditionally been ascribed to the Little Folk.

I suspect that fairy gold, which turns to dross overnight, was probably a cache of ammonites in a soft stratum.

Recently I read a novel by Tom Disch, though you wouldn't realise the fact just by looking at it. The book is called CLARA REEVE and it's credited to "Leonie Hargrave". I understand it did well for him and earned a lot of money. Much of it is set in Italy, and there's one scene at a dinner-party where the following statement is made by the hostess concerning a rabbit stew allegedly from the sole surviving Roman cookbook, that of Apicius:

"It uses a spice that is almost unknown to us now... Asafoetida -- the Romans made it into a kind of Universal Sauce, called liquimen /sic/, which they poured over almost everything to bring out a 'high' flavour."

Now if Tom hadn't gone back to the States at just about the time I read this book, I'd have reached for the phone and started arguing!

Just to start with, the seasoning the Romans were so fond of was not called liquamen (liquimen is wrong in any case), which word merely means a substance made soft or runny, but liquamen garum.

But what it was made of is quite well known, and as nearly as I can figure out it's remarkably similar to something you can find in modern kitchens.

Waverley Root states in THE COOKING OF ITALY that while historians disagree about what garum was made of, one description says it was made of the entrails of mackerel. The LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GASTRONOMY says: "It is generally agreed that this condiment could not have been anything other than the pickling brine derived from salted sea-water fish -- scomber and

mackerel in particular -- and squeezing them to extract the liquid." (My added emphasis. See below!)

Well, actually yes -- it could have been something other. Not very much other, but not quite what you'd expect from that description.

Do you know what catsup was originally, and how we adopted this odd-looking word into English? (Ketchup, which is the usual spelling in Britain, is probably a little closer to the old pronunciation.)

That invaluable book THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY has the following to say: "sauce made from mushrooms etc. ... Chinese (Amoy) *kœ-chiap*, *ke-tsiap* brine of fish; cf. Malay *ketchap* (Du. *ket-jap*) which is prob. from Chinese."

And the only recipe I have seen for making this "brine of fish" involved putting fish-guts and heads in a barrel and leaving it in the sun for a month. And the specific meaning of *liquescere* (to grow soft) which I find in Latin dictionary and which seems most apposite is "II. Meton. to become decomposed or putrid."

Now one more thing. Just about the commonest spice-mixture used in Indian cooking is called garam masala. Recipes vary, but seemingly the name does not.

I therefore suspect that the substance closest to liquamen garum in a modern kitchen is anchovy ketchup, although it's not fermented in the brute-force fashion of olden times. I further suspect that garum must be one of the earliest examples of a food-seasoning traveling the long trade-routes, as all our customary spices were eventually to do. I would hazard a guess that after coming out of South-East Asia it crossed India, picking up a local name on the way, and that it was almost certainly imported to the Mediterranean world via the Gandhara Pass over which Alexander marched his armies into India -- the same route, incidentally, which resulted in a statue of Apollo being transformed into the familiar modern representation of the Buddha.

And I can't help wondering whether the Romans poured it on their food as indiscriminately as we're led to believe. My personal view is that it would simply have been on the table -- as we automatically put on salt and pepper -- because the LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA describes variations of it mixed with oil, water, vinegar or pepper, and set out in little pots for the diners to help themselves.

But isn't that coincidence of names -- garam, garum -- fascinating?

By the way, none of the descriptions I can find mentions asafetida. Sorry, Tom!

For a long while I've believed that high on the list of reasons why dogs tolerate human beings is that we can create smells they never even dreamed of -- no, I don't mean car-exhausts, I mean the kind of aroma that rises from a well-flavored stew.

Hoisting Puck into the air the other day -- Puck being a red-point Siamese and quite the most interesting and charming cat we have ever owned -- it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps for cats the same process operates thanks to the special effects we can furnish them. A cat's view from mid-air is usually of the ground rushing rapidly closer. When I hold out Puck at arm's length he purrs and purrs as he gazes around him. He's looking down from a height, unsupported as far as he can see -- in other words, he's not standing on a tree-branch -- and yet not falling.

Special effects!

CONTINUED FROM P. 18

3-1-79 We got SFR #30 into the mails the afternoon of Feb. 26, and took care of the other loose ends the following two days.

Yesterday we had to take the car to the local P.O. and pick up ten boxes of returns from F&SF Book Co. in NY who distribute SFR to bookstores here and abroad. The returns span from issue #23 to #28, and show a pattern of diminishing returns since we shifted to book paper and (probably more important) F&SF Book Co. weeded out a lot of deadbeat non-bookstores.

As things stand now about 110-120 copies are returned per issue.

Needless to say those 800+ returns took a huge chunk out of what

was owed for the sold copies of several issues.

Magazine publishing isn't all gravy. Especially when you have a \$1400. printing bill facing you every two months.

But you don't want to read all this wailing and moaning by the publisher. I detail some of these aspects of publishing to let would-be fanzine publishers know what it's all about.

Now to put on my reviewer's hat...

STRANGE EONS

By Robert Bloch

Whispers Press, hardcover, \$12., and \$25. for a signed copy.
Box 1492-W, Azalea St.,
Browns Mills, NJ 08015

Rather well done Cthulhu novel set in modern and near-future time. What if H.P. Lovecraft's stories detailing the Cthulhu menace were disguised true stories---warnings?

Using those stories and novels as source material, and as truth by the characters in this episodic, three-part book, Bob shows us the powerlessness of unlucky, curious, obsessed mortals as they try to save humanity from its doom. Not even the ultimate weapon can kill Cthulhu...for He Lives On in the form of...
AAARRRRRRHHH!!!

Why isn't that review in its proper place---my "And Then I Read..." column?

Well....I've decided to experiment a bit with the format. Old-time SFR readers know I can't stand a steady-state format. I veer from this pot-pouri slum gullion catch-all system, to a more formal cubby-hole setup. I'm into my informal phase now.

I'll review all kinds of things in "Alien Thoughts" this issue. The idea is to keep moving---don't let them get a bead on you.

This means, of course, that even "Small Press Notes" will be added to this stew at various intervals.

What we have here is a various interval.

ALDERAAN 4 is a STAR WARS fanzine. It seems that SW is beggating a STAR TREK-type fandom, with a fallout of zines and fiction using the STAR WARS characters.

ALDERAAN has value for its glimpse of STAR WARS fandom and its listing of STAR WARS zines, as well as an interesting letter column.

If interested send 65¢ to Kzinti Press, POB 8554, Toledo, OH 43623.

I wasn't especially impressed with the total eclipse a few days ago. It was virtually against the

law to view it with the naked eye, and the TV coverage was "Eh!"

STAR WARS, I thought, had better special effects. God had better come up with something more impressive....having the sun go nova, for instance....

There was a total cloud cover on Portland, so it was pointless to go outside and look up. It was interesting to watch it get dark at the wrong time, and watch the birds get confused.

I'm blase, I guess. Some people flew from the middle west and the east to observe the eclipse. I find that incredible. For two minutes of whatever-was-seen-if-lucky.

I want to visit the Ringworld. I can't be impressed by a mere eclipse of Sol.

RECEIVED---

LEGACY

By James H. Schmitz

Ace, \$1.95

Note: Advance copy. Scheduled for May publication/distribution. A reprint from 1965. Central character is Trigger Argee, 'a strong, independent heroine'. There seems to have developed an audience for sf with women-who-act primary characters. Will that be the future of sf ---a gender-oriented market: sf for women, and sf for men, with some cross-overs and attempts to appeal to both buyers' groups?

GALAXIES INTERIEURES 2

Anthology edited by Maxim Jakubowski Editions Denoel, 1979. 21 Francs.

Note: Printed in French. Pocket book, intriguing cover painting. Originally published in England, I think.

HALF A LIFE

By Kirill Bulychyev

Macmillan, \$2.95.

Note: In the increasingly popular trade softcover format---hardcover size, book paper, stiff, glossy cover.

This is a collection of stories by this praised (by Theodore Sturgeon, who wrote the Introduction) soviet sf writer.

WORLD SOUL

By Mikhail Emtsev and Eremai

Parnov

Macmillan, \$2.95

Note: A novel, with an Introduction by Sturgeon. Format as above.

I wonder if Macmillan pays these Soviet writers royalties, considering that so many American sf writers have been pirated and ripped-off by USSR, Polish, and other Communist state publishers?

SUCH STUFF AS SCREAMS ARE MADE OF

By Robert Bloch

Ballantine 27996, \$1.95

Note: A 21 story collection. Intro-



duction by Gahan Wilson.

This is insignia as a del Rey Horror, and as a Ballantine Fantasy Horror. I have to admire and applaud their attempt to classify their books.

THE SOURCE OF MAGIC

By Piers Anthony
Ballantine Fantasy 27284, \$1.95

THE STARFOLLOWERS OF CORAMONIDE

By Brian Daley
Ballantine Fantasy 27495, \$1.95

PROPECY

By David Seltzer
Ballantine 28034, \$2.25
Note: Seltzer wrote THE OMEN. This book is copyrighted by Paramount Pictures. No doubt a movie has been made.

LADY SATIVA (27328, \$1.95)

THE SETH PAPERS (27329, \$1.95)

By Frank Lauria
Ballantine Novels
Note: Both chronicle adventures by Dr. Owen Orient, the psychic detective in a world of occult present-day menace.

Lauria likes to spice his novels with a tinge of sex: 'She looked like an artificial night flower fashioned out of black leather, white plastic and green paint. A surge of sexual power rolled over his senses as he contemplated the erotic excesses of her fantasy search for pleasure.'

Promises, promises....

LETTER FROM FORREST, J ACKERMAN

2495 Glendower Avenue
Hollywood, CA 90027
March 17, 1979

'Well, I learned something.

My Sense of Blunder was aroused when I read the statement in your 30th number that "the only outright case of discrimination in the field was Hugo Gernsback's claim that women couldn't write science fiction, and then discovering much to his surprise that Leslie F. Stone, from whom he had been buying, was a woman". As a Gernsbackophile, the accusation made my bile boil because I didn't see how it could be true. But, thanks to my vanVoghtian training, I took the null-A pause while I checked things out. I knew he had published Clare Winger Harris before Stone and I was morally certain Mr. Gernsback knew at the time she was female. And I recalled other women writers in Gernsback publications in the late 20s & early 30s: Popular Lilith Lorraine, Hazel Heald, Pansy Black in his series of stf pamphlets. MFRupert...

'A little research reveals that Mr. Gernsback may have got off on

the wrong foot when, in the June 1927 AMAZING (two years before he was purportedly surprised to learn LfStone was Mrs. Silberberg), he stated, "That the third prize winner should prove to be a woman was one of the surprises of the contest, for, as a rule, women do not make good sciencefiction writers, because their education and tendencies on scientific matters are usually limited." In retrospect, probably an accurate assessment of women in relation to science at the time, not a slander or slur. In any event, he went on to speak of the exception to the rule being extraordinarily impressive, said the science in the story was "not only quite palatable, but highly desirable, due to its plausibility". He praised Mrs. Harris as a "facile writer" and hoped to present more of her work. As indeed he did, in Apr., Oct. & Dec. '28, and in May '29 before the first story of Leslie Stone in July '29. He spoke of Mrs. Harris's "versatility", "characteristic manner", "entrancing ideas" & "excellent science". It was evident to his readership that women were writing for Hugo Gernsback because he published pictures of them!

'I hope that even as I write, Sam Moskowitz -- who has more time for research than I -- is preparing a devastating defense of the man I shall continue to honor during my lifetime as the Father of Science Fiction. I am proud that he called me the Son.'

((I think your letter, and the following two will establish for all time that Hugo Gernsback was not a rigid male chauvinist as far as science fiction goes...or went.

((That person in the spaces between the line is Darrell Schweitzer, reeling, stumbling, muttering to himself, "Wha--? What did I say? One little line in an interview question...."))

LETTER FROM SAM MOSKOWITZ

361 Roseville Avenue
Newark NJ 07107
March 15, 1979

'I found the material very interesting but I am beginning to look in askance at Darrell Schweitzer. His previous attacks on Gernsback were so far out, so incredibly at odds with all available facts, that I had to think it was a calculated play on his part to attract atten-

tion to himself by being outrageous. However, persisting the frequency with which he views in his campaign against the late Hugo Gernsback, which appears to have become almost obsessive, I am beginning to entertain considerable reservations about the credibility of his opinions, based as I know them to be on distressing lack of knowledge and now apparently deliberate distortion.

'His comment for the Joan D. Vinge interview is a prime case in point. He asks her the following question: "SFR: The only recorded case of outright discrimination in the field was Hugo Gernsback's claim that women couldn't write science fiction, and then discovering much to his surprise that Leslie F. Stone from whom he had been buying, was a woman. Will a woman entering the field today find herself treated any differently than a male writer?"

'I have in front of me Leslie F. Stone's copy of "The Day of the Pulp", a talk she delivered in which she dealt with the subject. Here is what she said about it: "On his discovery of my gender, Hugo Gernsback accepted it quite amiably. In fact, I'm sure he liked the idea of a woman invading the field he had opened up". Her own records show that Gernsback bought nine of her stories from short story to novel length, ran her picture with them and showed not the slightest displeasure that she was a woman. He bought more from her than any other editor and in wordage more than all the other magazines bought combined.

'What Leslie Stone further reveals was about ASTOUNDING STORIES: "Some time after that Mr. Tremaine gave up the editor's chair and in 1938 a Mr. John W. Campbell Jr. took over. Inasmuch as I had submitted a second story to Mr. Tremaine and wished to meet the new editor, I phoned one day for an appointment with this gentleman. On his desk lay my manuscript, and you can imagine my feeling when with no more than a how'd' do, he said in a rather acid tone, "I am returning your story, Miss Stone. I do not believe that women are capable of writing science fiction -- nor do I approve of it!" Grabbing my story from his hand, I fled. Later he reversed his policy, but naturally I never submitted another story to him. That story "Death Dallies Awhile" was published in WEIRD TALES."

'When questions are framed from this type of research, what are the answers worth? When Schweitzer's opinions are based on this type of research, what are they worth?'

((It's surprising what information

surfaeas, sometimes, in this magazine, from s-f aficionados. Thank you, Sam, for this surprising look at the early Campbell-as-editor.

((I do think, though, that your divination of Darrell's motive is wrong in re Gernsback.))

LETTER FROM ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES
717 Willow Ave., Hoboken, NJ
07030
March 11, 1979

'I paused in reading SFR #30 when I came across the following statement by Darrell Schweitzer on page 9:

"The only recorded case of outright discrimination in the field was Hugo Gernsback's claim that women couldn't write science fiction and then discovering much to his surprise that Leslie F. Stone, from whom he had been buying, was a woman."

'Leslie F. Stone's first published story was the two-part serial, "Out of the Void", which appeared in the August and September, 1929 issues of AMAZING STORIES. By that time, Dr. T. O'Coner Sloane had become editor, but the odds are very high that the story had been accepted by Gernsback, before he lost control of the magazine earlier in the year; the August issue would have been in the works not long after Gernsback left, and in those days it was very rare for a story accepted by AS to see print within a year of its acceptance.

'Now, let's look at page 245 of the June, 1927, issue of AMAZING. We find here that the Third Prize winner in the \$500 Prize Cover Contest is Mrs. F.C. Harris; her story, and all her subsequent ones, was published under the name of Clare (not "Claire" -- was that a typo of yours, Dick?) Winger Harris. And in the blurb for the story, Gernsback writes:

"That the third prize winner should prove to be a woman was one of the surprises of the contest, for, as a rule, women do not make good scientific writers, because their education and general tendencies on scientific matters are usually limited."

"That is a far cry from stating pontifically that women couldn't write "scientific" (the Gernsback variety of science fiction, let us remember). It's an even further cry from "discriminating" against women. Gernsback's statement was a reasonably accurate one for the time at which he made it, for the reasons he gave; it had nothing to do with refusal to consider

ms. submitted by women. The record shows that he did publish other females than Harris and Stone, although, 'tis true, he probably did not get many submissions.

'It is true that he was surprised to find that Leslie F. Stone was female; but there is not a shred of evidence for supposing that her stories would have been rejected, on the grounds that she was female, (that's what discrimination really is) had she made it clear from the start.

'Hugo Gernsback's actual sins have been widely publicized and chided; there's no need to put words into his mouth that he never said in order to drive the nails deeper.'

((That should do it. Thanks, Bob. That sound you hear---drip-drip-drip is Darrell's bleeding wounds.))



3-3-79 The planet Venus is giving scientists fits. Latest findings are that lightning is going on all the time---25 lightning pulses per second according to one Soviet Venera probe---and possible 82 decibel thunder....

There was a 'glow' reported by the two Pioneer probes that went down in darkness. [A Venusian city?] There is also supposed to be an immense tectonic crack in the planet's surface on the order of 7 kilometers deep. There may also be a 700 kilometer-wide volcano down in that soupy atmosphere.

There is still no satisfactory explanation for the planet's hellish heat; the "greenhouse effect" theory has holes in it. And scientists are still baffled by the imbalance of argon 36, neon 20 and krypton 84 gases with carbon, oxygen and nitrogen.

And what, I wonder, of Velikovskiy's predictions about the makeup of Venus; has he been proven right, wrong, maybe, partly?

RECEIVED

GATEWAY TO LIMBO
By Chris Lampton
Doubleday, \$7.95
S-f novel.

STARSHIP/ALGOL, Spring, 1979. Edited by Andrew Porter. \$2.25
POB 4175, New York, NY 10017.
Note: A better issue than the Winter, with a longer, interesting editorial section, and fascinating columns by Frederik Pohl and Vincent DiFate. A very striking cover painting by Carl Lundgren.

There is a breathtaking fuck symbolism ad for Dell SF on the back cover: a naked woman with a sword superimposed in/on her abdomen, flanked by a rearing horse and a reaching, kneeling man. This is the cover for Diane Duane's new novel, THE DOOR INTO FIRE. The sword, like the gun, is a symbol of the male organ, supposedly. It seems to work since no doubt market/sales research probably has shown that such sex symbols help sell books.

In this cover/ad the sword is pointed down...which may indicate a woman with the sexual power of a penis... (Whereas if the blade was positioned as if it had symbolically penetrated from her groin...)

Enough of this Freudian frivolity.

TITAN
By John Varley
Berkley hardback, \$9.95

Another, apparently successful, "gigantism" novel, about a very old huge "wheel" in space in which various created creatures similar to mythic Earth creatures live and breed.

Discovered by Earth, the planet-sized phenomenon is approached by a spaceship captained by a woman, Cirrocco Jones. THE HUGE wheel captures the Earth ship and the crew are encapsulated and "born" in different places in the massive circular rim environments.

Cirrocco Jones and her crew manage to get together again, but have been emotionally changed by the process and have different needs and desires now.

Cirrocco is obsessed with reaching and contacting the hub, and the controls/gods/intelligences which are pulling the strings and who created and run this monster construct.

Varley succeeds marvelously well in making the reader experience this artifact as gigantic as it is, and makes the creatures in it real and human in their fashion.

But he's also fighting a Women's Liberation war, too, with an out-of-place attempted macho/sexist rape by a crewman.

Except for that rape, the roles

are almost entirely reversed, with the men either out of sight or conveniently injured. Lesbianism wins this war, too.

Cirrococo does reach the hub and does talk with the female or 'female' ruler. There are surprises.

A good book, well-written.

LETTER FROM JOHN SHIRLEY

P.O. Box 42292
Portland, OR 97242

2-21-79

'Katherine Dunn (author of two mainstream books to Harper & Row, TRUCK and ATTIC--she is a waitress in NW Portland most of the time, but a fine writer) told me that Jerzy Kosinski agreed to let someone send out his third novel, or the first three chapters of it, with someone else's name on it, to see how much editorial judgement was a question of reliance on reputations and trial and error. Apparently he just lucked out on publishing his first book, because the third one was rejected by more than fifty publishers because it was submitted under an unknown name! As soon as it was submitted under the name Kosinski it sold (to someone who'd previously rejected it), and subsequently won the National Book Award! They're all purblind out there.'

(This sort of experiment has been done before by famous writers. It has been proved again and again that (as far as novels go) editors--once they eliminate the obvious amateur junk and the crazies--are simply following fashion, following track records, and following hunches. Nobody seems to know what the public will like and pay for, and given a selection from a dozen or so well-written, publishable mss., the editor is in a crap game.

(Above a certain level of literacy and professional competency, quality writing can be a drawback. EFFECTIVE writing is more valued. But nothing can compete with a ms. which is of a certain type needed at exactly the right moment which the editorial board thinks can be promoted into a bestseller.)



TRANSMANACON
by John Shirley
Zebra, 1979, \$1.95

I liked the inventiveness of John's warped American city-state civilization which is isolated from the world by a Barrier...the improbable genetic mutations--giant human hands used as beasts of burden, for instance--and the wild wonders of the forever-revel, the creation of Astor, the city of artists...the profession of the hero, Ben Rakey, who is an Irritant, a man capable of creating unrest, anger, revolution in people, gatherings.... Add to his ability a device implanted in his chest which escalates his natural powers a hundredfold, add a mysterious man who is trying to use him, add a few 20th century criminals who were cryogenically put into stasis and are now warmed and in the service of the mystery man....

There are all kinds of inventive, grotesque wonders, sex, brutalities, killings....

Frankly, the uncaring destruction of human life on mass scale bothered me as I read. It makes Ben Rakey and others unsympathetic and turn-off characters.

I know John was following what he perceived as a pretty good sf formula---a dystopia and a man dedicated to changing it. In the end Ben Rakey does destroy the Barrier, but...

Part of my distaste is the use of fantasy science: magic genetics, magic physics, magic mental powers, wished into existence to dazzle the reader with no thought for their real effect on the society or the people.

In the last analysis this is a badly written novel (written four years ago, I understand, at the very beginning of John's writing career), but well-written in spots--a nicely turned phrase...a good scene...an effective image....

John Shirley has recently sold a novel to Dell, so when it is published we should see a vastly improved writer.

3-6-79 I have socked it to Jim Purviance in the past because I think the title of his fan magazine, SF&F 36, is confusing. Now Jim Sanderson comes forth to defend, saying/quoting an issue of SF&F 36 which explains that the title is the name of a college course and that it was adopted by the students who continued to meet after the course ended.

Okay, I can dig it. But as a fan magazine title it's confusing and thus wrong and dumb. I will not be shaken. End of this tempest in a teapot.

(A good personal title might be NONVIABLE ALTERNATIVES, apropos of nothing. In fact, APPROPOS OF NOTHING would be a good title....)

The name of the convention at which I will be the fan guest of honor is OryCon, to be held this coming November 9-11 at the Sheraton Portland Hotel at the Lloyd Center. John Varley will be the pro guest of honor, with Mildred Downey Broxon and Ursula K. LeGuin also attending and participating in panel discussions.

There will be a film program, too.

Memberships till Oct. 1 are \$6. Thereafter \$8.

Mail to OryCon, POB 985, Beaverton, OR 97005.

Available in Aug. is a new Ray Bradbury book, BEYOND 1984: REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS FUTURE. It'll be a limited signed edition, cloth-bound, 350 copies by subscription. \$30. each. Write to Targ Editions, 501 Fifth Av., New York, NY 10017.

RECEIVED

GALAXY, VOL. 79, NO. 8 [Nov./Dec. 1978 issue] I finally received my subscription copy. Blah cover. This issue begins a four-part serialization of Frederik Pohl's new novel, JEM.

NIGHTWALK

By Bob Shaw

Dell 15996, \$1.75, 1979

Note: First printed in 1967. S-f.

LAND OF UNREASON

By L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt.

Dell 14736, \$1.75, 1979

Note: Reprint. First printed in this length in 1942. Hard fantasy.

THE PLEASURE TUBE

By Robert Onopa

Berkley 03941-2, \$1.75, 1979

Original s-f.

THE WANTING OF LEVINE

By Michael Halberstam

Berkley 04088-7, \$2.25

Mainstream near-future satire/comedy.

THE BOOK OF SKULLS

By Robert Silverberg

Berkley 04042-9, \$1.95

Reprint s-f, first published in '72.

BROTHER TO DEMONS BROTHER TO GODS

By Jack Williamson

Bobbs-Merrill, \$10. S-f original.

STARDANCE

By Spider and Jeanne Robinson

Dial Press, \$8.95. S-f original

novel, continued from the novella version.

THE ROGER AWARDS

By Orson Scott Card

When I was a little kid and still believed in Santa Claus, I always wondered how it was that Santa always managed to find my house and leave me my present. Especially right after we had moved from Utah to California: I was a nervous wreck (and so were my parents!) with worry over whether there might be some terrible mix-up and I might be given something absolutely wretched, like a doll or a football or (worst of all) clothes. Or even nothing.

And I thought all that ended when I found out the Truth About Santa Claus. I have learned recently that the same sort of suspense is inflicted on science fiction writers each year at award time. But as the fans and SFNA members vote, they aren't quite as generous as Santa Claus -- most of us end up with nothing in our sock. It's part of the game, I guess. But I decided that there was a desperate need for another group of awards, deliberately designed to be given to those who are not likely to get the others. Where the Hugo and Nebula awards are designed to recognize the zenith of achievement, I am giving awards to immortalize the nadir.

I thought of naming the awards after an astronomical phenomenon. Instead of a Nebula, my award would be a black hole, for instance. But that and dwarf star were out because these awards haven't that kind of gravity. The Planet Awards had a nice ring to it, but it couldn't compare to the title I eventually decided on.

After all, the Hugo and Campbell awards are named after notable editors in the history of science fiction. And for the type of award I'm giving, there's only one name that leads the rest. At first I considered called them the Elwood Awards, but then I realized that the grand tradition of award-giving demands a first name: Oscar, Emmy, Tony, Hugo. Doubtless the Campbell Award would have been the John Award except for certain indignities that are associated with that distinguished name. So my awards had to be called the Rogers.

However, I decided that except for one category, there would be no Roger Awards for writing. While there are plenty of stories every year that would qualify as less than good, choosing the worst would be im-

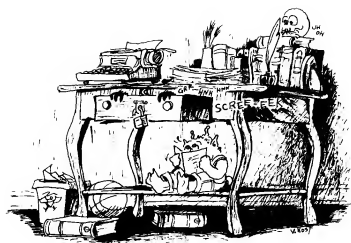
possible. Besides, the author of today's worst-of-the-year may be up there a few years later, taking bows as he accepts his Hugo or Nebula, and discreetly pissing on the poor fool who presumed to give him a Roger. And how could I dare to exclude myself from the running for such an award? Ergo, I have limited myself to more arcane categories.

A word about the voting. These awards were selected by secret ballots from such unquestionably impartial and morally impeccable persons as the Lone Ranger, Tonto, Superman, Mary Poppins, Moses, Queen Victoria, Oscar Wilde and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Nominations for next year's awards are welcome from anyone, and should be sent to this author, who refuses to take responsibility for anything.

Enough introduction: Bring on the Rogers!

The Roger Award for Boo-Boo of the Year goes to ANALOG, for having run only half of Gregory Benford's "Stargazer" in the June issue. No wonder it seemed to end rather strangely.

The Roger Award for Creativity in Art Design is won walking away by GALAXY. While there are many things that could be said about GALAXY'S art in 1978, the most notable feature has been the policy of cleverly working the title right into the illustration. What this was supposed to achieve I know not, but what it actually achieved was to make the title impossible to read while ruining the art. A special commendation goes to GALAXY for the discovery of Amy Harlib's artwork. How long this great American primitive's work lay at the bottom of a musty trunk, no one knows, but its exhumation and publication has given us a far greater appreciation for all the other artists working in the field of science fiction.



The Roger Award for Tempests in Teapots is awarded to a rather large group: All the fans who filled in the letter columns of magazines, pro and fan, with complaints about Harlan Ellison politicizing the worldcon, thereby politicizing the worldcon.

The Roger Award for Academic Obfuscation goes to Samuel R. Delany for *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*, the first book, written by someone who has already proved he can write, that requires the reader not only to consult a dictionary but also to diagram the sentences. The trophy for this award is a grayish ellipsoid about four feet high that balances on the floor a yard from Mr. Delany. It is instantly recognizable to him as the image of the word *the*, and it is, he asserts, whimsical.

The Roger Award for Science Fiction Film is joyfully bestowed upon BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, which once again proved that those who make their career stealing other people's ideas are doomed to fail, because it is not just an idea or two that makes a film (or any other work of art) great, but rather a great artist, and an imitator is doomed to spend his life wondering what the hell the original had put in his stuff has not got. (Didn't I put in cute robots? Didn't I have a lot of neat special effects?)

The Roger Award for Religious Pretension is surely the property of BS GALACTICA's producer, Glen Larson. A devout Mormon, Larson took some of the most superficial aspects of Mormonism and inserted them meaninglessly into early scripts of the show. Think back to the first two episodes. Remember the "Council" or "Quorum of the Twelve"? The couple that got married "for eternity"? The planet "Kobol", the original home of mankind? Ask the nearest Mormon if those ring any bells.

While such inserts did no harm, one wonders why he didn't ever treat any of the important ethical, moral and metaphysical questions that Mormonism (and every other religion) tries to deal with? His theology was as shallow as his scripts.

The Roger Award for Title Change goes to Pocket Books, for changing *Marta Randall's SOLITARY PEOPLE* (a marvelous title) to *JOURNEY*, which has less than nothing to do with the book. They get a special commendation for chutzpah, since Randall had a clause in her contract that gave her veto power over the title -- and they cleverly changed the title and didn't tell her until the title was already printed and advertised. (Source: *Marta Randall* interview in *SP&F* 36 #8.)

The Roger Award for Magazine Name Change is regrettably given to *Andrew Porter* for changing the name of his wonderful magazine *ALGOL* to the juvenile-sounding *STARSHIP*.

Besides the official Roger Awards, there are several other awards which, while they are not Rogers, are voted on by the same people (hee-hee) and should be taken with the same pointed tongue in cheek.

The Laser Award for Book Design is proudly and lovingly given to DAW Books, whose yellow spines, cover art and generally terrible cover art have long been a contrast gainer that makes everybody else's books look good. A cover that epitomizes the flaws is the one on Jack Vance's *WYST: ALASTOR*. The spine and logo are self-explanatory, but those who have not read Vance's fine novel should be aware that the artist did not read the book. Vance carefully (as always) explained exactly how the people on *Wyst* dressed, and the artist, or perhaps the art director, decided to overrule him and make the woman's costume more precarious and, one assumes, more alluring. Add to that the fact that the illustration is ugly, and one wonders why this cover was ever allowed to appear in public unaccompanied by a brown wrapper. Yet it is typical of the DAW Books look.

The Laser Book-Cover-of-the-Year Award, however, does not go to DAW. Del Rey Books walks away with the honors on this one, for the cover on the new reissue of *Evangeline Walton's SONG OF RHIANNON*. The covers on the old edition were, I thought, quite striking, but I can see a case for updating book covers from time to time. However, updating the cover to put a Welsh mythic hero in a T-shirt and have Rhiannon smirking like a two-bit whore while wearing Sears Roebuck's sexiest nightgown (both of them looking about as Welsh and as ancient as a feminine deodorant com-

mercial) seems to violate the book, which is, after all, meant to be literature, and rather fine literature at that. Can there be no book in our field considered sacred enough to be guaranteed some dignity on the cover?

The Imperial Earth Award for Disappointing Work from an Old Master goes to Clifford Simak's *MASTOBONIA*. The writer who first taught us what good characterization could be in science fiction has apparently forgotten his own lessons in this book. This award is reluctantly given, with hope for better to come, and confidence that in the future memory of this will be obliterated while the earlier, first work will endure.

The Amazing Screw-Your-Mother Award goes to the former employees of Pocket Books responsible for the offering of the infamous Pocket Books Contract, a revival of the old indentured servitude that we thought ended in 1863. (The contract, fortunately, has been withdrawn, but we wonder if past or present decision-makers at Pocket Books would have been quite so kind if SPWA's grievance committee hadn't raised hell about it. For those who left SPWA in years past because the organization "didn't do anything important", please note that the Ace audit and the Pocket Books contract compromise are the kind of achievement that is usually reserved for unions, not for mere writers' clubs. Bravo to Haldeman, Bradley, Pournelle and the other heroes who led the fights.)

The Insult-to-Injury Award goes to *ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE*, for including a form letter explaining how to write a good science fiction story along with their otherwise thoughtful rejection notes. It's bad enough to get a story back (sob!) but to be told you need to learn how to write from the beginning -- ah, the unkindest cut of all!

My hands are bloody, my razor dulled, but the work is done. To those who received the uncoveted Rogers this year, remember that it was all (or almost all) in fun! Better luck next year.

Special Most-Confusing-Cover of the Year Award goes without challenge to *NEW WORLDS* #214. Its logo reads *HOBBIE MNPBI* [with the N reversed].

Special TV-Insult-to-Intelligence Award goes to the writer, producer and director of the made-for-TV movie *THE OTHER SIDE OF TERROR* in which a clone grown in an artificial womb to adulthood emerges with a fresh shave and a haircut. ---REG

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ORIGINALLY, WE THOUGHT HUMAN INTELLIGENCE WAS THE ASYMPTOTIC LIMIT AT THE TOP OF THE S-SHAPED CURVE.

HOWEVER, WE NOW KNOW THAT HUMAN INTELLIGENCE PASSES THROUGH POINT P.

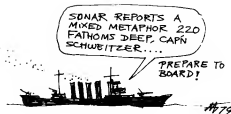
YES, WE IS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.



MACHINE INTELLIGENCE

THE VIVISECTOR

A Column By Darrell Schweitzer



THE REDWARD EDWARD PAPERS

By Avram Davidson
Doubleday, 1978, 208 pp., \$7.95

This book is both a marvel and an enigma, a marvel because four of the stories in it are marvellous, an enigma because the other two aren't.

To deal with the best first, Avram Davidson, when all is going well, is virtually unrivalled in deftness and wit. Few others could introduce an alternate world as wondrously as this:

"In 1961, the year when the dragons were so bad, a young man named George Laine, an industrial alchemist by profession, attended the coronation of the new president in Washington. The guilds were in high favor with the president-select, John V. (the first of that name since John IV C. Coolidge), who sent to each and every of their delegation, as a mark of his esteem, garments of virtue worthy of the occasion, viz. a silk-hat, a pair of galoshes with silver buckles, a great-coat with a collar of black samite, cuff-links encased in gold, and a pen-and-pencil set of malachite and electrum which were guaranteed to write under water and over butter: Both, as it happened, essential to the practise of industrial alchemy."

("The Singular Events...", p. 17)

The story that follows is strong on sparkling details, even if the plot and characters are almost incidental and the overall result may be best called amusing nonsense. "The Lord of Central Park" (a very unlikely item from ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE) is no longer, even more amusingly nonsensical, and it works. Involved are a whole host of bizarre characters, several dire plots, and a microscopic crime syndicate, the Mafia ("Something like the Mafia"):

"But what do you do?" Daisy demanded, mildly thrilled, but somehow not in the least frightened.

"We control," said Forrance impressively, "all the gumball and Indian nut machines south of Vesey Street!"

(p. 27)

"Sacheverell" is an odd, some-

times somber little piece about circus freaks (Is the protagonist a monkey?), and "The Grantha Sighting" is about a UFO which lands in a rural backyard, the occupants wishing only to warm the baby's bottle over the stove while hubby fixes the "loose umpus on the hootenanny".

The ultimate revelation is that the artifact left behind is a diaper and the amazing thing about the story is that Davidson could pull such a hackneyed situation off in science fiction. Editors get three and four of these things a day. ASIMOV'S SF has a printed card devoted to this subspecies of the horrible. But none of the stories that get those cards have a trace of Davidson's gentle satire. The story is also very much about how the media perceives UFO sightings. The witnesses start to tell the truth, but the reporters and radio people (including Long John Nebel, thinly disguised) seem angry and disappointed, so they get the more traditional spiel (People of Earth, we have been watching you for a Long Time...) and go away happy.

This brings us to the unsuccessful stories. It may be my failure to understand here, but I have read "Dagon" several times, and it seems to me that Davidson wrecks a splendid buildup (a westerner losing himself in 1945 China, and a Chinese magician who is more than he seems) by going opaque in the last two pages. It's as if a clear TV picture suddenly broke into "snow" and stayed that way till the end of the program.

This brings us to the big disappointment of the book, the title novella, which takes up fully half the volume. It is published here for the first time. Why, one might ask, is this so in these times of overexpansion and serious shortage of good material? Surely half a dozen magazine and anthology editors would have jumped at the chance to publish a new Avram Davidson novella?

Why? Because THE REDWARD EDWARD PAPERS is merely a collection of verbal gimmicks, references parenthetical and otherwise to everything from

an old song called "Buddy Can You Spare a Dime?" to THE SONG OF SOLOMON to H.P. Lovecraft (a trio of characters described: "My God. Rugose, squamous, amorphous; Lovecraft must have known them personally") and snatches of bizarre character sketches, bits of dialogue, and occasionally a nearly complete scene. In brief, it is not a story. It is what "The Singular Events..." would have been minus coherent viewpoint and a plot, and ten times as long. In other words, the textbook example of a piece which is external trappings and nothing else. Had it been found among the author's papers after his death, it might have been taken for a mumblebeet (a pre-first draft, in which the author is out to discover what he wants to write about), a vastly incomplete fragment of a never-written longer work, or perhaps a commonplace book from which material was supposed to be drawn.

There is a lot here which could be used in stories, but none of it has, and this sort of thing must surely fall flat after a while if left by itself. Another ASIMOV's rejection card tells you that humor alone does not make a story. Had John Doe written this, I think that is the response he would have gotten from most editors.

But of course Davidson is an experienced and accomplished writer, and presumably he knows better. What is he up to then? The "Afterword to Entire Book" (as opposed to those to the individual stories) is revealing. There is much about the artist's need to be true to himself, despite fad and fashions, but at the same time a warning about self-indulgence and the need for discipline, and how to make one's work "distinctive, enchanting, yet not so distinctive that the enchantment fails". I think Davidson, in THE REDWARD EDWARD PAPERS has become so fond of the sound of his own voice, and how clever and witty and satirical he is being, that he has lost sight of everything else, and this sort of failure is exactly what has happened. If there really can be manner without matter, this is a prime specimen of it.

My advice is to skip this one,

if you can find the reprinted stories elsewhere, and proceed immediately to THE BEST OF AVRAM DAVIDSON, which Doubleday also recently published. (1979, 210 pp. \$7.95, Edited by Michael Kurland, with intro. by Peter Beagle; 11 stories and an excerpt from THE PHOENIX & THE MIR-ROR. Recommended.)

THE WONDERFUL VISIT

By H.G. Wells

Arno Press, 1978, 251 pp., \$18.00

I can think of several reasons why this charming book has been out of print almost since the time it was first published (1895), none of which have anything to do with quality. It was his second published novel, coming right after THE TIME MACHINE and his third written (DR. MOREAU was written first and published later).

His early career as a "scientific romance" writer came all in a rush, with several books a year. My guess would be this quite untypical volume got buried in the flood. Later, Wells had three reputations: The science fictioneer, the social novelist (TWO BUNGAY, etc.), and the non-fiction educator/prophet. No one paid much attention to his fantasy. Finally, when he, as one critic put it, "sold his birthright for a pot of propaganda", there rose the general impression, persisting to this day, that the Wells books nobody has ever heard of are no good and deserve to stay out of print. There will never be much demand for THE AUTOCRACY OF MR. PARHAM or THE KING WHO WAS A KING and I'm not sure anybody will ever reprint THE CROQUET PLAYER, but it's still foolish to assume that all the forgotten Wells novels are disguised (or undisguised) sermons instead of stories.

It's not at all surprising that his other fantasy novel, also dating from the period of the great science fiction works (THE SEA LADY, 1902) was unavailable until very recently.

We tend to forget that Wells was a product of the same era which produced Oscar Wilde and George Bernard Shaw. He even appeared in THE YELLOW BOOK. Thus it can't be all that surprising that he wrote a few witty, satirical fantasies. THE WONDERFUL VISIT is very much of its time, very Victorian, very preoccupied with social manners. Had it been a play, it would have been a drawing-room comedy. (Were it done for television, I could see it as a Masterpiece Theatre serial.) It has dated very slightly in tech-

nique in that there are more dear-readersisms than the modern audience is used to, but even in such Wells is sprightly and enormously readable.

The plot derives from a remark by Ruskin that if an angel were to come to earth he would probably be shot. Sure enough, Wells' angel is mistaken for a large bird by a vicar who stuffs avian specimens. He isn't killed, but is stranded in our world for a while. This angel, it seems, didn't come from Heaven (there are no departed souls there) but more out of what we'd call an alternate universe today. Even when writing whimsical fantasy, Wells was thinking in quasi-scientific terms:

"It is confusing", said the Vicar. "It almost makes one think there may be (ahem) Four Dimensions after all. In which case, of course", he went on hurriedly -- for he loved geometrical speculations and took pride in his knowledge of them -- "there may be any number of three dimensional universes packed side by side, all dimly dreaming of one another..."

(P. 26)

The basic satiric device, of course, is as old as mankind. The angel is an absolutely innocent outsider, who of course, finds the ways of humans nonsensical. His attempts to mix with earthly society are complete failures, as might be expected. The humor reminds me of the Lord Dunsany of THE BLESSING OF PAN (which is also about a meek, totally ordinary clergyman trying to deal with an unwelcome intrusion) and SEVEN MODERN COMEDIES. The novel fits into the overall spectrum of fantastic writing as that sort of thing which became more vicious in the hands of Mark Twain ("Captain Stormfield", "The Mysterious Stranger", LETTERS FROM THE EARTH), bawdy in those of Thorne Smith, and was the immediate ancestor of the UNKNOWN WORLDS.

\$18.00 is a bit steep, but the volume was mainly intended for libraries, printed on acid-free paper and bound in simulated leather. Collectors will want a copy, and I'd say a paperback edition is in order.

THE BOOK OF CONQUESTS

Written & illustrated by
Jim Fitzpatrick
Dutton (paperback), \$8.95

Irish artist Jim Fitzpatrick admitted in an article in CHACAL a while ago that his work is little

known outside of Europe. Indeed, aside from drawings in CHACAL, SHAYOL and a back cover of FANTASY TALES, this is the only work of his I've seen, and the first in color except for that one cover. I find that he draws better than he paints. The lines are complex and subtle, but the colors are mostly the bright primaries, with little blending. Blue ends suddenly and red begins, and so on. This is not to say, however, that it isn't attractive. It just isn't as good as it should be.

A book like this demands the very best. It is an extremely elaborate volume, about half art and half text, and all those pages which aren't completely covered with pictures are bordered with ornamentation (lines and intertwining creatures) derived (obviously, considering Fitzpatrick's background and interests) from the sort of traditional Irish art one sees in THE BOOK OF KELLS. The overall effect is that of a medieval manuscript. I'm not sure anybody has tried to do anything quite like this since the days of William Morris' Kelmscott. I only wish someone had taken into account the realities of modern book-binding. The book is sturdily put together, with good paper and sewn signatures, but the spine is stiff. This means it doesn't lie absolutely flat, and occasionally there are two-page spreads where the center of interest is lost in the gutter between the pages.

The text is a retelling, apparently not quite close enough to be called a translation, of the medieval collection of traditional stories, THE BOOK OF INVASIONS, with some material from other sources. All of it is part of the earliest cycle of Irish mythology, which is a lot less familiar to the non-specialist than the exploits of Uchulainn, Deirdre and that crowd. One reason is simple availability of text: I find I have two versions of THE TAIN (Lady Gregory's and Thomas Kinsella's), but this is the first time I have come across THE BOOK OF INVASIONS. Sure, there are usually short summaries of it in books on Celtic mythology, but that's like reducing Homer to a dozen pages.

The analogy to Homer fits, because THE BOOK OF INVASIONS is sort of an Irish ILLIAD in which two basically noble and sympathetic races battle each other to exhaustion. The difference is that the Irish heroes aren't as well developed as personalities as the Greek ones. Fitzpatrick says he has deliberately built up some of them, but still they're little more than names.

However, there is the stuff of epic here: Thunderous battles, miracles, some really impressive conjuring, and mighty deeds galore, plus a lot more humanity than you will find in, say *BEOWULF*, in that both parties enter the conflict reluctantly, practise chivalry, spare the disabled, and constantly lament for the loss of life. The Celtic warrior, at least according to Fitzpatrick, didn't fight for the sheer joy of battle the way the Germanic one did. Of course, I can't be entirely sure about such attitudes, since I'm not sure who did what to the text. There has been a lot of filtering both before and since some Christian scribe wrote all this down about 1100. There is, for example, the claim that the ancient Irish came from Greece, which could be an attempt to tie Irish ancient history in with the "respectable" legendry of the classical world, rather like what Geoffrey of Monmouth was doing when he wrote *THE HISTORIES OF THE KINGS OF BRITAIN* as a sequel to *THE AENEID*.

Fitzpatrick apparently covers about half of the original tale, concluding with the defeat of the Fir Bolg by the Tuatha De Danaan. These latter folk, regarded by the ancient Irish as gods or at least demi-gods, were skilled in magic, but were later overthrown by Milesians, whereupon they vanished from human ken and became the Fairies. Serves 'em right, I say, since they started all the trouble. Presumably this will be told in a future volume, which I'll look for with interest.

If you are into fantasy at all seriously, you definitely should have this book. It is a primary source for quite a bit, including, I suspect, several Michael Moorcock novels. His *Corum* of the Silver Hand becomes more familiar when one encounters the traditional Nua-da with a similar appendage. And Robert E. Howard fans will be interested to find out who the Nemedians were, and there's a mention of one "Conann the Conqueror"...

SCIENCE FICTION: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

By Sam J. Lundwall
Grosset & Dunlap, 1978
208 pp., \$8.95

Yet another true and terrible history of the field -- the usual summaries, reproductions of magazine covers, etc. But there is a difference. The author is very clear about it:

"This book is not an impartial one; no book of this kind is or can be. But European science fiction readers have too many times seen books purporting to tell the true history of science fiction, ending up telling nothing but the true history of English-language science fiction. This, if you will, is the inevitable backlash." (P. 202)

All well and good. This book provides a vast amount of information not to be found in, say, James Gunn's *ALTERNATE WORLDS*, and some not found in Aldiss' *BILLION YEAR SPREE*. (For example, I didn't know there even were Chinese SF novels, and the bits about pre-Gernsback science fiction magazines are particularly interesting.) The perspective is different, and at times this can be insightful. Lundwall (who, in case anybody out there doesn't know, is a Swede) doesn't see "the new wave" of the 1960s as anything like the major convulsion it seemed to American fans at the time. To him it was a short-lived fad for obsolete avant-garde forms and was of little importance. (Of course, you could argue that "new wave" is whatever you mean when you point at it, and the "neo-Dadaism" Lundwall talks about in respect to *NEW WORLDS* has nothing to do with *DANGEROUS VISIONS*, or *ORBIT* or *QUARK*.)

Occasionally he is behind the times, as when claiming that anthologies have overtaken magazines in this country. (The book was written in 1977. Even then the trend was sharply reversing.) Sometimes his opinions may raise an eyebrow. It may be expected that a European unable to come to terms with continued American and British domination of the world market (when American magazines are filled with reprints of European authors, rather than the other way around, he can tell me this isn't so) Lundwall may be expected to insist that the leading SF writer of today isn't writing in English. His choice: Boris and Arkady Strugatsky. Odd -- not only am I not very impressed by their work, but I'd thought the Kremlin gagged them in the late 60s.

The truth of the matter is that Lundwall's book is enormously provincial, its viewpoint as distorted as any of those studies he rails against. He seems to be perfectly aware of this:

"Like a child revolting against its parents, this is bound to result in unjustified down-playing of the merits of American science fiction, while some European works might find themselves unjustly praised, solely because they are European." (p. 202)

That's exactly what happens,

so much so that a non-expert will come away from the volume thoroughly confused, with no idea of what has taken place in English-language science fiction in the past thirty years. Lundwall does his best to make it sound dreadful. He goes on for two pages about John Norman, and then launches into Captain Future, but...

Robert Heinlein is only mentioned in passing four times. Lundwall seems unaware of his revolutionary influence on the field. Theodore Sturgeon is mentioned once. Zelazny, Delany, Ellison, Herbert, Miller, Leiber, Disch, Bradbury, and quite a few others are not mentioned. Philip K. Dick is referred to briefly three times, Silverberg once. A far, far greater amount of space is devoted to Perry Rhodan and imitators than to Isaac Asimov and Arthur Clarke. Which, dear reader, do you think have had a more significant impact?

In short, while this book will provide some new information to the already knowledgeable reader who can sift through it and ignore at least half, it is definitely not recommended for newcomers, and most emphatically to be avoided by anyone teaching, attending, or even living within artillery range of a science fiction class. Teachers beware. This will not tell you what you need to know. If English-language SF were as described by Lundwall, you wouldn't be teaching it.



ON THE EDGE OF FUTURIA

By Ray Nelson

To exclude or not to exclude; that is the question.

Ever since the advent of STAR TREK, science fiction fandom has been confronted with the question of how to treat the masses of new, often young fans brought into our microcosm by the increasing popularity of the genre. STAR WARS and BATTLESTAR GALACTICA have raised the problem to a crisis level. The Old Guard position is summed up all too well by Isaac Asimov in his Newsday review of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. He hopefully predicts that this science fiction boom will be followed by a science fiction bust, leaving SF "to us few, who loved science fiction when no one else had ever heard of it".

I won't argue the merits of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. The show was not intended for me. I will take issue with Asimov's attitude toward outsiders.

We've excluded people before STAR TREK. The first World Science Fiction Convention was marred by the exclusion of no less a figure than Frederik Pohl. Others, down through the years, have been individually blackballed for various reasons -- one thinks of Claude Degler and Walter Brein. The "Trekkies", however, bear the dubious honor of being the first to be excluded as a group, to be denied time, as a group, on convention programs. Why? Because unlike such acceptable groups as the Society for Creative Anachronism and the Georgette Heyer fans, Trekkers, to use their preferred designation, were a group large enough to be seen as a threat.

I often think of fandom as a vast city of the imagination, as in that memorable phrase of H. Rider Haggard's SHE: "My empire is of the imagination". In the "Asimov Reflex" I see our city reacting with prejudice against outsiders, keeping out its version of the micks, the spicks, the kikes and the niggers. I see us repeating that old error of trying to maintain our purity by defiling the values that have made our city of the imagination a particularly good place to live.

I began reading science fiction in 1939, when I was 8, and entered active fandom in 1947 and I'm not totally free of the Asimov Reflex. I, too, sometimes feel ill at ease

with people who call themselves fans but never heard of Hugo Gernsback or WEIRD TALES, let alone Roscoe, Chu or the Beanie Brigade. I, too, sometimes fear that these newcomers threaten to trample all that I and my generation have created. I, too, draw back from the prospect of a fandom in which all that my friends and I have done is forgotten.

But must it be that way? Is there no third path?

The exclusion question has weighed on my mind for years, and I was pondering it again recently as I rode the bus from the San Francisco Bay area to the Iguanacon. I thought about the imaginary city of fandom, comparing it to the actual geographical cities I was passing, to neighborhoods and whole communities dominated by various immigrant minorities: Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Chinese, Spanish, German, African and Wasp. Each in its own way, these communities had come to terms with the outside world without being destroyed. In the case of the Scandinavians, in fact, the folk culture of the Old Country was more vigorous here than in Europe. Moreover, I knew from personal experience that these ethnic communities were far less organized than fandom. At the risk of being called prejudiced myself, I must say they were also far less literate, in English or in the languages of their mother countries.

I asked myself, "What is fandom afraid of?"

Later, looking out the picture window of my room in the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Phoenix, I watched the streetlights wink off in the

brightening dawn. Phoenix represented to my brooding eyes a typical traditional city, its streets straight and at right angles, its blocks square and all about the same size, its two main arteries crossing at the Convention Center, the hub of the city.

When Alexander the Great laid out the basic pattern of Egyptian Alexandria in 331 BC, he marked a similar cross where the main streets would intersect, and Alexandria's streets, like those of Phoenix, were straight and at right angles. Alexandria, like Phoenix, had square blocks, all about the same size.

In other words, both cities were modular, made up of units of a fixed size, interchangeable yet able to serve many different purposes. A modular city can start small and grow, never losing its basic organization, can find room for an unlimited variety of unforeseen functions. Some modern architects and city planners have attacked this way of building, but it has worked well for the ancient Greeks and Romans, for the Victorians, and for many a modern developer. At the cost of a certain uniformity of size, one buys the right to change one's mind.

In the sun's first rays Phoenix stretched, flat as a tabletop, to the horizon, suggesting an infinite multiplication of image, an endless inanimate cloning.

I remembered Alexander ordered the building of a wall around Alexandria. E.M. Forester tells us that there was not enough chalk to mark the outline of these walls; meal had to be substituted, so birds flew out of the neighboring lake and ate it all up. Undaunted, Alexander had the lines redrawn and proceeded with the building, but the city continued to grow beyond the wall, and the upper classes moved to the suburbs, outside the wall's protection. The walled inner city, containing beautiful civic buildings and temples, became a slum. The inhabitants discovered that to be enclosed by walls is not to be safe, but to be imprisoned. Perhaps they also wondered if birds were wiser than city planners.



Thinking about cities, I saw Iguanacon from an odd angle, as if it were a portable town like the marching camps of the Roman Legions. The Romans commonly would build and fortify a town of tents in a single afternoon, tearing it down the following morning and carrying it away with them.

Like the Roman camps, a science fiction convention is set up in a pre-arranged pattern. Here is the movie room, there the authors' panels, there the huckster room and over there the art show. In a few hours this city comes into being, for a few days it lives, and then it is packed up and carried away.

Each time it is born, it seems a little larger.

Once there was no huckster room, no art show, no "Room of One's Own", no blood drive.

I worked on the Iguanacon blood drive, and as I worked something happened which, in my odd frame of mind, had a special meaning for me. The art show grew to be larger than expected and a representative of the art show committee asked us bloodbankers, "Can we have part of your room?"

We said yes.

And I watched, fascinated, as vast walls, hung from grooves in the ceiling, were swung in place so that suddenly a new room came into being. I realized then that the convention center did not have a fixed number of rooms, and that the rooms were not of a fixed size. Rooms could be expanded, contracted, created and destroyed simply by moving the walls. What an excellent way to build a building! What an excellent metaphor for how fandom should be!

Later I appeared on two authors' panels with Jacqueline Lichtenberg, and had a long talk with her in the National Fantasy Fan Federation hospitality room. She is co-author of STAR TREK LIVES!, a book which propounds one of the few literary theories I have ever found useful.

We talked about her ideas of The Tailored Effect and Open Texture, about how these elements contributed to the success of characters like Sherlock Holmes, King Arthur and Dracula as well as Kirk and Spock. She postulates a certain kind of framework, such as that of Gene Roddenberry's original STAR TREK series format, that so strongly invites audience participation that it not only draws the spectator deeply into the story, but lures readers and viewers into becoming writers. Such a framework grows beyond the outlines set by the original author, and characters from such frameworks often

outline their creators, their adventures continued by an ever-widening band of chroniclers.

Leonard Nimoy, a former acting teacher, had explained to her how an actor leaves, in his performance, "some of the weave open in texture so the audience can breathe with it". She leaped upon the idea of Open Texture as a partial explanation of the drawing power of the STAR TREK series format. Exactly because it was not worked out in advance, exactly because there remained holes to be filled in, like the Sherlock Holmes cases Conan Doyle mentions but does not relate, first the audience and later other writers were obsessed with a desire to supply the missing parts.

As Jacqueline talked, idly fingering her Tarot cards, I realized that fandom was an Open Texture, an incomplete pattern constantly in the process of being filled out by a multitude of contributors. I thought of my own contributions to the pattern: the propellor beanie, the image of Roscoe the Beaver God, the globber, the beanie boy, etc. New fans take what I have done and improvise and embellish and extend it endlessly. All over the world people who have never heard of me use my ideas... and that is as it should be!

Geographical cities can grow only so much before they bump into other cities, or create logistical problems they cannot solve, or endanger their environment. Cities, like fandom, have no such limits, empires of the imagination that have no permanent site but now and then materialize into a camp, open textures that can grow. I want fandom to grow! I want a fan population of millions, of billions.

I have always wanted a big fandom.

When, in my teens, I went from newstand to newstand slipping getting invitations into copies of SF magazines, I did it to make fandom grow. When I held the first Michigan regional convention in my parents' front room, when I published my fanzines, when I wrote and drew for the fanzines of others, when I later danced the role of a BEM in a ballet at the Chicago worldcon, when I gave SF books to mundane friends, when later still I wrote for pro publication, trying to fight taboos and extend the bounds of the genre, when I appeared on the Createure Feature TV show, when I hosted my own SF show on public radio, when I worked on the blood drives, when I helped organize SF seminars and minicons, when I fought unsuccessfully to save Laser Books, I



always did what I did to make fandom grow.

Even in the unlikely event that I should write a best-seller, I could never recover the value of all the time, energy and thought I have donated to fandom, nor would I want to.

Was this lifelong effort for only what Dr. Asimov calls "us few"? Just for some sort of First Fandom inner circle?

Cthulhu forbid!

I did my thing for First Fandom but also for fandoms two through seven-and beyond, yes, and also for the Trekker with the plastic ears, for the Battlestar Gallactica fan who not only never heard of me, but never heard of Isaac Asimov. I do not own science fiction. Nobody owns it, except in the sense that it belongs to anyone, of any age, race, sex or nationality, who loves it; not those who loved it when it was young alone, but those who are themselves young and found it this year.

I went home from the Iguanacon with some young spacer friends in a converted van. Such vans are no larger than some American passenger cars, yet they contain beds, sinks, stoves, tables, chairs, jukeboxes and even hi-fi stereo radios and tape recorders. Many boast two-way CB radios, though not the one I was in. You can comfortably live in a van, and many people have taken to spending weekends and vacations in them. Vanners have become "another fandom" in more ways than one. You should see the science fiction murals they sometimes airbrush onto the sides of their "rigs".

I have been interested in vans since 1950, when my then wife and I converted a 3 1/2 ton Dodge panel truck, drove it from Berkeley to Chicago, and lived in it through the winter while attending the university. At the time I thought I was inventing the van conversion, since I had never heard of another one, but recently I learned I was



only re-inventing it. A few similar vehicles were produced around World War One and during the twenties.

If vans could run on alcohol, methane or some other renewable and non-polluting fuel, they'd be the perfect dwelling places for fans like me. A science fiction convention, large or small, could suddenly coalesce in a stretch of desert, car-wort, carouse, roister and frolic for as long as it pleased, then vanish.

Such were my daydreams as we zoomed along through the savage sunlight of the Arizona morning.

Sixty-six miles from Phoenix on highway 17, about halfway to the Grand Canyon, we pulled off the firm pavement and jounced along a winding dirt road into an arid wasteland, to make our pilgrimage to Arcosanti, an experimental ecological city being built by Paolo Soleri and his followers. My architect brother Trevor had praised Arcosanti highly, and I'd decided I couldn't leave Arizona without a visit.

The parking lot lay a considerable distance from the site. Together with a few other fans on their way home from the con, my spacer friends and I trudged through the withering heat up a narrow stony path to some highly unorthodox multi-colored buildings in the process of construction.

Arcosanti was set into the south face of a cliff and, according to plans and photos on exhibit, would eventually rise an additional 23 floors above the rim of the cliff in a structure tilted so as to admit maximum sunlight during the winter and minimum during the summer. Solar energy would supply the building's heating, cooling and air-conditioning needs. A vast greenhouse at the base of the cliff would supply all the city's food. All waste would be recycled, producing fertilizer for the greenhouse and methane for gas stoves, refrigerators and other appliances. Energy would come from windmills and solar accumulators. The guide, a lean, shy young student, explained that they expected to produce food and energy not only for themselves, but for export to the "outside world".

We toured the building and watched the pouring of the foundation for Paolo Soleri's home, admiring the van-like ingenious way so much had been crammed into so little space. The guide informed us that such compression and miniaturization was made possible by the elimination of the automobile. The automobile, he said earnestly, uses up to 3/4 of the available space in a modern city, if you include roads, freeways, driveways, parking lots, gas stations,

garages and various sorts of driveways. Additional compression had been gained by the economical use of vertical space. Unlike the spread-out modern suburb, Arcosanti would cram all that was needed for a population of 5000 into a single skyscraper, a whole city in one building.

One of the fans asked, "What becomes of human individuality?"

The guide answered, "Each person can build his own apartment in any style he likes".

I was impressed. An Open Texture!

I asked, "What if more than 5000 people want to live here?"

"We can't have more than 5000 people. The structure has a certain size at which it functions."

I thought, One more walled city. It seemed to me that if the city became too successful, it would soon be surrounded by a typical suburbia of conventional houses.

I asked, "How many people live here now?"

"About 70."

"Where are their homes?"

He pointed away from Arcosanti. "About a half-mile in that direction is an encampment for trailers, tents



I may be footloose,
but I'm hardly
fantasy-free.

and vans".

Trailers, tents and vans?

For the time being at least, the real Arcosanti was a Roman-style marching camp tucked away out of sight. The visible Arcosanti was not a city, but an immense abstract sculpture on display.

I asked, "When will you move out of the camp into the building?"

"When the building is ready, and when we get enough people".

"Enough people?"

"Yes, we need a certain number of people to make it work".

I thought, Arcosanti not only has a maximum population, but a minimum. My first impression of open texture was fading. All the important decisions had already been made. There was nothing important to fill in, only minor details of interior decoration. Arcosanti was not like a Star Trek series format, not like Sherlock Holmes' London, not like fandom, but was an artfully disguised closed system, an ivory tower for another kind of "we few".

Yet the people in Arcosanti were so fanish!

They were so intelligent yet naive, so enthusiastic yet impractical, so obsessed with the future, so idealistic, so full of that willingness to make fools of themselves that makes fans able to triumph over incredible obstacles. These people were, temperamentally, exactly like me!

I asked, "Do you folks read science fiction?"

"Oh, yes! All the time!"

They had read Herbert, Heinlein, Asimov. One had even read me! I signed autographs and felt uneasy, wishing I could offer them, on behalf of fandom, something better than they had, but knowing we have not quite got it together yet, knowing that if I invited them to something they might inadvertently trigger that old Asimov Reflex in some of my fanish peers, that old immune reaction of the fanish body politic.

"Fan".

"Fandom".

"Fannish".

Do you like these terms?

I don't. To me they imply that there is only one kind of fan, one kind of fandom. Movie fans, sports fans, rock fans, jazz fans don't exist, only science fiction fans.

Movie fans, sports fans, rock fans and jazz fans have pointed this out to me so forcefully I no longer use such words outside the fanish microcosm.

Out there in the field, as Willy Loman might say, I describe myself as a Futurian. Futurian means something. Science Fiction clubs on both west and east coasts have used the word to describe themselves. Isaac Asimov used it to describe himself, as a member of the New York Futurians back in 1937.

Futurian! Citizen of the Invisible City of Futuria!

People like think I'm crazy if I talk like that, but they do understand what I'm saying. Actually, since a man walked on the moon, they don't think I'm crazy any more, though they may find me a little frightening.

For a long time I've known Terry Carr, Poul and Karen Anderson, Marta Randall and Quinn Yarbro, but I don't see them much. I'd like to see them more, but I keep finding myself instead in the company of booksellers, journalists, poets, Unitarians, truckers, spacers and "show-biz personalities". Partly by accident, partly by choice, I live on the outer edge of Futuria, where it bumps against all the other subcultures in the world. I become a bridge between Futuria and the American Booksellers Association, the Diablo Valley College, the Unitarian Church or the California Writer's Club. I interpret Futuria to them the way Alan Watts interpreted Zen.

Out there on the edge, with my "support group" nowhere in sight, I learn a lot about myself, about what it means to be whatever it is I am. Strangers ask me questions my friends would never think of or would be too polite to ask, and by listening to my answers I gradually solve the mystery of my own identity.

As a Futurian I have values, goals and beliefs, much to my own surprise.

I find that I believe one planet is not enough for the human race. I find that I want a longer life, perhaps immortality. I find that I want to extend and expand the powers of my mind. I find that I am groping for a better lifestyle that is in harmony with what's left of Nature, that is decentralized, desynchronized, healthy, peaceful and free. I want a lot of trees around, and cats, and books. I want the whales to live. I want women to get a fair break. I want a better future, and believe my own efforts can bring it closer.

I think most Futurians feel the same way.

Futuria is a hobby that is a way of life. Seen from the outer edge, Futuria is also a literary movement, even a philosophical movement. Since we Futurians got the U.S. government to name the space shuttle "The Enterprise", Futuria has become a political movement. Futuria has a tremendous talent for organization. About organization we have a great deal to teach the ecology movement, the spacer movement, the utopian movement, the poets ... more than they have to teach us, though they can teach us a lot.

If we do nothing, science fic-

tion may well degenerate into a trivial game for a handful of aging, possessive fans, exactly as Isaac Asimov hopes.

But if we come to understand ourselves as a world-city, as an open-texture matrix, as a literary, philosophical, political movement, we can use the current science fiction boom to become a force in history, to take a hand in running things. We can actually get at least some of the things we have all these years been only reading and writing about.

If we know what we want, we can form coalitions, even mergers, with other groups that want the same things. In fact, we can open our doors to everyone, young or old, who is "going our way".

We won't be swamped by the newcomers.

We will join with them to win!

After leaving Arcosanti, I took my turn at the wheel. Truck-cab after truck-cab passed on the opposite lane of the darkening highway, towing halves of mobile homes. I had been seeing mobile homes all my life, but now I saw them as if for the first time.

I daydreamed of Futuria as a phantom city of mobile homes, trailers and vans, mysteriously appearing one day here, another day there. I daydreamed of authors' panels that would go out over the CB radio, out over ham radios, of Futurian seminars crackling out along electronic networks that spanned the globe.

One of my van-mates said wistfully, "Don't you wish the world could last forever?"

Another van-mate improvised on the theme. "Permacon!"

"Permacon in Eternity!" exclaimed the first.

I chimed in, "Permacon in Infinity!"

We fell silent for a long time.

I watched the headlights of the passing trucks. Finally I noticed the stars.

In the desert the stars are unusually bright.



REPERBAND FAN

3-7-79 I hear a lot of news over the phone--and in letters that are DRQ [Do Not Quote] that is money oriented: authors suing here and there, publishers suing authors, publishers suing publishers.... in the s-f field. There is now Big Money to be made in the genre, and the greed is both appalling and understandable. A Big Name Author's failure to deliver a manuscript can cost a publisher, now, more than just a few thousand dollars. Hundreds of thousands are at stake. Maybe millions.

The refrain heard a few years ago that s-f authors were toiling in a low-pay literary backwater, doomed to the contempt of mainstream writers and critics, is now a crock of shit. S-f is where it is at, and tremendous advances and royalties are being made.

And those who left s-f with cries of goodbye-forever-you-turds are now quite happy to slob back in and cash in.

Fine. Nobody's perfect. We all make mistakes.

The Borgo Press has leapt in where others have gone broke: they have begun publication of an all-review monthly, titled SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY REVIEW. #1 (February) has just been published.

Neil Barron is the editor, and he has the academic/fan credentials to do the job.

They want short reviews and they want to see sample reviews first. No mention is made of payment for published writings.

Subs are \$12. for 12 issues. A July-August double issue counts as two issues on your sub.

Address: Borgo Press, POB 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406.

Send reviews and editorial correspondence to Neil Barron, 1249 Lime Place, Vista, CA 92083.

RECEIVED-----

ANALOG, April, 1979

Comment: I didn't notice in last month's issue---but ANALOG has gone to a bold typeface for its text, and that single move has made it readable again, for me. The pages were so gray before! now, with more black in the lines, with seemingly more space between the lines, the words cry out for reading.

LORD OF THE SPIDERS or BLADES OF MARS

By Michael Moorcock

DAW 0W1443, 1979, \$1.50

Note: Originally published in 1965 as BLADES OF MARS under the pen-name of "Edward P. Bradbury."

THE PALACE OF LOVE

By Jack Vance

DAW UEL441, 1979, \$1.75

Note: This is the third of the Demon Princes novels. First published in 1967.

THE FAR TRAVELER

By A. Bertram Chandler

DAW UML444, 1979, \$1.50

NOTE: A new Commodore Grimes novel.

DEATH'S MASTER

By Tanith Lee

DAW UJ1441, 1979, \$1.95

Original adult fantasy novel

THE ROAD TO SCIENCE FICTION #2

FROM WELLS TO HEINLEIN

Edited and with introduction and Notes by James Gunn

New American Library [Mentor 1736, \$2.50] 1979.

Twenty story anthology.

NIGHT SHIFT

By Stephen King

New American Library [Signet E8510, \$2.50] 1979.

Horror short story collection

LETTER FROM LUKE MCGUFF

2217 N. Hoyne, Chicago, IL, 60647

March 12, 1979

I've been intrigued by Darrell Schweitzer's comments on avant garde and new wave SF.

'New Wave movements have occurred in painting, jazz, classical and now rock music, besides SF. They arise when a form becomes too wrapped up in preconceptions of what is correct or taboo.

'New Wave SF began at a time when modern SF was clearly at odds with the real world situation. Modern (Campbellian) SF was written at a time when technology was thought to be able to do anything. Build a bigger building, a faster plane, a new gimmick, and the world would be saved.

'By the mid-60's, the difference between modern SF and the real world situation was so drastic it was intolerable. How could one write of galaxy hopping adventures when we might never get off planet? How could one write of alien civilizations when the relentless economics of the West were absorbing all Terrestrial cultures into a hegemony?

'New Wave SF cut away dross, destroyed artistic preconceptions, broke barriers of theme and style, wandered everywhere and wreaked havoc. Now that it is done, we can get back to writing what matters. This is an individual choice of each writer.

'I hope that says enough to intrigue people.

'On to the other matters in SFR: I liked Niven's "porn" and found the drawings and comments very funny.

'I also thought Card's "short fiction reviews" a joke. He's going to go blind. I suggest he take a couple months off and study THE ISSUE AT HAND until the spine breaks, the pages fall out, and the margins are so filled with notes the text is unreadable.

'Card is worried about his reviews becoming outdated a couple months after the magazines are off the stands. Atheling/Blish's reviews are exclusively on stories written before 1964, and yet contain more about what makes a short story good than any other sercon book I have read.

'I think Dean Ing is a rotten writer (though he's making a living at it; there's the rub) because his viewpoint wanders all over the landscape. The worst of this is in "Very Proper Charlies", DESTINIES Nov/Dec 78. If you didn't notice wandering viewpoint, in Ing or in Spider Robinson's "Antimony", read THE ISSUE AT HAND. Stop being so disarmingly humble and be a little more incisive.'

((I suspect other forces at work in changing the face of s-f in America... social-cultural movements... and I doubt the so-called New Wave was all that influential. But it did stir up a tempest-in-a-teapot controversy--mostly in s-f fandom. I think most s-f editors in this country only yawned.))

LETTER FROM BEV CLARK

1950 Cooley Avenue, #5306

Palo Alto, CA 94303

March 10, 1979

'I read Darrell Schweitzer's review of John Bellairs' THE FACE IN THE FROST with some amusement (after I figured out that Darrell did indeed realize that the pb was a reprint of an earlier hb), particularly the sentence "especially if he follows up and writes something else." Since 1968 John Bellairs has written at least three books, all fantasy of sorts: THE HOUSE WITH A CLOCK IN ITS WALLS, THE FIGURE IN THE SHADOWS, and THE LETTER, THE WITCH, AND THE RING. These are all thoroughgoing juveniles, directed at ten or eleven-year-olds, which is perhaps why Darrell is unaware of them, and they form a trilogy.

'I don't think it is really a fluke of the publishing industry that so many fantasies are marketed as juveniles in their hardcover editions and as adult books in their paperback incarnations. It's more a matter of economics: They will probably sell more copies if they are marketed as juvenile hardcovers. Children's librarians are in general very fond of fantasy, and apparently so are children, so a book sold as a juvenile fantasy is guaranteed a certain number of library sales, probably more than it would have made marketed as an adult hb, particularly if it is a first book. And I sometimes think that children's books are treated better than adult books: they get illustrations, they are printed on good paper, and they are bound well. Personally, if I wrote a fantasy, I'd rather have it published by a company like Atheneum as a juvenile than by some of the trade houses.

'Parenthetical comment: Part of the previous paragraph was inspired by a book I bought last week, hardbound, \$9.95, that was not sewn but glued along the spine.'

3-9-79 I'm full of new directions this month, it seems.

About my personalzine, REG.... I haven't been happy with it for about three issues now. I find myself repeating myself in my political, economic and social commentary. I can't imagine anyone wanting to continue receiving it for long, once the Geis line of thought and worldview has been set out.

I'm a bit bored with it.

So these changes will become operative with issue #9:

A de-emphasis on politics and economics.

More attention to our cost-cutting, energy-saving experiments and systems, including how-to gardening and food use/preservation, and nutrition.

The beginning of an uninhibited fantasy novel, MASTERS OF DEATH, which deals with ultimate evil and alternate Earths, swords & magic.

The shift to mimeographed issues, the use of the Olympia 17-character-per-inch elite, and an increase to 16 pages per issue (from 8) and mailing by third class instead of first class. Continued use of envelopes.

An irregular (but probably six-weekly) publishing schedule.

This will give subscribers about 22,000 words per issue. Price is the same: 60¢ for a single copy, \$3.00 for five, \$6.00 for ten.

The novel, MASTERS OF DEATH, was

begin in...umm...I think ALIEN CREDIT #4 [due to the name change from RICHARD E. GEIS, in 1972], but only carried maybe two chapters. In REG #9 that start will be repeated and the story continued. If I had to characterize it in one line: written at the pace and tension of ONE IMMORTAL MAN, with more sex.

There's been a nibble from a magazine in England, concerning serialization of ONE IMMORTAL MAN. Curious that all the professional interest in the novelet (ANDROMEDA 2) and now this in the novel version has occurred in a country one might think too conservative and inhibited to have a readership for it, and editorial interest.

American sf mags shrink from it as from leprosy.

RECEIVED

HOT SLEEP: THE WORTHING CHRONICLE

By Orson Scott Card

Ace, \$2.25

Note: Advance copy. Due for publication in May. 416 pages.

HILLS OF THE DEAD

By Robert E. Howard

Bantam 12166-9, \$1.95, 1979.

Note: A Solomon Kane story collection. The second in a series. One item, "Solomon Kane's Homecoming" is a poem. Very good fold-out cover. The inside map is by Tim Kirk.

O MASTER CALIBAN!

By Phyllis Gottlieb

Bantam 12049-2, \$1.95, 1979.

Note: s-f novel, first published in 1976 by Harper & Row.

LETTER FROM MICHAEL K. SMITH

419 Blanco

Duncanville, TX 75116

March 14, 1979

I very much enjoyed Neal Wiegus's interview with Stephen Donaldson in #30 -- at least partly because Neal knows enough to state a proposition or ask an unavoidably leading question, and then let the man talk... unlike Schweitzer, who has an annoying habit of arguing with his interviewees. I had gotten a review copy of LORD FOUL'S BANE, noted it was only mighd! the first third of a very long story, and tossed it into the box under my desk marked "To Be Read Eventually". I read some equivocal reviews; the book was recommended to me by one friend as the best thing written by anyone in years, and denounced by another friend as boring and depressing.

'Then I went to the 4th World Fantasy Con in Fort Worth, and met

Donaldson and heard him speak. After the momentary depression of discovering he was at least several years younger than me, I was quite delighted with the subtlety of his mind and the lucidity with which he expressed his thoughts. Rather to my own surprise, I fought a brief but successful engagement for possession of the freebie copy of THE ILLEARTH WAR thoughtfully placed at each banquet table. I holed up in my study over a long weekend with those first two volumes and plunged in, not without some apprehension (I mean, three volumes!).

'By the fifth page, I was thoroughly hooked on the ambivalent personality of Thomas Covenant; by the time Covenant and Foamfollower reached Lord's Keep, I had acquired a fully rounded mental image of him (though that image was constantly modified by almost every new situation in which he found himself). I went straight through both volumes and suffered for two days until I could get back to my library and grab a hardcover copy of THE POWER THAT PRESERVES. (By the way, I consider the paperback illustrations far superior to the hardback covers -- and I never thought I'd say that about any Wyeth.)

'Donaldson's comments regarding the unity of the CHRONICLES bear out my irritation with a number of the reviews I've read. The CHRONICLES are not a "trilogy", but a single, long novel divided into 3 parts. Many of the reviews were only of LORD FOUL'S BANE and thus were invalid; one reviewer (who shall remain nameless for his own good) compared it specifically to the "Dune" trilogy and hoped the "bridge" novel in this series would come off better than PROPHET OF DUNE!

'And nearly all the reviews have made a distinction between the "frame" story, which seemed to be about leprosy, and the "main" fantasy story -- but Covenant's slipping in and out of the Land at the beginning and end of each part of the story does not make his physical affliction a "frame". Covenant's whole personality, his psychological stamina, his inability to accept the alluring "reality" of a place where his leprosy subsides, his extreme and deliberate self-consciousness, are all corollaries of his disease. His internal world is separate from both our world and the Land, so there's really no "down the rabbit hole" gimmick when he is summoned.

'I confess I've never quite understood the near-deification of Tolkien. I've read LOTR, of course -- though it took some dedication -- and I admire Tolkien's often poetic



narrative style and his linguistic games, and such... but even in the battle scenes the action and the story of LOTR plod. To my mind, Tolkien simply is not an adequate storyteller: Donaldson most decidedly is. Which may be why, in searching for a comparison to Donaldson's narrative and character-building abilities, Mary Renault is the author who comes most strongly to mind, especially in THE KING MUST DIE... and, to a lesser extent, Cecilia Holland, in FIREDRAGON and UNTIL THE SUN FALLS. Thomas Covenant and Renault's Theseus, especially, are tragic/mythic heroes made from the same stuff. Whether he can pull this off again, in a second trilogy, remains to be seen. Perhaps if he starts from scratch, at a period later in the history of the Land, and doesn't think of the new work as a "sequel"....

* * *

'I'm doing a hardcover volume for the American Library Association under the (very) tentative title of THE FARTHER VISION: A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY CRITICISM. Yes, yes, I know there are dozens of SF "guides" appearing these days, and this is meant to have a particular audience which even the best of the others don't address: Public and school librarians and school teachers. Maybe the nearest thing yet published is A RESEARCH GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION STUDIES, edited by Marshall Tymn, but that's aimed at college-level research and assumes previous experience with SF.

'There will be broad bibliographical sections with rather more than the usual brief annotations (not very useful to a beginner), with introductory essays on such things as teaching SF courses, building SF library collections, the peculiarities of fan publishing and fanish organizations, specialty publishers, etc. A longer "general introduction" will note some of the suggested definitions of "science fiction" and "fantasy" and provide a very

brief historical overview, and note the problems of serious criticism vs. casual dismissal of all SF as "trivial" and the danger of over-academization of SF.

J'im Gunn and Jack Williamson have kindly agreed to provide advice and read the ms (and provide a bit of cachet as far as ALA is concerned). A letter on this project in LOCUS has already brought a number of suggestions, up-dated information, and general advice -- most of it truly helpful. But I'm entirely open to anything from anybody, especially other librarian/fans, secondary teachers who have done SF courses and perhaps know what's needed, and people with obscure books or journal articles (of significant content) which I might have missed.

Actually, I'm attacking the information gap faced by secondary school teachers and librarians not knowledgeable in SF. There will be no plot summaries, lists of "Best Novels", or any of that. With any luck, it could be used as a textbook or as supplementary reading in training the people who teach the courses and buy the fiction. The ms is due in late next fall (maybe I'll even make it...), so the book ought to come out sometime in 1980. If it does, I'm going to ask for a "pro" name-tag at the Boston World-Con.'

((I begin to think more books are being written about s-f, than are actual s-f novels...))

3-17-79 I note with undisguised (undisguised?) pleasure that St. Martin's Press has picked up the ANDROMEDA series from Futura in England, and will be publishing them in the U.S. in hardback. First volume will be next month, priced at \$8.95.

ANDROMEDA #1 is a very good original anthology, by the way. I read it and liked it. No shit. And Peter Weston is a damned good editor.

ANDROMEDA #2, of course, contains the original novelet version of ONE IMMORTAL MAN. I'll be interested in the reaction when it comes to the attention of certain groups.

A couple letters recently received prompt this commentary... They were from young women who objected to (1) the "sexist" alien/human nude on page 8 of SFR #30, and (2) the Rotsler cartoons on page 33.

Both these women make two mistaken assumptions. They think I have a huge file of art to choose from, and they think I deliberately choose

to run sexist art. (Maybe, if pressed, they'd allow as how maybe my sexism is unconscious.)

I have a very limited art file. I cannot pay artists and cartoonists enough to command gobs of work, nor do I have the money to put into a large file of art. It's often strictly hand-to-mouth, folks.

And I'm perfectly aware of the impact certain art may have on readers. But.

A fan editor in my position is not going to turn down a Niven/Rotsler package sent out of friendship and goodwill because a few readers might find the cartoons offensive.

I am indeed, as one letter writer says, a "fairly sexist, 'role rigid' person." On a certain deep, emotional/conditioned level. On intellectual levels I'm not, at least I don't think so.

The person who objected to the nude on page 8 noted the illo appeared on the first page of an interview with a woman writer, and asked how come there are no male nudes in the magazine?

The reason is nobody sends me male nudes or male/alien nudes. I have asked several fan artists to send a variety of drawings. But they have their preferences and art compulsions and etc., so...

No males complained of sexism when I ran that large, devastatingly funny male nude cartoon by Randy Mohr in SFR #22.

Well, I don't want to be defensive about this. I thought the nude on page 8 last issue was of a female alien who appeared strong and a bit menacing. I thought it fit the situation of women sf writers becoming more and more visible in sf and posing a threat to male dominance.

The other woman letter writer suggested that a feminist analogy (to the cartoons on page 33) 'would be a series (say, like for instance in more than 50% or 80% or so on) of cartoons in science fiction magazines that focused on penises being

cut, mutilated, named & otherwise vivisectioned for the titillating amusement of female readers.'

Wow. I can't remember if I've ever seen a cartoon like that. Anybody care to try?

Then there's the matter of my fiction. Sexism rampant on a field of genetic phalli. My fiction springs from my youth, I suppose. Mixed with other emotional ingredients and seasoned with a lot of adult information.

A writer often reveals parts of his basic character matrix in his fiction. Can't be helped. I've noticed that some writers in sf especially are becoming self-conscious about their women characters and are conforming to what others want their women characters to be. These writers will even warp their stories to be "on the right side" of current liberal thought in re sex roles and sexism. Cool, for those who can do it and/or want to be looked upon kindly by certain women editors.

It's called slanting to fit the market (or the editor). It's not illegal, immoral or fattening.

In my case I write what I like and try to avoid being self-conscious about sexism and symbolism and etc. I need to let my unconscious choose basic characters, basic situations, basic themes, plotlines... Currently I have to struggle to make this happen. Questions intrude: "Is this sexist?" "Should this character be a black? An oriental? White?" "Can I have her be lazy? Sexy? What will the readers think if I..."

Too much of that kind of thinking and a writer turns to stone or to the bottle.

I refuse to turn to stone. Hand me that bottle....

RECEIVED-----

AGAINST TOMORROW

Edited by Robert Hoskins

Fawcett 2-3899-7, \$1.75, 1979.

Note: 18-story anthology. S-f.

AS A STUDENT I ACHIEVED
WIZARDLY SUCCESS BY
REPRESSING MY SEXUALITY.
AS A WIZARD, I SPEND A LOT
OF TIME TRYING TO DEPRESS IT.



By Isaac Asimov
Houghton Mifflin, \$10.95, 1979
Note: A collection by Asimov of his favorite writings from his second hundred books. He preambles all with Asimovian wit and style. An amazing man.

LETTER FROM CHARLES PLATT
70 Ledbury Road, London W11;
After March 13:
Box 556, NYC 10011
March 9, 1979

'Darrell Schweitzer, in his letter re Moorcock/NEW WORLDS, mis-quotes an article I wrote years ago ("An Editor's Day") and reaches an erroneous factual conclusion. 1: The article was obviously humorously intended. It was an exaggeration, not to be read literally. 2: Obviously it depicted a life-style which was not "what a professional editor does". This was the point of the piece. Self-satire, also making fun of Ted White's inability to do anything other than take himself seriously. 3: In any case the article didn't describe my putting all the NEW WORLDS subscription copies into one bag and taking them to the post office by motorcycle, so Schweitzer's conclusion that our subscription list was very small is erroneous. At the time we had about 250 U.S. subscribers (not bad, considering we never advertised in the U.S. and had no distribution there through retail outlets). We also had about 250 subscribers in Britain. We would have had more if our wholesalers had allowed us to offer a lower subscription rate; as it was, we could only sell subscription copies at the cover price plus postage, so it cost a subscriber more to get the magazine by mail than if he/she bought it at a local retail outlet. Surprising, then, that we had any British subscribers at all. Also it is worth noting that NEW WORLDS maintained a national distribution through British news-stand type outlets (not just bookshops) for three years on a monthly basis, in its magazine-size format. Not bad, for an experimental magazine that Schweitzer and his ilk find so unrewarding and incomprehensible. What other innovative fiction magazine ever achieved as much?

'Of course, it cost us a lot in time and effort, and the aims now are much more modest. NW 215 has just been printed (with a 4-color cover and classy paper this time). Copies will be sent out soon. NW 214 took TWO MONTHS to travel to New York by surface mail, and that delay was compounded by subsequent remailing to various U.S. subscrib-

ers at special 4th class rate; unacceptable delays, but I don't know what to do about it. I don't see 215 reaching the U.S.A. before May. 216 is now all typeset, and the last of the visual material is coming in. Lots of new stuff by new people who had never even heard of the magazine.

'I'll be in New York till mid-April, then will come back here and design 216 and send it to our printer. If anyone is interested in any of this boring information.'

LETTER FROM ORSON SCOTT CARD
117 J Street
Salt Lake City, UT 84103
March 2, 1979

'Charles Platt is appreciative enough of irony to be able to use it when he refers to my "endearing humility". It's a shame he didn't recognize it in my review of Eleanor Arnason's THE SWORD SMITH. In listing the formulas and heroics and language usually found in fantasy and missing from Arnason's book, I was trying to point out that there was something unusual here. I was trying to poke fun at the strait-jacket most fantasy falls into by saying how much I enjoyed Arnason's unfamiliar approach to story-telling in the genre, by showing the things she used in lieu of the familiar to make an engaging, interesting book. Apparently Mr. Platt was too close to the book, as editor of it, or too quick in his reading of my review to realize that at no time was I condemning Arnason's work (I liked her writing well enough to ask her to contribute to my DRAGON TALES anthology), but rather praising it. Perhaps the irony was too subtle; but you caught it, Dick, and so did several other people. It's frustrating enough to be attacked by those who disagree with me, but to have a letter like Platt's that attacks me on the basis of his misunderstanding, when in fact we are in complete agreement on Arnason's book -- that is frustrating as hell.

'So, please, folks, if anyone else misread as Platt misread, understand this: I really, really liked Arnason's THE SWORD SMITH, and I liked it because it was unusual and because her departures from the normal patterns of fantasy were carried off beautifully and satisfyingly. And in the future, remember that I am praising, and not condemning, when I say of a book that it "doesn't have the epic grandeur or the nobility of purpose of LOTR". It doesn't have the depth of detail and the intriguing characterization of

Gormenghast. It doesn't have the magic of Earthsea or Hed. It doesn't even have the sheer excitement of Conan". When I say that, and recommend the book, I am saying it is not derivative. It is original.

'Also Mr. Platt pointed out my lack of "endearing humility" in talking about the "punishing drudgery of reading for purposes of review every single story in every single current science fiction magazine". (He then assumes that I picked up THE SWORD SMITH afterward, but you know, Dick, that I wrote that review long before -- careless assuming is going on here.) In rereading the statements Mr. Platt refers to, I find they can bear his interpretation, and I want to apologize to the writers of stories I read at that time. I do not regard it as "drudgery" (Platt's word, not mine) to read those stories. I do regard it as hard work. And the better the stories, the harder the work. I have never learned to read impartially. I get emotionally involved in stories, and reading a story takes exactly the same emotional involvement that reading a novel takes. If a story is bad, the writer forces me away from that involvement -- reading it is easier, less draining. The better the story, the more I put into the reading, as a rule. And so reading a lot of good stories wears me out. Reading a lot of bad ones merely bores me. That's why I am exhausted when I'm through reading for my short fiction review column.

'Now that my apologies and clarifications are over, I'd like to respond to Mr. Platt on a more personal level. I am disturbed at his tendency to categorize people on the basis of small samples of their work. Suddenly I am not just Orson Scott Card, I am "an Orson". I look in vain for anyone whose writing style, personal history, bibliography, or personal quirks come close to duplicating mine. If I am "an Orson", deserving of the indefinite article, where are the others? It's a rather mindless way of demeaning me, I think, to treat me as if there were many just like me, when in fact both my virtues and failings, taken as a whole, undoubtedly distinguish me from every other person in the world -- as do Mr. Platt's. I'm sure, though I certainly don't know enough about him to know what they all might be. It seems to show a lack of respect for other human beings to give them a class label instead of an individual one, turning their very name into a pejorative. It's the same kind of thinking that got all Blacks treated alike, as a class, in America for too many years; the same kind of thinking that promotes all prejudices, to

think of individuals as groups which can collectively be despised.

'Mr. Platt also assumes that my "literary experience" is narrow. I don't know how he defines narrowness. I think he's wrong. I have read in every genre, though I'm sure there are many fine authors whose works I have overlooked. I am capable of enjoying Bellow, Solzhenitsyn, Roth, Vidal, Renault, Beattie, Irving, and Joyce; I am also capable of enjoying LeGuin, Ellison, Niven, Bryant, Lewis, Michener, Clavell, Heller, and Macdonald (Ross). I can also hate books in many different genres, including the mainstream genre. And if by literary experience he means my experience as a writer, I wrote twenty plays before ever turning to fiction, have written articles and poems that have been published, and my fiction writing ranges from the reflective to the action-oriented, from the most clanking science fiction to mainstream. I wonder where Charles Platt got his information about my literary experience. I think -- I may be wrong -- but I think he got it out of his own prejudice that someone who disagrees (or seems to disagree) with him must have a narrow literary experience.

'He also accuses me of a lack of self-awareness (there is no one else of whom I am so aware -- where does he think I get my characters from, the phone book?), and charges me with entrenched preconceptions. All this without meeting me or getting to know me or even, apparently, supposing that perhaps he had misread my work. Certainly I do have entrenched preconceptions, but he doesn't know that!

'He even accuses me of greed, though I wonder if Mr. Platt would refuse a lot of money for his work if it were offered to him. I don't tailor my work to a market -- I write what I feel strongly about, and try to write it the best way I know how. Then I become passionately concerned with getting as much money for it as I possibly can. But I still have some stories in my files, recent ones, that I think are among the best I've ever done -- that are still unpublished because they don't fit any market. When I sit down at the typewriter, I don't do it with greed in my heart. The greed comes later, when I'm putting the finished work in an envelope. All the writers out there who don't want to get a lot of money for their work, please raise your hands.

'I have probably taken Mr. Platt's comments more seriously than they deserve, and by answering him at length I'm merely contributing to the attention he gets for writing poisonous criticism of other

persons and their work. After all, the fact that he can call Jerry Pournelle a fascist shows that he is neither in control of his vocabulary nor disposed to be reasonable in his treatment of other people who have different ideas or personalities from his.

'In fact, the level of his letter was brought home to me by his decision to ridicule my first name, Orson. Presumably Card would not have been as fun to bandy about in his review. Ridicule of that first name is not new to me. I remember that at the beginning of every year in grade school, when the teacher read the roll, I would cringe when she called out Orson instead of Scott (the name I went by), because for days afterward the other children would tease me about the name. I use the name now because I rather like it, and because the last time anyone used it to ridicule me was in fourth grade. Until, of course, Mr. Platt.'

((Perhaps the best approach is to admit, up front, beforehand, every-which-way, that one is hopelessly depraved, without conscience, without ethics, without a song....

((Yes, yes, that's the ticket: admit to a total lack of shame and guilt, a capacity for any crime.... any excess, any sin. And then add, but most of the time it's easier to be fair and honest and conservative. All one's critics will simply throw up their hands in defeat! Yes?

((Whatever the defensive tactic, everyone should be advised that, sweet person that he is in person, Charles Platt is frequently a monster in print, and has been for at least a decade. He likes to throw monkey wrenches and stink bombs. It all goes back to his childhood....))



Ab
79

3-22-79 I think I have seen the future...and it's crowded. Two current trends seem destined to bring us together again...in cities.

The energy crisis (or 'crisis') depending on what you believe about the situation at the moment) is and will continue to make the private automobile more and more expensive, which will gradually reduce its use and numbers, forcing more and more people to live nearer their work and nearer mass transport.

The suburbs will tend to die out as middle-class enclaves. Perhaps only the rich will live in the outer belts.

The same energy facts of life will tend to encourage hive-sized energy-efficient buildings which will house thousands of people.

At the same time the micro-electronics/computer revolution will save incredible amounts of energy by cutting down on the paper/printing gestalt. Microfiche or (more likely) micro-bubble memory bits as big as a fingernail which can hold a novel) players and viewers will take over. Factories will become more and more automated as "smart" machines get smarter.

We will no longer be an economy that lives on paper; we'll be an electronic economy that lives on its TV screens and computers.

We will need tremendous security and back-ups for our electric power.

And we will have to solve, somehow, the problem of mass underemployment. No doubt we'll employ large numbers of people to "process" the even larger numbers of people without "jobs".

No doubt there will be a significant minority who will live Out In The Sticks in Old Fashioned purity and near self-sufficiency. They will probably function as a last resort escape hatch for some hivedwellers. And they'll provide a subculture--a fashion/ideas source for the cities.

The cities will have their own underground culture, of course. And crime will be its name. As now.

I just thought you'd like to know what you're in for, over the next fifty years or so.

I've just counted typed columns of text in-hand, and estimated the number of pages due from columnists ...and to my amazement I wouldn't have enough room for STAR WHORES even if I could print the first 10-15,000 words in good conscience. No, this very much extended "Alien Thoughts" is taking up gobs of room, and as noted previously, STAR WHORES is turning out to be an out-and-out SEX NOVEL. As such, alas, I suspect it will have limited commercial value beyond my own private printing. Well, I write what comes obsessively

to the surface. I was going to flow. I always have, only now, more and more, I'm more at ease and maybe less defensive.

The new books and small press items have accumulated and it is time to put them in their place.

RECEIVED

WHISPERS #11-12 \$4.00
Edited by Stuart David Schiff
Box 1492-W, Azalea St.,
Browns Mills, NJ 08015

REVIEW: The only possible flaw in what most of us would consider a perfect double-issue is a picky-picky one: the print on the contents page is much too small.

The virtues of this magazine are many: Stuart somehow gets people like Manly Wade Wellman, Robert Bloch, Ray Russell, Brian Lumley, and many others to write for this meticulously produced magazine... and gets them, repeatedly. The reasons they produce for him are obvious: a quality display for one's work, courtesy, respect, professionalism.

These same factors are also reasons why the top fantasy/occult artists send him work.

This is a 136-page double issue devoted in part to the life and work of Manly Wade Wellman. We have here two first-appearance short stories by Wellman, and a short play. We have a review of WORSE THINGS WAITING, a collection of Wellman's short stories, and an article about witchcraft by Wellman.

Other items about: Ray Russell short pieces, art folio by Alan Hunter, a segment from STRANGE EONS by Bob Bloch, a review by Stephen King. On and on.

Stuart himself occupies the magazine with an editorial and nine pages of fantasy publishing news and comment.

WHISPERS is a really fine piece of work---professional quality at every level in the non-commercial, small circulation format. A labor of love---and Stuart has a lot of love to give.

DORMAN'S DOGGIE \$1.00
By Frank Stack @s Foolbert Sturgeon)
Rip Off Press
POB 4158

San Francisco, CA 94114
REVIEW: A really funny cartoon book about the most real dog (and person) I've experienced in a long, long time. Pingy-Poo is a cowardly, subversive poodle who tries desperately to please his master and mistress, The Mighty Ones, who view him with mostly contempt. But they keep him in spite of his failure to understand certain human expectations and social codes.

What makes DORMAN'S DOGGIE so interesting and entertaining is the

stories are told from Pingy-Poo's point of view; he's just a dumb, eager-to-please dog trying his best to survive in a baffling, mysterious human world. The poor fucker has needs and imperatives which too often are ignored or not realized by his owners. Ahh, there's the rub.

Frank Stack isn't the world's best cartoonist, but it doesn't matter; his cunning-funny mind carries everything before it.

WEREBLOOD
By Eric Iverson
Belmont Tower S1354, \$1.50
Sword & Sorcery original.

EARTH UNAWARE
By Mack Reynolds
Liesure Books 628, \$1.50
S-F, originally published in 1966 titled OF GODLIKE POWER.

THEY WALKED LIKE MEN
By Clifford D. Simak
Avon 42861, \$1.95
Science fiction. First published in 1962 by Doubleday.

GALACTIC EMPIRES, VOL. TWO.
Edited by Brian Aldiss
Avon 42879, \$2.25
Published in hardcover by St. Martin's Press, 1977.

ROBOT, NOVEMBER, 1978
Italian S-F magazine. Almost all stories are American reprints.

ROBOT, SPECIAL ISSUE #9
Reprint of THE BEST OF A.E. VAN VOGT, 1974. This edition has a special introduction by Giuseppe Lippi.

AD ASTRA: #1 and 2 45pence
Edited by James Manning
Published by Rowlot Ltd., 22 Offerton
Road, London SW4, United Kingdom.

REVIEW: A mixture of science, occult, science speculation, astrology, S-F film, and science fiction. A low key OMNI. I think it needs more dynamic interior layouts. Interesting pot pourri.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG, #5-7 80¢
Edited and published by Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd., #207,
Detroit, MI 48219.

REVIEW: This is a catchup double issue, dated March, 1979. Brian has set his task at reviewing and noting all the fan magazines he receives in trade. A noble avocation. He does a good, workmanlike job. And, more important, he seems to be sticking with it. This issue lists all fanzines received by him in 1978.

LETTERS FROM ANDREW PORTER
STARSHIP Editor & Publisher
POB 4175, NY, NY 10017
March 19, 1979

'Dear Mr. Geis:

'Thanks for the new issue. It's up to your usual standards, considering it's a fanzine.

'Charles Platt 'loved your review of ALGOL' -- but I have \$40.00 of his money for a NEW WORLDS ad, so perhaps my magazine has some potential.

'Orson Scott Card is Wrong -- F&SF, under Ferman, has won several Hugos. It won in 1969, 1970, 1971, and 1972. All years, I might add, during which I was assistant editor. These award years do not include those prior to Ed Ferman's ascension of the throne.

'Finally, I'd like to point out that despite your running down my magazine, its circulation is several thousand larger than yours is. This despite a higher price. Perhaps there's something wrong with your magazine, instead.'

((Ahh, Andy, am I now 'Mr. Geis'? Are we no longer friends? 'sob'

((Thanks for the correction of Scott's information. His face is no doubt red.

((And you're right, of course, in suggesting that there is something wrong with SFR when it comes to the circulation race; you have rightly mastered the skills of professional graphics in layout, and publish a very attractive and commercial magazine. It is, I imagine, carried in far more bookstores and other outlets, and is a safe, non-offensive product.

((Whereas SFR... I am lazy when it comes to layouts. I don't want to bother with ads. I often publish things respectable newsstands and some bookstores WILL Not Permit.

((But, you know, I think, if most of those who read both of our mags had to choose to read only one...heh, heh, heh....))



Things seem to be looking up.

3-23-79 W. James Barry has checked in with a letter saying in his experience OMNI is selling well in various places in Portland, in apparent contradiction of last issue's "OMNI is a bomb" sales estimates from George Warren in the L.A. area.

Other sources say OMNI is apparently settling into a 700-800,000 monthly sales groove, which is not enough to lure long-term big-time (General Motors, etc.) advertising. But it makes money...maybe.

I remember some huge circulation zines that folded for lack of advertising in quantities needed, though. SATURDAY EVENING POST, COLLIER'S, LIFE....

Anybody else out there who has observed the local sales of OMNI who would care to send a report? Have the stacks sold out? Are the initial orders shrinking?

Statements by the editors and publishers are always suspect; after long experience with such statements I have concluded that every magazine ever published is going great guns---until it is suspended or folded.

I find I am reviewing/listing small press publications in with the big press RECEIVEDS. There will be those who will miss the separate grouping of "Small Press Notes." Others won't care as long as the review is listed on the contents page.

I like it because it provides some variety and saves me a bit of cutting and pasting work.

Policy note: don't review every fan magazine or small press item received; only those which contain something I think, in my infinite wisdom, would be of interest to a fairly large segment of SFR readers.

As below.

RECEIVED

JANUS #14 \$1.50

Edited by Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll.

Address: Janus, c/o SF3, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701

Review: A well-done offset sf fanzine devoted to women sf writers.

#14 has good artwork, good layout... the certain touch of class. And interesting interviews with Joan D. Vinge and Octavia E. Butler. Reviews and a host of other items.

FANTASY NEWSLETTER #8 10/11 \$1.00
Edited and published by Paul C. Allen, 1015 West 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537

Review: This issue runs 24 pages, and Paul has added photos of book covers to go with some of his departments. He covers Specialty Publishers, Trade Books, Robert E. Howard news, Work-in-Progress by various authors, Events

and Awards, The British Scene, Recordings, Fantasy Wargaming, Magazines, Paperback News, March Releases, April Releases, The Fan Press, and Late News.

Wow. Paul has brought this effort of his a looming way in a short time. He's doing a very, very good job. Schedule is monthly. I hope he can keep it up.

FANTASY MONGERS #1 \$1.50

Edited and published by W. Paul Ganley, Box 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226

Review: A fine introductory issue to this fantasy advertising journal. The long interview with Robert Bloch by Darrell Schweitzer delves deeply into Bob's TV writing experiences, movie scripting, and his memories of the early days of Ray Palmer's editing of AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

LETTER FROM DEAN R. LAMBE

8 March, 1979

'Thanks for the kind words about the three reviews and poem, but I'm not going to let you get by with embarrassment for a week's delay in sending the check. Since you were the source of my first professional payment as a writer, I shall always have a soft spot in my head for SFR (yours wasn't my first sale, but that check took four months). I'm sure that payment on acceptance is a matter of no little pride for you, and well it should be.'

((No, I'm not proud of paying on acceptance (or as soon as possible), because I consider that simply basic for a publisher, a kind of ethical 'of course' behavior, and nothing unusual or remarkable. But that springs from having been a full-time free-lance professional writer for about ten years before I added the hat of paying publisher to my head. I wish all publishers had the experience of waiting and waiting for a promised or overdue check; they might, in their helpful empathy, pay debts sooner.))

'For the record, here's what that phrase means for a couple of the "biggies" in terms of the actual time between notice of acceptance and receipt of their check: OMNI = 41 days' ANALOG = 40 days. That, of course, is in addition to a minimum of 26 days between submission and notice of acceptance. In my experience those times are about the best that most could hope for, so your response time and payment time remain exceptional.

'I know you've thought on this, and the new copyright law does remain more than a little ambiguous,

but I think you should consider a change in your notice. I don't see how you can say "All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors," when you've obviously purchased "one-time rights" (as do many newspapers). Under the new law, the creator holds all rights from the moment of creation and must specifically reassign some or all of those rights. As the one who files the general copyright on the entire SFR contents, therefore, you're holding the remaining rights "in trust" for the creator, but somewhere it has to be clear what rights you've purchased. You could either do that over and over again as with a rubber stamp on each check sent, or you could run a notice to the effect that "one-time rights only have been purchased from signed contributors; all other rights are hereby assigned to the contributors." For one thing, that would clearly remove you from any hassle between a writer and some sleazy zine that tried to lift a column or review from SFR without at least the okay (and hopefully payment) to the original writer. When it's clear that you're no longer holding additional rights "in trust," the battle over ripoffs becomes that of the original writer vs. the bad guy. The grain of salt here is that while the above has been discussed with one of the best lawyers in Ohio, my wife, she agrees that I'm the one who tried to figure out the new copyright law to explain it to her, and also agrees that if you want a more definitive opinion, you've got to spend megabucks for a New York lawyer who regularly works with publishers (thus do we all get screwed). Maybe I'm just making Dolly Partons out of molehills here, but a rubber stamp might prevent future grief.'

((Thanks for raising this point and for suggesting a solution. I would hope to not be holding any rights 'in trust' for anyone. All I want is one-time-only permission to publish given me. I'll happily adopt your phrasing with one slight change: since some contributors simply contribute their work free of charge, I'll use 'acquired' for 'purchased', so that the full copyright statement will read:

COPYRIGHT (C) 1979 BY RICHARD E. GEIS. ONE-TIME RIGHTS ONLY HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED FROM SIGNED CONTRIBUTORS, AND ALL OTHER RIGHTS ARE HEREBY ASSIGNED TO THE CONTRIBUTORS.

((I hope that is appropriate and legal. And I hope that all other fan publishers and small-press publishers will follow this phrasing if it is appropriate. And it might be a good idea for all writers and artists out there to insist that this protection of their rights be

printed in the publication they submit work to.

((Of course the best course for a creator is to copyright the material himself before submitting it for publication, but that runs into money; few fan writers or artists can afford to send ten bucks and two copies to the Register of Copyrights---with the proper forms filled out correctly---every time a cartoon or a review is finished.

((For those so interested, the address for information is:

UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT OFFICE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20559

((Every creator should be familiar with the new copyright laws.))

RECEIVED-----

FOUNDATION #15 3 issues \$7.50

Edited by Malcolm Edwards
Features Editor: Ian Watson
Reviews Editor: David Pringle
Address: The Editor, "Foundation,"
The Science Fiction Foundation,
North East London Polytechnic,
Longbridge Road, Dagenham, Essex,
RM8 2AS, UNITED KINGDOM

Review: An address that long should be a crime against nature.

This magazine is now the critical journal for sf in England. In it reside the sf establishment over there, and in it they often tear each other politely to bits. It's an interesting--fascinating--exhibition of academic gouging. Some of the reviews are savage, as for instance Andrew Kaveney's rending of Jack Chalker's THE WEB OF THE CHOZEN. Jack is also bloodied, personally. Tsk.

It would be unfair to make too much of the poison penmanship; there are also long stretches of Dull and Boring.

NEW DIMENSIONS 9

Edited by Robert Silverberg
Harper & Row, \$10.95, 1979
Original s-f anthology.

THE ACCIDENT

By Hans Heinrich Ziemann
St. Martin's Press, \$10.00, 1979
Original near-future nuclear disaster novel.

GRAY MATTERS

By William Hjortsberg
Pocket Books 82725-1, \$1.75
s-f novel first published by Simon and Shuster in 1971.

BELOVED SON

By George Turner
Pocket Books 81666-9, \$2.25
S-f novel, first published in England by Faber & Faber in 1978.

MAJOR CORBY AND THE UNIDENTIFIED

FLAPPING OBJECT

By Gene DeWeese
Doubleday Signal, \$5.95, 1979
S-f novel, original.

COMMENT: The review copy insert has this to say: 'High-interest, low-reading level titles designed to meet the needs of older children with reading difficulties.'

A quick dip shows it to be a UFO story, a Juvenile, and written from the viewpoint of a 14-year-old. Large easy-to-read type, and no big, unusual words. The age level is indicated 9 to 14.

WHAT A GREAT BRIEF,
CHARLIE! LOGICALLY
INCOHERENT, SEMANTICALLY
UNINTELLIGIBLE
AND LEGALLY IMPECCABLE!



NOSFERATU

By Paul Monette (based on the screenplay by Werner Herzog)
Avon 44107, \$2.25, 1979
Supernatural novel--vampirism--Count Dracula.

THE KAR-CHEE REIGN/ROGUE DRAGON

By Avram Davidson
Ace Double 73390-S, \$1.95, 1979
S-f/fantasy. First published in 1966 and 1965, respectively.

FALCONS OF NARABEDLA

By Marion Zimmer Bradley
Ace 22577-2, \$1.75, 1979
First printed by Ace in 1964.
Science fiction novel.

INTO THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSE/CONTRABAND FROM OUTER SPACE

By A. Bertram Chandler
Ace Double 37108-6, \$2.25, 1979
S-f novels, first published by Ace in 1964.

AND HAVING WRIT...

By Donald R. Benson
Ace 02274-X, \$1.95, 1979
S-f novel, first published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1978.

THE BEST OF ANALOG

Edited by Ben Bova
Ace 05470-6, \$2.25, 1979
S-f anthology, first published by Baronet in 1978.

KWAVE IN HAND

By Laurence M. Janifer
Ace 44990-S, \$1.75, 1979
Original s-f novel.

HIGH SORCERY

By Andre Norton
Ace 33704-X, \$1.95
Fantasy collection: two novelets, two short stories. First published by Ace in 1970.

UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

By Robert Shekley
Ace 84680-S, \$1.75, 1979
S-f short story collection, first published by Ace in 1954

YEAR OF THE UNICORN

By Andre Norton
Ace 94254-7, \$1.95, 1979
A Witch World novel. First published by Ace in 1965.

FUTURE TENSE---THE CINEMA OF SCIENCE FICTION

By John Brosnan
St. Martin's, \$15.00, 1979
Non-fiction

THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL FINLAY

Edited by Gerry de la Ree
Published by Gerry de la Ree, \$15.00
1979

Address: 7 Cedarwood Lane
Saddle River, NJ 07458
Review: This volume covers Finlay's best work in the 50s and 60s, and shows the change in his style from the dots to more line-drawing...almost etching-like work. I think his later techniques better than the dots-and-bubbles of the pulp days. Certainly he was a master draughtsman with superb command of his tools. He was excellent illustrating fantasy, supernatural, horror, science fiction...he could do anything. This (I imagine) final volume of Virgil Finlay's black and white pen work is done in the same quality hardbound, letter-size format as the others.

LETTER FROM LARRY NIVEN

3961 Vandalen Avenue
Tarzana, CA 91356
March 18, 1979

'THE RINGWORLD ENGINEERS' is finished and mailed off. The serial version will appear in GALILEO, July issue to January issue, four parts. (Appearing early June to early December.) Hardback will be published early 1980, by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

'I love it. Writing it was all kinds of fun. I can hardly wait to see it in print.'

CONTINUED ON P.44

YOU GOT NO FRIENDS IN THIS WORLD

A Review Of Short Fiction By Orson Scott Card

MAGAZINES & ANTHOLOGIES REVIEWED

ANALOG, Mar, Apr
 CHRYSALIS 3 (Jan 1979)
 FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, Mar
 ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAG-
 AZINE, Feb, Mar
 ASIMOV'S SF ADVENTURE, Spring
 NEW VOICES II (Jan 1979)
 ONYX, Feb, Mar

STORIES REVIEWED (In Order)

"Chrysalis Three", Karen G. Jollie
 "The Dancer in the Darkness",
 Thomas F. Monteleone
 "Vernalfest Morning", Michael Bishop
 "Mars Masked", Frederick Pohl
 "Dragon's Teeth", Karl Hansen
 "Can These Bones Live?" Ted Reynolds
 "The Thirteenth Utopia", Somtow
 Sucharitkul
 "Pathway", Edward Byers
 "The Casque of Lamont T. Yado",
 Victor Milan
 "The Singing Diamond", Dr. Robert
 L. Forward
 "The Believer", Laurence M. Janifer
 "The Seedplanter", Robert Thurston
 "In Time, Everything", Mildred
 Downey Broxton
 "The Eyes on Butterflies' Wings",
 Patrice Duvic
 "A Bait of Dreams", Jo Clayton
 "Circus", Elizabeth Lynn
 "Twilight Lives", Jesse Miller
 "Back to Byzantium", Mark McGarry
 "Bright Flightways", R.A. Lafferty
 "Keepersmith", Randall Garret &
 Vicki Ann Heydron
 "The Blizzard Machine", Dean Ing
 "The Annual Bash and Circumstance
 Party", Barry Malzberg
 "The Secret", Henry L. Lazarus &
 Darrell Schweitzer
 "Hell Creatures of the Third Planet"
 Stephen Robinett
 "The Great Moveaway Jam", John Kee-
 fauer
 "Longshot", Jack C. Haldeman II
 "Homo Sap", Gary Jennings
 "How it Happened", Isaac Asimov
 "The Peace that Passes Never",
 Charles L. Grant
 "The Proxy", Ramsey Campbell
 "The Man Who Walked through Cracks"
 R.A. Lafferty
 "The Ancient Mind at Work", Suzy
 McKee Charnas
 "Tank", Francis E. Izzo
 "To Fill the Sea and Air",
 F. Paul Wilson
 "Lady of Ice", Guy Snyder
 "Starschool", Joe Haldeman &
 Jack C. Haldeman II



Love between men is a difficult subject to handle, especially these days when it is impossible to disregard homosexuality. The rough camaraderie of fellow soldiers, or fellow spacemen, or fellow miners, or what-have-you -- that's easy. That can be done by anyone who has spent a few minutes in a locker room or who has brothers.

But that rough camaraderie isn't the only relationship men can have with each other. There are often much more tender feelings, an affectionate love that too often we feel ashamed of, usually for fear of being considered, if not outright homosexuals, then at least effeminate. And perhaps it is appropriate that it took a woman, Karen G. Jollie, to get it right in her story "Chrysalis Three", the lead story in the Zebra anthology CHRYSLIS 3.

Her characters, Edmund and Jeremy, were introduced first in "The Works of His Hand, Made Manifest" which I reviewed last time. I repeat what I said then: Jollie is a stunning new writer, sensitive and capable of dealing with the most tender emotions without becoming maudlin, sentimental, or (thank heaven) sexual. Nothing against sexuality -- just that sometimes it needs to be set aside so we can remember, through the words of a fine story teller, that there are other ways we can deal with each other and feel toward each other.

The other story I liked best this time isn't even science fiction, though it appeared in a science fiction anthology and was written by science fiction writer Thomas F. Monteleone. Although "The Dancer in the Darkness" (NEW VOICES II) has the feel of fantasy, it

isn't -- everything that happens in it could, conceivably, happen today. But using the tools of fantasy Monteleone has created a wonderful character -- two characters, in fact -- and used the magic and mystery of flamenco to illuminate to us some of the deepest, most elusive things in us. The passion for art. The desire for immortality that can sometimes become a seeming love of death.

More important than the grand themes Monteleone plays with, however, is the story of a friendship between a man and a woman who never understand each other until death and the manner of dying explain everything. If you don't read anything else this month, I urge you to get and read these two beautiful stories.

I have a bias in favor of beautiful stories, perhaps because they make me feel so good when they're done right. (Of course, it's hard to think of anything worse than a story where the writer is trying to make the people beautiful and it shows -- such stories cloy quickly and become disgusting by the end.) However, I have found that for beauty to have any power, it often has to grow out of ugliness and then transcend it. Michael Bishop is a master of this, and "Vernalfest Morning" (CHRYSLIS 3) is an excellent example of his work. I have played with having children fight grown-up wars in some of my stories. In Bishop's story, however, there is a mixture of pathetic innocence and vicious bloodlust that makes this unforgettable.

No less chilling in its own way, Frederick Pohl's "Mars Masked" (IA's FM March) is a lot of lighter reading. He has created a delightful character in Reverend H. Horns-well ("Horny") Hake, an unwilling recruit in the most subtle yet vicious war ever fought. It had the same kind of pleasure in the reading that I got from SPACE MERCHANTS and I hope that "Mars Masked" is what it seems to be -- the front end of a much longer novel. Pohl has left some loose ends, and I long to see them tied.

Another fine strong war story is Karl Hansen's "Dragon's Teeth"

(CHRYSLIS 3), but there is no redeeming beauty in it. It starts out hitting you in the gut and keeps it up until you think it can't hurt any more -- and then he makes it hurt all over again. The protagonist is a resurrected soldier, brought back to life only to fight, though with a bit more personality and humanity than Lupoff's resurrected soldiers in SPACE WAR BLUES. When the battle is over, what do you do with all those soldiers? Don't worry -- they take care of themselves.

Resurrection is treated by Ted Reynolds in his "Can These Bones Live?" (ANALOG March), but not so cruelly. The story deserves to become a myth; its power and simplicity have a tremendous impact. The protagonist, a woman, awakens with clear memories of her own death, to find that she is the only human being alive. All the rest have somehow destroyed themselves, so long ago that the earth yields no sign that they have ever lived. She was resurrected by an alien race, who offer her one wish -- she can ask for anything, but the request they most obviously want is for the resurrection of her species. However, when she makes her wish, they don't have to say yes. She must persuade them. What would you say makes humanity worth having back, once it's gone?

In "The Thirteenth Utopia" (ANALOG April), Somtow Sucharitkul creates a man whose mission in life is to undo utopias, to find worlds where human beings believe they have found perfection, and expose the flaw that proves their happiness was bought for too dear a price. This time, however, he can't find the flaw -- and ends up finding that happiness is possible, after all. Besides writing a beautiful story, Sucharitkul has also written an alien intelligence that is genuinely and believably Godlike. I thought I had created a mammoth alien when I gave intelligence to a planet in my story "The Monkeys Thought 'Twas All in Fun" -- but Sucharitkul has gone one bigger before my story even appeared.

A past war's bitterness leads to a double betrayal in "Pathway" by Edward Byers (ANALOG April). A war between Earth and the outworlders was unbearably cruel, but the outworlders kept their independence. Now one of Earth's tacticians in that war has come to see the Mount-ain of the Crown, the unexplained relic of an ancient alien race. The guardian of the mountain is an outworlder tactician, and in what seems to be a scholarly effort to translate the alien language inscribed there, they revive the war in a small way -- and end it no

less viciously than the first time. The story is moving, and Byers has created three complex and believable characters.

Vengeance is also treated in Victor Milan's "The Casque of Lamont T. Yado" (ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE Spring). The title makes it sound like a humorous ripoff of Poe's vengeance tale. Don't be misled. Milan's story is just as vicious, not so much a parody as a restatement of Poe's theme in a science fiction setting.

The hardest hard science fiction story I've read in a long time is Dr. Robert L. Forward's "The Singing Diamond" (OMNI February). Imagine a cloud of particles of very dense matter, swirling like midges around an asteroid but passing through metal -- or human flesh -- as easily as we pass through air. Then capture them in a diamond, and listen to them sing. It is a haunting story, but in the tradition of great hard science fiction, there isn't an ounce of characterization in the whole story. It just doesn't need it.

How does it feel to interview someone knowing that at the end of the conversation you will arrange for her death? Laurence M. Janifer's "The Believer" (ANALOG March) has a time traveler give a woman exactly what she wants -- a trip through time. But not to the era she had in mind. And when it's done, he is regretful, but feels no guilt. After all, it must be done.

Time travel is used for a different purpose in "The Seedplanter" by Robert Thurston (CHRYSLIS 3). There are strict regulations against meddling in the past, but one man,

ACCEPT THEM AS THE
OUTWARD MANIFESTATION
OF MY INWARD ROTTENNESS.



a general CPA-type, makes a mockery of them -- by screwing his way through the centuries. And leaving a child in every port. Mildred Downey Broxon's "In Time, Everything" (CHRYSLIS 3) follows woman-kind through time in a nontory that comes closer to capturing the idea of eternity than any other fiction I've read.

Butterflies are not so beautiful in "The Eyes on Butterflies' Wings" (OMNI March), an excellent story by Patrice Duvic. They are spies, incessantly watching everyone and helping keep them enslaved to a repressive government. But the butterflies are not quite so powerful as people think, and the protagonist of the story discovers that the slavery of the people is a self-extending thing: their own fears help keep them locked in an inescapable prison. I don't usually quote at any length from the stories I review, but I'll break precedent here because Duvic's language is so perfect at handling both the concrete and the abstract:

"Strange thought, but, in a way, we really need to believe that (the butterflies are) watching us, and we'd be -- they'd be -- very disappointed if we found out that they don't, because it confirms our belief that we're important, that we constitute some kind of peril for the System. That we're dangerous and that we're working in the right direction.

"Maybe that's what the butterflies are for, not only to spy on us but also to convince us that we can be dangerous to the Establishment.

"So what?

"But that we go on doing the same thing that we've always done! Twenty Xerox copies of Xerox thinking...."

And the protagonist breaks free -- almost.

Slavery is also the subject of "A Bait of Dreams" by Jo Clayton (IA's FM February). A girl named Gleia is on the verge of being able to buy her freedom, but even as it approaches she is nearly seduced into another kind of slavery, one that would be just as terrible, though it seems beautiful while she is in it. Usually a novelist, this is Clayton's first story to appear; this sample of her ability is very promising, though occasionally her treatment of relationships doesn't quite ring true.

And Elizabeth Lynn's "Circus" (CHRYSLIS 3) is one of the best metaphorical treatments of the master-slave relationship between audience and performer that I've ever

seen. As an actor I have often felt the resentment and fear and contempt for the audience that Lynn shows -- yet despite the desire to escape, I have also found it impossible to do so.

Two stories deal with Earth in the dark future after mankind has destroyed civilization -- with quite different results. "Twilight Lives" by Jesse Miller (NEW VOICES II) is an ugly, powerful story of domination and hopelessness as a man worships and loves the woman who castrated him when he was a child. The story caused me real pain as I read it -- it isn't fun or even exciting. But there is nobility in the eunuch Cassidy, and I loved him to the end of the tale. "Back to Byzantium" (IA's FM February) by Mark McGarry is not so dark; there is an air of hopefulness and dignity to the people he writes of that reminded me of the feelings I got when reading DREAMSNAKE. McGarry sometimes has weaknesses, particularly in scenes of violence, which lack enough detail to be compelling, but the story is a very strong one. I feel sequels coming on -- I wouldn't mind seeing this as the beginning of a book. I think it would be a good one.

R.A. Lafferty is insane. I am convinced of it. Yet there is always great truth in his insanity as in "Bright Flightways" (CHRYSLIS 15 3), in which fire is finally brought to a fairly modern America that had, somehow, overlooked that tool. Prometheus should lose his liver over that one. The Prometheus story is also a theme in "Keeper-smith" by Randall Garrett and Vicki Ann Heydon (ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE Spring), though in this case it is a straightforward quest story in which a man, a woman and an alien search for the way for men to leave the planet they are trapped on, but instead find a way to bridge the gap of mistrust between human and alien.

Humor was unusually strong during these last two months. And I loved it. While I'm getting quite bored with the pun stories in ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, I'll never get tired of genuinely humorous writing, whether its humor depends on witty writing, on absurdly truthful characters, or a funny situation or event. Dean Ing's "The Blizzard Machine" (OMNI February) is a tall tale about a marvelous snow-racing machine that goes fast enough to break the sound barrier twice. But it isn't just the event that's funny -- Ing writes with wit and his characters are as lovable as Bradbury's Irishmen.

Barry Malzberg's humor has a

sharp bite to it in "The Annual Bash and Circumstance Party" (F&SF March), which takes place at the once-a-year get-together of all the writers in heaven, where they compare notes about whose work is still being read on earth. It may be presumptuous to decide which writers get to heaven, but there is a nasty truth in Dashiell Hammett's explanation of why heaven feels so good to him.

Another piece of humor aimed at writers is "The Secret" (IA's FM) by Henry L. Lazarus and Darrell Schweitzer. The idea is that the truest guide to what the mainstream of America is thinking and feeling can be found in the slushpile in a magazine office. The idea (and the story) is funny -- but utterly untrue. The mere act of writing a story, however bad, makes someone irretrievably odd and out of step.

Steve Robinett does wonderful things to my funnybone all the time; one of his best is "Hell Creatures of the Third Planet" (OMNI March). It's about an alien film crew, coming to Earth for their location shots -- and to take advantage of the unpaid extras. In the same issue of OMNI is "The Great Moveaway Jam" by John Keefauver, which has the best solution I've ever read for the traffic problem. He also takes to the point of delicious absurdity the first person story in which the narrator dies after writing right up to his final moment.

I'm not a gambler, regarding it as foolish waste of time and money. But I have never found such a delightful argument against gambling (and paean of praise to it, too) as "Longshot", by Jack C. Haldeman II. It's a horse race where the worst luck you might have is to win -- because you have to keep the horse. (Haldeman also populates the planet "Niven" with "Fuzzies", a left-handed tribute to two admirable writers.)

In the continuing saga of Crispin Mobey, the missionary from the Southern Primitive Protestant Church, Gary Jennings scores again with his "Homo Sap" (F&SF March). Don't ask the plot. I wouldn't dare tell it. In my hands but Jennings's, it would never have worked. Irreligion has never been so fun. Isaac Asimov also takes a swipe at religion in "How it Happened" (ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE Spring). Moses, you see, knew all about the 15.2 billion years involved in creation. But the story had to be shortened to six days to fit within the word limit forced on him by his publisher -- er, scribe.

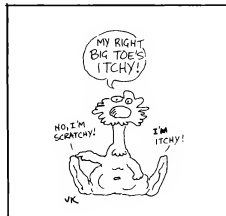
Four excellent urban fantasies appeared in this reviewing period.

Charles L. Grant's "The Peace That Passes Never" (CHRYSLIS 3) is about a town that finally rejects death -- leaving behind the minister who had tried to help them accept it. An even darker treatment of death is "The Proxy" by Ramsey Campbell. In this case, a dead person doesn't haunt a house; a dead house haunts a woman who learns, too late, who it is who lives in it.

"The Man Who Walked Through Cracks" (CHRYSLIS 3) is R.A. Lafferty's effort to take apart the universe. It is brilliantly successful, starring a professor who does not give a damn about tenure. Another professor is the main character in a genuinely chilling vampire story, "The Ancient Mind at Work" by Suzy McKee Charnas (OMNI Feb.). The story is long, but utterly fulfilling, painting vampires as plausible creatures, rather noble, even attractive sometimes, but in the end as hungry as ever.

There were also four outstanding adventure stories (beyond those already mentioned). A short-short by Francis E. Izzo, "Tank" (IA's FM March) is the ultimate in computer simulation games -- bring a doctor with you to the penny arcade. "To Fill the Sea and Air" by F. Paul Wilson (IA's FM Feb.) is also a story of a game -- but it is a race of alien fish that is playing and only those humans who can catch on to the rules have any chance of profiting from it. A fine story, which does not rest on its good idea but goes on to create two solid, attractive characters.

If "The Singing Diamond" is the quintessential hard science fiction story, "Lady of Ice" by Guy Snyder (NEW VOICES II) is an equally pure science fiction adventure story. An asteroid miner is forced to pit his love for his ship, his memory of his father, and his hope for the future against the need to save a girl's life. He does the standard thing -- he gives it all up to save her. What is maddening is that she is an almost unbeliev-



ably ungrateful bitch, so that even as he makes his sacrifice he knows that it won't mean a damn thing to the girl he's saving or the company that should have been responsible for her. This story hurts -- but you can't put it down.

And Joe Haldeman and Jack C. Haldeman II play a very dirty trick on the reader in "Starschool" (ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE SPRING). A cheerful giant is trying to pay off a debt that no one expects him to pay -- and in pursuit of honor he ends up fighting as a gladiator against a bull, a school of sharks, a huge bear, and finally a group of men. "Starschool" sucked me in with genuinely gripping adventure scenes, made me root for the delightfully crazy protagonist, and then turned cruel at the end, exposing me to myself as just as much a thrill-seeker as the audiences paying to see the fights, hoping for blood.

I'm already expanding on Geis's word limits -- I won't push any further. There were other good stories, and flawed stories that were nevertheless worth reading. But I have to draw the line somewhere, and these are the stories that stood out most for me.

One of the surprises in my reading this time was ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF ADVENTURE MAGAZINE. I must admit I didn't read the first issue -- I just figured that it would all be juvenile stuff reminiscent of Doc Smith, who did not write a word I don't loath. I was delighted to discover that ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE is nothing of the kind: While the focus of the stories is on strong plot and action, the story values are much higher than the old pre-Golden Age stuff. I was first drawn to science fiction by the excitement in such books as Andre Norton's TIME TRADERS and GALACTIC DERELICT, Heinlein's TUNNEL IN THE SKY and CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY. These were stories with humanity as well as excitement -- and in ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE I felt more than a little of that magic I thought had been left behind in my childhood. Maybe I'm just a sucker for a good adventure.

I was also pleased to note that in the first ANALOG entirely put together by Stan Schmidt there is no sign of weakness. In fact, there are some remarkably good stories, some of the finest published in this reviewing period, and I'm beginning to wonder how the seemingly ubiquitous contempt for ANALOG among the literati can persist. What is an "ANALOG story" any more? Stan isn't buying "ANALOG stories". He's buying good stories. And I suspect that those who sneer at ANALOG simply don't read it.

And month by month OMNI gets better and better. The magazine seems headed for success, with circulation constantly increasing and the magazine's quality never flagging. The editorial team is creating a fascinating mixture of art, articles and fiction in each issue, and the money and good taste Ben Bova is finally able to combine are showing up in outstanding, highly readable stories. Science fiction has finally got a slick, in the best sense of the word.

The more I read short fiction in our field, the more impressed I am. We're getting better, folks. All the time.

P.S. Just a compliment to a fine ANALOG illustrator, Richard Anderson. His drawings for "The Believer" (March) and "The Thirteenth Utopia" (April) are excellent, capturing well the mood of the stories and demanding attention in their own right. I will be looking for more -- the guy's good.

CONTINUED FROM P.40

3-26-79 I see that FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION has revamped its contents page, column headings and type size and style. Makes the magazine much more readable. As with ANALOG, the editor/production staff decided rightly that a smaller, bolder text, with lots of room between lines, is easier to read.

Hmm, I notice also a changed logo in a box. Makes the magazine appear a bit more...upper class.

Let's have a couple reviews. I've been lazy lately.

CAPITOL: THE WORTHING CHRONICLE
By Orson Scott Card
Ace, \$1.95 1979

HOT SLEEP: THE WORTHING CHRONICLE
By Orson Scott Card
Ace, \$2.25 1979

REVIEW: Elton Elliott tipped me that Scott was a writer worth looking into. And it seemed appropriate that I read and review on the quality-as-a-writer of our short fiction reviewer/columnist.

So I picked up the two advance copies of his Worthing Chronicle that Ace had sent. CAPITOL was published in January. HOT SLEEP is scheduled for May publication.

Let it be said that Orson Scott Card is a hell of a good science fiction writer. He has vision, maturity, an appreciation of reality and the limits of human beings, and he has fine technique.

We needn't worry about his future; I find it hard to believe he couldn't, now, sell anything he writes.

He has mastered the art of pace, and he has the knack/talent of keeping his readers reading! There are no slow spots. He manages scenes and storylines like a scrooge---everything is in there but there is not an ounce of fat.

He doesn't avoid hurt and pain or dirty facts of life. Violence and death happen and he treats them as realities---part of life...part of the territory of living.

So what are the Worthing Chronicles all about? They are the story of a drug, some, which radically alters human society, culture---everything! It was used in our near future to put terminally cancerous people to sleep until a cure was found. Then researchers discovered that it also wiped out all human memory.

But, later, combined with a technique of memory/knowledge recording, some made possible a kind of immortality. Interstellar space flights were possible---tape your memory, take some and go into stasis, and revive X years later with your personality/character/knowledge replayed into your blank mind.

Colonization was possible---and was accomplished.

Earth is forgotten as the first colony becomes the center, the hub of a vast galaxy-wide empire. Capitol is the imperial planet and is literally built up to a steel-clad solid-packed zillion-levelled underground city.

CAPITOL is a series of novelets and short stories---some of the short stories are bridges---which tell of this history, in human terms.

Somec has created an elite; those who can live their life in short segments every few years...one week awake, and five years in stasis with somec...which is a kind of immortality. Those with the highest somec time are the most-favored.

Then one man, Abner Doon, has a realization and a vision and a plan for mankind...

HOT SLEEP is a novel, the story of Jas Worthing, a boy with acute intelligence and the ability to read minds, who is "collected" by the almost immortal, super-rich, invisible ruler of the human empire, Abner Doon.

Here I leave the plot---you'll want to not-know what Doon's Plan is and Worthing's place in it. It concerns the fate of mankind, of course, but not the way you may think....

These books cover tremendous stretches of time. Even with somec Jas Worthing becomes old.

And the question remains for you to answer: Did Abner Doon's Plan succeed---or fail?

LETTER FROM ELINOR BUSBY
2852 14th Ave. W.
Seattle, WA 98119
March 1, 1979

'I just happened to notice in SFR #29 Elton Elliott's column, wherein he notes:

"W.F.M. Busby has sold a 3rd book in the CAGE A MAN THE PROUD ENEMY series. He also has sold a sequel to RISSA KERGUELEN, which will be a lot shorter. Both books sold to Berkley-Putnam".

'No. Not so. There will eventually be a third book in the Barton series, wrapping up the story, but he hasn't even started work on it yet. His plan is to resell CAGE A MAN and THE PROUD ENEMY (cutting the latter somewhat to improve pacing) and then write the third book.

'Buz's next book out will be ZELDE M'TANA, from Dell. It is a prequel to RISSA, or spinoff. The sequel to RISSA is called THE ALIEN DEBT and it is not completed as yet.

'P.S. Further correction: Dell has the option on the RISSA sequel, and the Barton trilogy is under consideration by still another publishing house. -- Buz'

LETTER FROM THOMAS OWEN
GALILEO, Assistant Editor
339 Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02115
March 17, 1979

'Have you heard of the trial run for an individual-work-of-art hugo. I enclose a copy of the form. If this were only next year, I'd nominate the Tom Barber covers on our next issue which we get back from the printers next week. They are beautiful, and the issue's pretty good too; articles by Hal Clement and one by Leslie Fiedler on Olaf Stapledon, stories by Michael Ondaatje, Cynthia Felice, and quite a few others since it's a double issue.

'After the report in LOCUS, I suppose most folks know GALILEO is hitting the newsstands in May. As our publisher explained, it's not cause the newsstands are such great places, but because we've been battered and battered by computer problems in our subscriptions. He wants the money from newsstand sales to make some changes in the company, like getting our own computer (After all our bad experiences, I think believing in computers taking over the world is like believing in the tooth fairy).

'I notice those attention-getting headlines on your front cover, "Damon Knight Sues Harper & Row, Lar-

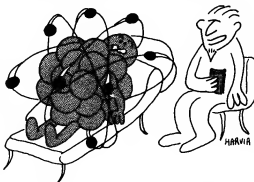
ry Viven Writing SF Porn". Is that a new development? It does grab the eye (so does the cover). Anyway, I've read THE RINGWORLD ENGINEERS (GALILEO is serializing it starting in the May issue), and it's not porn! (Rotsler just has a dirty imagination.)'

((I think we all know Larry wouldn't write s-f porn---it ain't his style. That Niven-Rotsler piece was a bit of Rabelaisian humor shared with the "s-f family".

((The "grabber" cover lines aren't exactly new...depends if a given issue has something in it that lends itself to a cover eye-grab. I figure if a browser can be provoked/interested enough to get him to look inside the magazine---if he or she is a s-f enthusiast---he'll probably be intrigued enough to buy the copy. But I haven't any real information yet on the truth of that theory. You like the changed cover format for SFR this issue?))

LETTER FROM WEINER J. SMITH
Box 41
Leicester, NY 14481
March 14, 1979

'Just a quick note to let you know that I like what you're doing with SFR and to keep up the good work. Also I would like to speak in defense of George Scithers' handling of manuscripts: He is all one could hope for from a professional editor. I have never waited longer than two weeks for a response and over the weekend of Christmas last, holiday mail notwithstanding, I received one manuscript in six days. His only shortcoming is apparently one of judgment; he has yet to buy one. The format sheet which he distributes is also a damned helpful little device for beginners and I suspect that even some semi-pros refer to it occasionally for proofreaders' marks. Now if he'd only raise the pun quota per issue...'



I'd say you were suffering
from mass hysteria.

LETTER FROM SANDRA MIESEL
8744 N. Pennsylvania Street
Indianapolis, IN 46240
March 21, 1979

'In re your speculations on crotch jewelry: Court ladies in 18th C France dyed and curled their public hair as well as decorating the area with charming little bows of ribbon. Labial rings would not only be uncomfortable, such adornments would be too reminiscent of infibulation. Why not comparable speculations about men? Some primitive tribes wore penis ornaments (dangling cowrie shells etc.) and the Cheyenne Indian Foreskin Society made sure everyone knew he belonged.'

((Sure, the men in some tribes in days gone by---maybe even now--- have inserted pebbles under the skin of their penes to enhance the sensations during intercourse for their women. Even, as I recall, went so far as to drill holes through the glans so a feather could be worn... And of course today in many bedrooms there are small boxes holding all kinds of French fionkies, vibrators-to-be-worn during sex, and other exotic devices to make the magic moments even more momentous. The only difference between us and the tribesmen and the Court ladies is technology and a different cultural slant.))

CONTINUED ON P. 56

CIVILIZATION IS A LUXURY
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OTHER VOICES, OTHER VOICES, OTHER VOICES, OTHER

THE AVATAR

By Poul Anderson
Berkley, NY, 1978, 380 pp., cloth
\$10.95, ISBN 0399-12228-1

Reviewed by Sandra Miesel

Warning: This will be a prejudiced review. After writing thirteen highly complimentary essays and a book about Poul Anderson's work, it grieves me more than I can say to condemn his latest novel, *THE AVATAR*. My critic's role is rendered even more difficult by the appearance of my name on this novel's list of acknowledgments for "suggestions, information, and general helpfulness". Nevertheless, I am obliged to write the truth as I see it, however harsh that truth may be. End of warning.

THE AVATAR really should have been titled *HOW SIX MONTHS OF SCREW-ING SAVED MY COSMOS* or possibly, *SEX CONQUERS ALL*. This book, trumpeted as Anderson's longest and most ambitious, is merely a degenerate hybrid of *THE STAR FOX* and *TAU ZERO*. It combines the middleaged entrepreneur versus the leftist fanatic's plot of the former with the space-time odyssey of the latter. Shipping magnate Dan Brodersen and his tiny band of loyal followers strive to make contact with friendly aliens before devious bureaucrats can isolate mankind permanently. But their flight takes a wrong shortcut through a star gate and they must hop from system to system and era to era looking for the Others, the benevolent Elder Race that built the gates in order to get home. Unfortunately, the book meanders in awkward, episodic fashion replete with flashbacks, insertions and viewpoint shifts. Perhaps the author couldn't decide what he was trying to say. I looked in vain for *TAU ZERO*'s harmonious integration of theme, plot and structure.

Much of the external apparatus is excruciatingly familiar -- the lush colonial planet with all its poetically named places, animals, and plants (a touch of flippancy now and then would be a welcome novelty), the ethnically variegated crew (each in clearly identifiable cultural wrapper), the misguided villains (one traumatized by the sight of a slain little girl -- little boys make less poignant casualties) the therapeutic seductions, the handwringings about parenthood, the political arguments, the debates on Life and Fate. The effect is rather



er like a weary repertory company repainting its sets and changing its costumes for yet another tour through the provinces.

And the characters! What an implausible and erratically developed lot they are. The author professes disinterest in "grubby little neuroses" so he presents an array of grubby large neuroses for which liberal doses of sex and pop psych are prescribed. Exploring so many hangups at tedious and unconvincing length generates about as much drama as the sight of a monkey troop picking each other's fleas. Part of the problem is technical. Constantly changing viewpoint from character to character and mode to mode blurs the novel's focus. It ought to have been redrafted from beginning to end.

Hero Brodersen starts out as a tough, supercompetent magnate in the manner of *STAR FOX*'s Gunnar Heim but speedily deteriorates into a middleaged fool thrashing about in schoolboy rut. Oh, for another wise, indomitable leader like Charles Reymont in *TAU ZERO*.

But the real cancer at the novel's heart is Caitlin, the avatar of the title. The author would have us regard her as the perfect flower of femininity, with a mind that tosses off "the kind of insight that came to Newton and Einstein" but a sow in perpetual heat cuts a grotesque figure in that role. Ostensibly Brodersen's mistress, she works tirelessly to spread her morale-building favors among the rest of the crew. (I kept waiting for her to start on the furniture, alla la Empress Theodora.) Since Anderson has always denied modeling his fictional characters on real people -- a denial he pointedly reiterated in regard to *THE AVATAR* -- then in what brain lesion was Caitlin begotten? She is the most profoundly obnoxious female protagonist he has ever created. Would that the slut had choked on a wad of

shamrocks before her presence ruined the book completely.

Caitlin is the literary equivalent of Irish Spring soap. It is her phoniness that raises my mitteleuropaischen hackles, not Irishness per se. Why some of my best friends.... In fact, I read samples of Caitlin's hokey brogue to one of them. "Top of the morning," sneered Dr. George Oliver Plunkett O'Doherty, late of Trinity College, Dublin, "Is the sort of thing a greeter at the Galway Hilton might say." The only time my informant recalled hearing a fellow countryman use the expression was in a drunken Irishman act gotten up for the discomfiture of London policemen. Anderson has never had a notable ear for dialogue but his underachievement here is startling. (He does just as poorly with his "frog-faced" Frenchwoman Susanne and his Prussian "she-soldier" Frieda Von Molke -- what a name! -- but they are on stage less.)

Irish culture is likewise mis-handled. Take for instance Caitlin's self-description as a "bard" and her show of awe at another character she terms a "Druid". The bards and druids of ancient Ireland actually belonged to the same pre-eminent social class. Caitlin's prototype is not to be sought among the bards but the crosssain, lowlife wandering entertainers who doubled in harlotry. Anne McCaffery gets these things right but Anderson is sadly betrayed by insufficient knowledge and lack of authentic experience.

Brodersen's good little wife Lis stays home tending the children and the family business. Now and then Brodersen remembers to mumble something about loving her just as much but the scope of his infatuation with Caitlin prevents this from sounding sincere. Too bad. Tolerant Lis seems possessed of every reasonable excellence except a knack for kissing bushes goodby which Brodersen finds irresistible in Caitlin.

Caitlin's antagonist is Joelle the "holothete" who can achieve total union with computers. The contest is "female of love" against "female of intellect" but the issue is never really in doubt. Joelle cannot possibly win -- the pitiable creature is the only non-ethnic aboard and is so utterly wrong-headed she even hates Kipling. In-

telling must yield to emotion, introversion to extroversion, indoors to outdoors, quasi-Buddhist detachment to neo-pagan participation, vicarious experience to real. Thought is dehumanizing, sex divinizing. Better to be laid by an illusion than link with a machine. The author stoops to all manner of string-pulling and card-stacking to have his way. His last trick is to employ a pair of Hibernian di ex machina in a climax that depends on preposterous coincidence and the outrageous notion that the Sidhe were really superior aliens in clever Irish disguise. The hallowed idea that heaven welcomes the humble and inept but rejects the proud and gifted has taken a blasphemous turn in Anderson's hands.

THE AVATAR is a weary, windy book sagging under its own length and the weight of the propaganda it carries. Its characters remain mouthpieces for the author's opinions. They never transcend their typecasting as the crew in TAU ZERO did. It sacrifices art to glorify libertarianism and sentimental lust. Political lectures are dreary enough but a virtual thrust-by-thrust account of a six-month fuckathon makes dull reading indeed. Anderson has never discussed love so much nor dramatized it so poorly. Hedonism masquerades as heroism. After a whole long career advocating brave struggle against hopeless odds, the author has apparently decided he would rather swive than fight. This radical change in his attitude is ominous.

If Anderson had only kept his nose out of his heroine's wam, moist crotch he might have written a great science fiction novel. He passed up his chance to show instead of describe a totally superior Elder Race. He wastes the potentially fascinating Betans -- the Betan emissary is not described until 55 pages after his first entrance -- and their feebly social crisis never assumes its expected importance in the plot. Sure, the book has a few good points: The star gates and computer symbiosis are interesting extrapolations of technology, the astrophysical phenomena are beautiful as well as strange and a few passages such as the autobiographies of the avatars and Joelle's augmented perceptions are rendered in memorable style. But the overall effect is wretched. I cannot recall being so thoroughly disappointed and infuriated by an SF novel. THE AVATAR demonstrates the truth of the old dictum "corruptio optimi pessima": When the best go bad they go rotten.

INFINITE DREAMS
By Joe Haldeman
St. Martin's, 1978

Reviewed by Orson Scott Card

Science fiction is probably the only genre where good writers can regularly get away with publishing stories that have no characters in them. I don't mean that they have stereotyped characters, like gothics or westerns; I mean that characters simply aren't necessary except as devices to move the plot along. Think about it -- how important are the characters in Clarke's "The Star", Asimov's "Nightfall", Heinlein's "All You Zombies". True, there has to be some character there, some person. But change even essential details about the characters' personalities and you still have the same story.

Because in science fiction we often deal so much with ideas that we write, not fiction, but untrue history. That is, the event is the story, and it is merely for readability or sheer conventionality that the writer makes the event happen to someone. The character simply doesn't matter; the events do not arise from the character. They simply happen.

Which brings me to Joe Haldeman's INFINITE DREAMS, a collection of stories that appeared in practically every SF magazine and a lot of the anthologies. Haldeman is a fine writer -- in reading the stories I got that terribly uncomfortable feeling that I wished I had written the stories, and thanks to Haldeman now I never could.

Yet when I finished the book, which had a great deal of emotional impact on me, I couldn't remember very many people.

And upon looking back through the stories I realized that there simply weren't that many people. "Counterpoint" was simply an exercise in predestination -- the characters' own will had no impact on events. "Tricentennial", which won the 1977 short story Hugo, is pure history -- juggle characters all you like, and the story still comes out the same. "To Howard Hughes: A Modest Proposal" just explains a rather far-fetched pie-in-the-sky method for de-nuclearizing the arsenals of the world; again, the characters are trivial to the events. And so on, through most of the thirteen stories in the book.

According to my high school English teacher, this should make the stories bad.

My English teacher is wrong with a capital R. Because in SF, the

best writers can get away with that. Unfortunately, too many of the not-so-best writers don't realize the skill that goes into turning a chunk of future history into a readable story. Haldeman is one of the few who know how to do it right.

And yet, when I was through with the book, my favorite story was not one of the history yarns. -- Nor was it one of the humorous stories, though Haldeman handles humor very well (except for the minor flaw that the buildup in "Mazel Tov Revolution" and "All the Universe in a Mason Jar" is so good that the punchline is a definite letdown).

My favorite story was the one story that depended, from beginning to end, on the personalities of two characters: "Summer's Lease", which was published in ANALOG as "Truth to Tell".

Don't misunderstand -- all the stories are worth reading. But for this story alone, buy the book.

"Summer's Lease" is about a human colony on a world that is virtually destroyed every few generations, so thoroughly that except for a fragmented, distorted book of scriptures (selections from which are excellent) the descendants of the colonists have no knowledge of their origin, no realization of the skills and technology lost in each cataclysm. And, inevitably, atheism sets in. The story deals with Lars Martin, one of the few who is trying to stem the tide and get the people to cling to the last remnants of truth.

The story is one of the perfect ones, one of the stories that transcends the genre and the cliché background (all our backgrounds by now are cliché) and stands head and shoulders above the rest of the author's own work. Haldeman may disagree, but for me at least, "Summer's Lease" works as a masterpiece ought to work.

And it makes me wonder if perhaps my old English teacher was right after all. It's possible to write stories in our genre that don't depend on characterization. But when our finest writers develop beautiful characters, the stories that arise from them make me hungry for more.



Reviewed by John Shirley

The gradual plotting of the opening chapters of Jack Vance's chapter featuring the ruler of the Alastor Cluster (3000 inhabited worlds, chronicled fractionally by Vance in other related but distinct Alastor books), the Connatic. In this chapter we are given a trenchant, witty outline of society on WYST, as well as a suspense-stoking adumbration of something amiss involving a certain Jantiff Ravensroke. But the story actually commences with and may well have been written, originally, from -- Chapter Two, when Jantiff Ravensroke wins an art contest and realizes his dream to travel to other worlds. Being a painter, Jantiff chooses the world where "... sun and atmosphere cooperate to produce an absolutely glorious light, where every surface quivers with its true and just color..." WYST. He goes to Arrabus, on WYST.

WYST is a supposedly classless society celebrating its Centenary Festival, 100 years of the Egalistic Manifesto. "...This document enjoins all ... Arrabins to a society based upon human equality in conditions of freedom from toil, want and coercion... The realization of these ideals has not been without dislocation..." Vance's dry irony pervades his explication on Egalism, and it is shortly clear that much of the book is a satire on socialism, and a salient one. The inhabitants of Arrabus work only in brief "drudges" twice weekly. The food is synthetic and unvarying from day to day, this palate-dulling regimen producing a cult of "bonter" raiding, illicitly obtaining real food by stealing from non-Arrabin farmers and by arranging peculiar feasts with gypsies. The comparison to the average Russian's fascination with Western products and junk-goods is unavoidable. Vance parodies socialism's typical superficial lip-service to high ideals, their propaganda hiding cor-

ruption, immorality and disregard for individual rights.

Jantiff is fascinated with the Arrabin dedication to "... self-fulfillment, pleasure and frivolity". (This aspect could be a satire of the American incipient Welfare State).

But he is disturbed by the careless, emotionless sexuality everywhere exhibited, by casual murders, by the sick fixation on "bonter", by the twisted public displays of violence and humiliation in the Shunk battles and by the casual thievery. His dismay is redoubled when he learns of a conspiracy involving his room-mate, which eventually resolves into a plan for a murderous coup -- and the death of a man who knows too much, Jantiff Ravensroke.

Vance takes us halfway through the tale before the ominous fore-shadowings become clear conflict, and some may find the going just a trifle tedious. But not this reader -- Vance's power to stun me with a lucid picture, a well-turned phrase, a stunning irony is given further impact by the careful, adult characterization and its subtle interplays. This is no space opera -- this is a brilliant analysis of a society and a microcosmic group of characters. And more than once WYST will jolt you with plot revelations, horrors made piquant by perverse humor.

Vance carefully delineates each change of scenery, sensitively coloring in background details, so that, as Jantiff is forced to flee southwards into the Weirldlands, the action again takes a backseat -- but again the beauty of Vance's writing compels the astute reader onward.

As in most of Vance's SF or Fantasy novels, the protagonist of WYST is forced to dicker with avaricious shopkeepers, tavernowners, salt-of-the-earth salesmen of every variety. These commonfolk seem to speak with an uncommon formality, in a style rococo and polysyllabic and universal from planet to planet and culture to culture, though Vance usually remembers to include endemic parochial references.

But break down these speeches -- and I am including the remarks of aborigines and mountain-bandits of other books who spout philosophy lamenting existential dilemmas and determinism -- into more ordinary vernacular and you will find that the shopkeeper, bandit, whomever, is saying just what might be expected in the given situation ... Vance chooses to elaborate a simple statement into a series of ironic convolutions and one can only guess at his motives. I delight in these dialogues -- I find them charming and amusing and in keeping with his overall style. But, additionally, perhaps

he is saying that the wisdom of the simple man is as great or greater than the wisdom of the complex man -- so it seems appropriate to state it, in translating, in erudite language. This is, oddly, an "egalistic" sentiment. Vance's characters frequently point out that Life does not choose its favorites in accordance with the classes of men -- we are all victims of fate and circumstance. The Great Equalizer is the ultimate Egalist.

WYST: ALASTOR 1716 may be slow-paced in places, but it never really flags. I strain to find flaws in this gem -- Jantiff's fingers are broken near the end, but shortly thereafter he seems to have the use of them again, rather miraculously, and no healing process is referenced. If this is an oversight, it is a rarity in the book -- Vance has created another charmingly verbose and beautifully functional kinetic sculpture powered by social critique, poetry, intrigue and romance. A fascination.

THE HOUSE ON LILY STREET

By John Holbrook Vance
Woodward-Miller, Jan. 1979, 195 pp.
Copy limited edition, \$20.00

THE VIEW FROM CHICKWEED'S WINDOW

By John Holbrook Vance
Woodward-Miller, Jan. 1979, 450 pp.
Copy limited edition, \$20.00

Underwood-Miller
239 N. 4th St.,
Columbia, PA 17512

Reviewed by Don Herron

To the true limited edition book collector a print run of 500 copies is acceptable, but just so -- 300 copies is the preferred maximum number. An Arkham House edition of 2,000 or 3,000 copies hardly is limited by this minute standard, nor are most editions published in hardcover by the P&SF specialists. I confess that I do not know anyone who collects the true limited edition, and only a few persons who collect the 2,000 copy or so old Arkhams circulating about. The reason is that I know few people with lots of money, which is one of the main requirements for collecting such items, as witness these two Jack Vance mysteries at \$20.00 a piece.

THE HOUSE ON LILY STREET and THE VIEW FROM CHICKWEED'S WINDOW are previously unpublished novels of suspense and detection from the early 1950s, when Vance was writing quite a few mysteries to see if he could make a better living writing in that



field in science fiction. He wrote his mysteries under his full and correct name of "John Holbrook Vance", his SF as "Jack". Neither of these two novels is great stuff for the genre, yet both are decently crafted, have their moments and humor, and certainly are worthwhile for the serious Vance collector.

As collectors' editions, they are fine, limited so that they may be considered truly limited even to those wealthy bibliophiles alluded to above, with good binding and all that, and acid-neutralized paper. A "collector's edition" done today that is not printed on acid-free paper is, as far as I'm concerned, a joke. These two books will last a hundred years or more, while other expensive volumes will crumble to time long before then, as will most people collecting them. The dust-jackets (and frontispieces taken from the jackets) for both books are by Steve Fabian.

From a practical point I could note that the expense involved in typesetting and advertising a 450 copy edition is about the same as for a thousand or even 3,000 copy edition, yet what has that to do with the Romance of collecting? What if a publisher charges \$10 a copy on a 450 copy edition when he might have printed 1,000 and sold them for \$5, but must keep them in stock longer? The hell with all that. Books like these are for collectors, these two for Jack Vance collectors specifically. I imagine that there are 450 of that Order waiting for this chance. Two new first editions!

THE SOURCE OF MAGIC

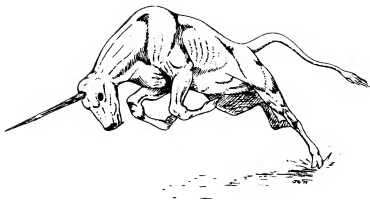
By Piers Anthony
Del Rey Fantasy, 1979, 326 pp.

Reviewed by Mark Cofta

A SPELL FOR CHAMELEON won the British Fantasy Society's award for best novel last year, and certainly deserved it. THE SOURCE OF MAGIC continues the story of Bink a year after the first book ends.

Both novels are great fun. Anthony spins a good yarn and is clever and witty throughout. Younger folk will enjoy Bink and the magical land of Xanth, and squeamish types need not worry about sex or violence. Bink, having discovered his magic talent, leaves his nagging wife to seek the source of Xanth's magic, taking two companions who are also unhappy with their mates. There are enough twists and turns to keep it interesting, and Anthony maintains a good pace.

Unfortunately, the background



information is thrust in quickly and awkwardly, making it confusing for those who didn't read A SPELL FOR CHAMELEON and boring for those who did. But that's only the first chapter.

Anthony left this wide open for a sequel, too. THE SOURCE OF MAGIC is an enjoyable, lighthearted fantasy well worth reading.

THE GREAT FETISH

By L. Sprague de Camp
Doubleday, 177 pp., \$7.95

Reviewed by Steven E. McDonald

THE GREAT FETISH concerns Marko (his last name being a nasty), who has been shoved in the slammer for subversive practices. His wife runs off with his friend, and Marko, by custom, has to chase and kill both. He escapes from jail, follows them, meets a slightly eccentric inventor, crosses the desert, where a robber band attacks their caravan, and ends up, having promised not to kill wife and lover, in Lann, where, oops, he accidentally kills the lover. He escapes Lann by balloon (the inventor), accidentally ends up in Afrika (aka Africa, where dem big black debills beat dem drum and eat de misshunnurry); leaving Afrika, they end up on Maennu (women, swoon, faint, ooh), and, finally, Vien, where they kidnap a dictator, after which they return to Maennu, to solve the mystery of the Great Fetish.

As the mystery is probably the only interest in the whole thing, I won't reveal it. It's not very great after all.

All this requires jigsaw-puzzle plotting, all standard pieces, stock cardboard characters, and standard prose. Given interest, it could have sustained a few frantic battles, some hell-for-leather chases, and a couple of narrow escapes. The result,

unfortunately, is unleavened dullness, and definitely not good satire -- hell, it isn't even funny. The satires on societies are heavy-handed -- typical chauvinist view of the women, rather racist view of blacks, and clichéd, two-sentence pats at London and New York. All the problems are solved without fuss, nobody musses their hair, and, I rather hope, nobody will pay \$7.95 for this piece of tripe.

NIGHT'S MASTER

By Tathil Lee
DAW Books, #313 for November, 1978
188 pp., \$1.75, Cover by Geo. Barr.

Reviewed by David A. Truesdale

Even given Tathil Lee's talent in giving us a truly fantastical dreamworld filled with dastardly demons, gibbering Drin, imaginative sorceries and evil curses, there is something wrong with this interwoven series of short stories. The problem appears to be in the first draft quality -- off on and off -- throughout the entire book, offset with the oh so obviously beautifully written remainder. This unevenness lends the atmosphere of quickly written sketches to what would otherwise be well detailed and rounded stories, and a hastily compiled series of combined "morality" tales and weird magics is not what we have come to expect from the author of such lengthy and intricately detailed heroic epics as THE BIRTHGRAVE, QUEST FOR THE WHITE WITCH, THE STORM LORD and others.

No, NIGHT'S MASTER pays much more homage to her previous excursion into witchcraft and magic, VOLK-HAVAAR, a very fine book that should have received more attention than it appears to have. But the books are as different as night and day. MASTER draws much more heavily from various Classical and Eastern mythologies than did VOLK-HAVAAR, in its re-

lating the gods/demons of the underworld cavort, prey upon, and make life miserable for the inhabitants of the surface of Earth. A rear cover remark even likens this series of tales to those of the Arabian Nights, just to give you another idea as to the flavor of this tapestry, though the comparison may be taken in this regard only.

So, despite the sketchiness of some of the prose, if you like curling up by the fire on a cold night to read about a maiden's tears turned into a dazzling necklace sought by the Prince of Demons, or how because this same Prince of Darkness cannot have the beauty of a mortal he changes her lover into a hideous monster, or how Azhram seduces and makes love to a beautiful male child he has taken from its dying mother -- then buy this book. The four fine interior illustrations by George Barr don't hurt either, for that matter.

THE DREAM QUEST OF H.P. LOVECRAFT
By Darrell Schweitzer. \$2.45.
Borgo Press, POB 2845, San Bernardino,
CA 92406.

WORLDS BEYOND THE WORLD
By Richard Mathews
Borgo Press, \$2.45

Reviewed by Lee Weinstein

These are two recent additions to Borgo Press's Milford series, a series of critical booklets which has covered such popular writers as Harlan Ellison, Kurt Vonnegut, Arthur C. Clarke and Anthony Burgess.

A number of books have been written about Lovecraft lately, mainly about his life, but Darrell Schweitzer, someone who needs no introduction in these pages, has written an exhaustive critical commentary on the man's work. Unlike the MONARCH NOTES, critical commentary on Lovecraft, which examines a small number of his stories in great detail, Schweitzer attempts to cover all of Lovecraft's fiction, and consequently, is able to devote a limited amount of space to each story. Therefore there is no analysis of symbolic content as in MONARCH NOTES. For each story Schweitzer gives a very brief synopsis and a somewhat detailed structural analysis covering such things as prose style, use of exposition, use of climax and anti-climax and internal logic. He explains why Lovecraft's better stories are effective, and is not afraid to tear apart the lesser efforts.

The book follows Lovecraft's career chronologically, starting with the juvenilia. There are also sec-

tions at the end of his so-called revisions for clients, his non-fiction, and his poetry. Perhaps the best section of the book is the one on Lovecraft's "Dunsanian" period. This is an excellent account of exactly which elements of the stories were derived from which of Dunsany's early fantasies, and shows how Lovecraft gradually used these elements more and more to his own unique purposes.

My main objection to this book is the bibliographical details scattered throughout, concerning such things as publication histories of certain tales, pointing out Lovecraft's ineptness in such matters. Although interesting, they are not really relevant here, and can be found elsewhere. The book is, however, a good inexpensive guide to Lovecraft and should be of interest to Lovecraft fans.

WORLDS BEYOND THE WORLD is subtitled the FANTASTIC VISION OF WILLIAM MORRIS and covers just about all of Morris's fiction. I say "just about" because at least one short story, "Frank's Sealed Letter", has been omitted, probably because of its modern setting; I don't know if there are other omissions.

Morris worked mainly in the novel length. Therefore, he wrote considerably fewer works than a short story writer like Lovecraft, and Richard Mathews was able to devote more space to each work. However, proportionately more space is devoted to synopsis. There is little emphasis on the mechanics of Morris's storytelling. Unlike Schweitzer, Mathews ignores such things and concentrates on symbolic and emotional content in the stories. There is no mention of the faults in Morris's fiction. There are attempts, however, to show how many of the stories reflect Morris's political and philosophical beliefs and the changes that can be seen as the works are followed in chronological order.

I personally find much of Morris's fiction incomprehensible. This book has shown me that there is apparently some sort of logic at work in these stories, although I still don't pretend to understand some of the shorter works. In any case, this book should be rather enlightening, and certainly of interest to Morris fans.



THE VEILS OF AZLAROC
By Fred Saberhagen
Ace Paperback, 216 pp., \$1.95
Reviewed by Neal Wilgus

Black holes are magic and for a very good reason -- their "naked singularities" are alien to the Einsteinian universe we've known up to now and in them therefore literally anything can happen. In THE VEILS OF AZLAROC Fred Saberhagen has taken unequal parts black hole, pulsar and star-like planet and concocted as big as a world as you're likely to find. For Azlaroc is an Earth-like desert world that somehow exists on the surface of a star-sized mass through the combined magic of black hole, pulsar and willing suspension of disbelief by the reader.

The same magic combination also results in the veils that fall on Azlaroc from space each year, veils that seal each layer of time into a separate but overlapping world, trapping first the unsuspecting explorers and then the succeeding waves of settlers. For once the veil has fallen it's death to attempt to escape through Azlaroc's foreshortened sky -- while staying means practical immortality through the veil's protective coating against time. And as the veils continue to pile up, those trapped beneath them become increasingly distant, insubstantial, out of touch with the activities of the outside universe and the latest tourists and settlers on Azlaroc.

This is the black hole magic that Saberhagen has conjured up for us and it's this Azlarocene world that steals the show. True, there are several overlapping stories told in the process, centering around the early arrival of veilfall this year, but none of them rise to the level of creation that Azlaroc and its veils reach. So as you follow the exploits of Sorokin and Ramchandarra who attempt to escape through the black hole, or Timmins who tries to warn of the early veilfall, or Dittmars who is hired to retrieve a book of poems from the veil's grasp, or Hagen who has returned in search of a lost love -- you find constantly that the place being described is more moving than any of the people. In fact, alas, Sorokin and Timmins and the others are pretty much interchangeable since none of them are developed into convincing individuals.

There are some other problems too. Blacksky, for instance, is an intriguing area of Azlaroc described in the opening section, but it is never visited again and rarely mentioned, so why include it in the first place? Similarly, the story of Hagen's search for his lost love is hardly developed at all and the space devoted to it could have been

much better spent in developing the other characters and story lines more fully. And for some reason, Saberhagen tries to convince us that the first year explorers of Azlaroc waited over four hundred years before starting a new generation -- something that is as unconvincing as it is unnecessary to the plot.

But for all its shortcomings, THE VEILS OF AZLAROC is a good read and Azlaroc itself is an unusual and colorful world well worth the visit. Saberhagen might do well to develop a series of Azlarocan books, in fact, for now that he's established his unique world of black hole magic he is in a good position to revisit the place and begin to develop some real people there too. Let's hope he does

THE HOLMES-DRACULA FILE

By Fred Saberhagen
Ace Paperback, 249 pp., \$1.95

Reviewed by Neal Wilgus

Fred Saberhagen has outdone himself with THE HOLMES-DRACULA FILE, which is just what the title reveals it to be -- Sherlock Holmes meets Count Dracula. And why not? If Holmes can team up with Sigmund Freud in Nicholas Meyer's THE SEVEN-PERCENT SOLUTION, then surely he's fair game for any other Arthur Conan Doyle contemporary. The only question is -- how well is it done?

In this case it's done very well indeed. With alternating chapters of Dracula and Holmes (or rather Watson) viewpoints, a single, fast paced story is quickly built up and the pace is maintained right on through to the end. The action takes place in London in 1897 soon after the events recorded in Doyle's "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot", and it marks Dracula's second visit to the city on the Thames.

Holmes and Dracula don't operate in a vacuum, either, for there is other skullduggery afoot centering around the Giant Rat of Sumatra, although the big rodent only makes one appearance in the flesh. Then there is the evil Dr. Fitzroy and his villainous assistants who make the big mistake of waylaying Dracula as one of their experimental victims and bigger mistake of trying to black-mail London with the threat of Plague when Holmes is bound to take an active hand in the case. Stereotype piled atop stereotype, perhaps, but somehow Saberhagen makes it all work and makes HOLMES-DRACULA a rattling good read.

There are a few weaknesses too, of course -- particularly in the Dracula sections where Saberhagen endows

the Count with such superhuman power that his successes are too easy to ring true. And there is some slackening of credulity toward the end when the reader may occasionally get the uneasy feeling that something somewhere has gone slightly awry. But no matter -- HOLMES-DRACULA is fast paced entertainment in the grand old style of Doyle and Stoker and is best approached as pure enjoyment.

Well worth the read.

STAR KING

By Jack Vance
DAW Books, #305 for Sept. 1978
160 pp., \$1.75
Cover by Gino D'Acille
(Originally published 1963)

THE KILLING MACHINE

By Jack Vance
DAW Books, #309 for Oct., 1978
159 pp., \$1.75
Cover by Gino D'Acille
(Originally published 1964)

Reviewed by David A. Truesdale

These are the first two in what I presume are to be five novels in the Demon Princes series. I say presume because I've no idea if the other three were ever written, or if they were, if Don Wolheim plans to reprint them all. In any case, the basic premise of them all is fairly simple -- several thousand years from now, when the galaxy even unto the farthest reaches Beyond is traveled and colonized frequently, there have arisen five evil and very powerful pirate captains who, in a show of force, destroy an entire village on a planet refusing to pay tribute. Kirth Gersen was a child at the time, and though he and his grandfather escaped, they witnessed the death of Gersen's parents. Gersen was brought up by his grandfath-

er with a purpose in mind: Revenge. And revenge it is in these first two books.

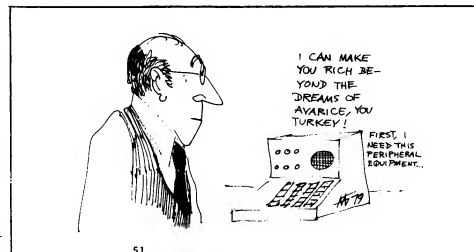
STAR KING has Kirth seeking out and destroying one Attel Malagate (the Woe), amidst kidnapping, murder, torture, planet hopping, and a fair dose of sense of wonder, and the second in the series, THE KILLING MACHINE, follows pretty much the same formula as Kirth defeats Kor Hekkus (the Killing Machine). The pacing is tight, tension level good, and scenes and characters varied and different enough to make each one a good book. Sure, we know the good guys are going to triumph over the "most dreaded criminals in the universe", but the Demon Princes put up quite a struggle at times, and Jack Vance throws just enough monkey wrenches into the game to make it continually interesting. No Major or Important offerings these, but good old honest sci-fi interplanetary intrigue and adventure. Written well enough to be recommended

THE LAST MAGICIAN, VOLUME I

1978 -- 9 Stories from WEIRD TALES
By David H. Keller
The David H. Keller Memorial Library
\$5.00 or \$20.00 for a 5-volume sub.
9 1/8 x 6 1/8", P.D.A. Enterprises
Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182
(84 pp., paperback)

Reviewed by James J.J. Wilson

This is the first volume of a project which should have been done long ago. David H. Keller was probably the best consistent contributor to Hugo Gernsback's magazines in the late 20s and early 30s. He was one of the early practitioners of "psychological" science fiction and fantasy, qualified by the fact of being a practicing psychiatrist for many years before turning to professional writing.



Although Keller was always popular among readers of Science Fiction and Fantasy pulps, one wonders why Keller never wrote more fiction for the mass market. Keller's deceptively straight-forward style is probably what kept his work from being widely recognized for so long.

This first volume contains nine short stories which originally appeared in WEIRD TALES between 1928 and 1943, reprinted from the original magazine pages including illustrations by Finlay and others. The reproduction is mostly very good and the book is printed on heavy book paper with plans for all five volumes to eventually be collected and cloth bound.

I am anxiously awaiting volume two: THE CONQUERERS which was the first science fiction novel I ever read when I happened to acquire some old back issues of Gernsback's SCIENCE WONDER STORIES.

Note that the price is \$20.00, for five volumes rather than four, as mis-quoted by Dick Lupoff in STARSHIP/ALGOL.

I recommend this for all Science Fiction & Fantasy readers who are more than just "Sci-Fi" fans. I'm glad that Dr. Keller's works are no longer doomed to remain in the yellowing magazines in Sam Moskowitz's and Forry Ackerman's closets.

PATTERNMASTER

By Octavia Butler
Avon, 160 pp., \$1.75
Cover Art by Clyde Caldwell.

Reviewed by Paul McGuire III

The Patternmaster is dying. Among the upper echelons of the telepathic patternists, a ruthless power struggle is imminent. (In addition to the castes of the mental network, there are also non-telepathic humans called mutants who are considered to be inferior and are enslaved, and a race of humanoid-sphinx berserkers.) Win or die, the tyro is forced into dangerous intrigue when he learns that he is the son of the Patternmaster.

Politics here is as ruthless and violent as ancient Rome, and Ms. Butler's complex characters are all experts at survival. Some accept the best terms they can get, a few will accept only complete freedom at any price to themselves or others, but all are fascinating and believable products of their world.

Ms. Butler has given her patternist society the lushness of Bradley's DARKOVER, Harrison's PASTEL CITY, Harness's world of PARADOX MEN

and Zelazny's AMBER. (Homage of a sort is paid to the latter.) Without lectures or history lessons she creates a feeling of culture, past, religion and custom; while detailing the way of life of superior, although most often amoral, men and women in an exotic realm far enough into the future to make possible an interface between science-fiction and fantasy. In this excellently set forth thriller, Ms. Butler may have been influenced by other writers, but she is not imitative. PATTERNMASTER is the work of a major talent.

CATCHWORLD

By Chris Boyce
Fawcett, \$1.75

Reviewed by Michael Maida

There's good writing here and lots of new ideas. Enough ideas for five SF novels, in fact. New developments come so often that there's no real unity. New theories are adopted and old hypotheses discarded so often by the characters that, after finishing the book, I can't be sure what did happen.

CATCHWORLD concerns a mission to Altair to avenge an attack on Earth which took place in the early 21st Century. Using very high speed projectiles launched from an orbit about Jupiter, a fleet of intelligent crystalloids managed to destroy Earth's major cities. Earth destroyed the crystalloids and detected a last-minute radio message beamed to Altair. Afterwards, an intensive program was begun to bolster Earth's defense and to develop an interstellar offensive capability.

About 15 years later, at the novel's start, a fleet of seven fusion-powered ships leave for Altair. The plan is to use their lasers to make the star go nova. Most of the action takes place on one of these ships, the Yukoku. To say the least, things don't go exactly to plan. Some of the unexpected developments: An ambush by the crystalloids very early in the journey, (many) confrontations with the Yukoku's Machine Intelligence over dominance of the ship, absorption of the crew's personalities by the Machine Intelligence, esp contact with aliens, the emergence of an Overmind which consists of the total Collective Unconsciousness of the MI and the humans, the discovery that the humans and the crystalloids are merely pawns of another alien race with powers beyond our comprehension, magic and exorcisms, and a final confrontation with an evil intelli-

gence which left Earth on a newly-developed FTL ship years after the first fleet.

As Boyce says of the Yukoku's crew, "This rate of change, this speed at which they had come to adapt to the new and strange situations had now become their norm". It becomes the reader's norm, too, but that doesn't make it any easier. I can only recommend this book if you want to test your brain-stretching abilities to the limit.

POWER PLAY

By Kenneth M. Cameron
Popular Library, 1979, 351 pp.
\$2.25

Reviewed by Dean R. Lamber

A lot of writers not of the genre are penning SF -- most unsuccessfully. Despite his familiar "after things fell apart" theme, Cameron has managed to portray a near future disaster with a certain depth and charm.

When a massive, longterm electrical blackout hits the Northeast, that part of the country quickly crumbles into anarchy. East from Ohio and north from Virginia, inflation-shocked Americans try to survive in a man-eats-dog world. POWER PLAY follows the transformation of several characters in this cowardly new world, but principally the tragedies and triumphs of Garrett and Hallie Dickson are chronicled. Hallie, the first female VP, is suddenly thrust into the Presidency when her predecessor dies from radiation poisoning. Her trials by fire in the effort to preserve a crippled country are paralleled by the struggles of a simple accountant, Garrett, for individual survival. Both Hallie and Garrett succeed -- but at terrible cost.

Secondary characters are well drawn. The divergent paths of two rich girl friends -- one as guerrilla warlord, the other as refugee camp co-leader -- provide good contrast. And the presentation of Presidential Advisor Beveridge is both believable and realistic.

Of course, we can't admit Cameron into the "club" when he thinks the AEs still oversee nuke plants and doesn't know where those plants are located. It would also help if Cameron didn't try to put 37 people in a Space Shuttle. But from an outsider, even one who believes people could carry about \$100,000 worth of gold in their pockets, it's not a bad job.

DROWNED AMMET
By Diana Wynne Jones
1978, 255 pp., \$7.95
Atheneum Books, 122 E. 42nd St.,
NY, NY, 10017 ISBN: 0-689-30620-2

Reviewed by Frederick Patten

One of the greatest pleasures in reading is to discover a new author whose every book is a delight. Diana Wynne Jones is such an author. I've now read four of her novels, and all have been excellent. I eagerly await her next.

DROWNED AMMET is the second book in a projected series of five (the first was CART AND CUIDDER) that revolve about certain events in a mythical land vaguely analogous to 17th century Baltic Europe. The two remind me simultaneously of LeGuin's Earthsea trilogy and of Pratt's THE WELL OF THE UNICORN. That's not bad company to be in.

Drowned Ammet is a dummy. The people of Holand have a sea festival each autumn in which the reigning Earl throws a mannikin known as Poor Old Ammet into the harbor to bring good luck. The people of Holand have not had much good luck for decades, because the current Earl is a bloody tyrant. Mitt was born on a festival day, but his happy youth is cut short when his parents are taxed out of their farm and forced to join the unskilled laborers of the seaport. Mitt's embittered father joins a revolutionary movement, but he is apparently betrayed by his comrades to the Earl's police. Mitt vows vengeance against both the Earl and the movement when he grows up. But as he grows he learns that neither the situation nor the individuals are as simplistic as they had seemed when he was a child.

The novel is really about the maturing of three people, Mitt and two of the Earl's grandchildren. All start out sure of what the world is like and of their roles in it. All have many surprises as their knowledge of social forces deepens, as they meet and interact with each other, and as they learn the real motivations behind the seemingly straightforward acts of others. There's humorous suspense (youthful Mitt's attempt to assassinate Earl Hadd), serious drama (the struggle of Mitt, Hildy and Men in a small boat lost in a stormy sea), and political intrigue (machinations both in the Earl's court and among the revolutionists), all in a colorfully archaic setting. The success of the book really rests on the well-fleshed characterizations and the clever dialog, however. There are characters both likeable and unlikeable, but all are interesting enough that the reader will want to find out what happens to all of them.

Yes, the story contains overt fantasy, too. It doesn't appear until the very end of the novel, though, as the trio learns the long-forgotten religious significance of Poor Old Ammet and what the sea festival really means. This may disappoint some readers who like their magic in large doses right from the beginning. Speaking personally, I quickly became so engrossed in the really fine story that I wouldn't have minded if it had turned out to be a mundane historical novel (in an imaginary setting) after all. CART AND CUIDDER also had only a few scenes of actual fantasy at the climax; I assume that Jones will bring together all her hints about the supernatural powers that guide the nations of the Balemart at the conclusion of her pentology. That's beside the point. DROWNED AMMET is a fine novel in its own right. read it, by all means.

THE NIGHTMARE FACTOR

By Thomas N. Scortia &
Frank M. Robinson
Bantam, 1978, 337 pp., \$2.50

Reviewed by Dean R. Lambie

The team that brought you a flying skyscraper and a run-away nuclear power plant are at it again -- this time with a disastrous disease. The setting is right out of today's headlines and the market is mainstream, but Scortia & Robinson have not forgotten their SF roots.

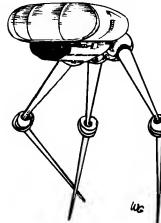
Dr. Calvin Doohan, slayer of smallpox for the World Health Organization, gets caught up in THE NIGHTMARE FACTOR while on loan to the San Francisco Public Health Dept. A new "Veteran's Disease" with a 100% fatality rate strikes convention-goers in that city where some have left their hearts, and Doohan -- along with Major Hanson of the Army Chemical Corps -- quickly realizes that the killer is more than a simple flu, is probably a biological warfare attack by an unknown power. The disease rapidly runs its course and the mystery is increased by a lack of secondary infections. As a Scot, and therefore foreign national, Doohan is soon excluded from direct involvement by the suspicious Major Hanson, and must get information through his new liaison with Dr. Suzanne Synge, and via friendship with the gentle teddybear biochemist, Paul French. (Hmmm, biochemist "Paul French" with a son named Isaac?!)

As various people who had some connection with the infected veterans are murdered, the notion of bio-

logical warfare becomes a certainty. When his friend Dr. French is brutally killed soon after isolating the deadly virus, Doohan alone is left with a sample of the disease vector. Clearly Doohan is a marked man, a humanitarian physician with a world-shocking secret that several factions would kill to keep quiet. Should Doohan turn his evidence over to his friend in the WHO, hence involve the UN? Can he trust Major Hanson, or even his own British government from which he seeks limited aid? As the Scottish doctor struggles with his ethics, and fights to stay alive, he stumbles over even more frightening information: the virus, manufactured via recombinant DNA techniques, wasn't meant to be immediately fatal. Its ultimate function was far more sinister!

Scortia & Robinson have carried their research well beyond the obvious "Legionnaire's Disease" inspiration, but their factually-based, convoluted plot falls short of conviction. How and why does your average public health doctor sneak a Beretta and shells through U.S. Customs? And even with a Scottish protagonist, the Britishisms are overdone. Non-SF readers might be surprised and shocked by the ending; most will not since the characterization of Doohan's lover, Suzanne, is thin and suspect.

I was prepared to hate this novel, and while it was a generally good read, my suspicions were confirmed. The message -- like that of recent M.D./novelists -- is anti-science, anti-biological progress. Nobel laureate James D. Watson has lately argued that the public never should have been involved in the recombinant DNA debate -- he's wrong, but for the wrong reasons. Unfortunately THE NIGHTMARE FACTOR neither aids the gene-splicing debate, nor decreases the public's biological ignorance. The time is well nigh for us to outgrow our fear of Bug-Eyed Monsters and Little Green Men -- even microscopic ones.





THE BEAST OF BEACHWOOD

FILM REVIEWS AND NEWS
BY BILL WARREN



Bill Warren
2150 N. Beachwood Dr., #4
Hollywood, CA 90068

A query: If anyone out there knows of a job reviewing movies in general that I might apply for, please let me know. Magazine, newspaper -- whatever. I live here in Hollywood, have contacts, and often see movies well in advance. I'd love to have a place to review all the films I see.

Jim Steranko, artist and editor-publisher of *MEDIA SCENE*, was recently contacted by Lucasfilms Ltd. about doing production designs for an upcoming film. Steranko assumed that the film was the long-announced *RADIOLAND MURDERS*; he figured that Lucas had seen the illustrated novel Steranko had done, *CHANDLER*, about a hard-boiled private eye and had hired him to design the period mystery film. After negotiations, Steranko was sent the contract and was startled to see that the film mentioned was called *RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK*. He thought that was an extreme retitling for *RADIOLAND MURDERS*, and inquired further.

It turned out that *RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK* is the rumored but until now (you read it here first) mysterious science fiction collaboration between George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. I know nothing about it other than the above -- so far.

After debating among many different possibilities, including Bob Fosse, Ralph Bakshi and Oliver Stone, producer Ed Pressman has finally chosen John Milius to be the director of *CONAN*. Milius, a staunch lover of samurai and other action films, announced that he plans to make *CONAN* violent, exciting and authentic. Milius himself has been drawn to this kind of material in the past; he wrote *DIRTY HARRY* and *JEREMIAH JOHNSON*, and wrote and directed *THE WIND AND THE LION*.

Another USC graduate from the same period as Lucas and Milius was Don Glut. He has been talking recently with producer Seymour Borde about a project dear to Don's heart: *TEENAGE MONSTER RUMBLE*. This would be set in the 1950s and deal with a street gang made of various monsters. The idea of a mummy (among many others) in a black leather jacket appeals to Don's sense of humor, and he hopes it will appeal to investors as well.

A note of apology and a retraction: Don Glut recently talked with Jeff East (the young Clark Kent of *SUPERMAN*) and Mark McClure (Jimmy Olson), and they denied that Richard Lester had anything to do with directing *SUPERMAN*. I was dead wrong in my suppositions last issue about Lester's involvement, and though he probably never saw my review, I want to apologize to Richard Donner. Lester apparently acted as a go-between with Donner and the Salkinds; he also advised Donner at times, but didn't direct a single scene. Good or bad, the quality of *SUPERMAN* is due to Richard Donner's direction. I admit to believing rumors at times, if they are colorful.

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

In 1965, the film *A STUDY IN TERROR* was released. It featured Anthony Quayle in a supporting role, and Frank Finlay as Inspector Lester; it dealt with the battle between Sherlock Holmes and Jack the Ripper. In 1979, the film *MURDER BY DECREE* was released, and features Anthony Quayle in a supporting role and Frank Finlay as Inspector Lester; it deals with the battle between Sherlock Holmes and Jack the Ripper.

The earlier film is a minor Holmes movie; it's competently done, 54

and John Neville made a good (though not outstanding) Holmes. It was swiftly-paced and had nice period settings, the Ripper proved to be a nobleman seeking to kill the prostitute who had disgraced his brother. Except for Donald Houston's boobish Watson, it's a film no one associated with should be ashamed of, but it's nothing really very special.

MURDER BY DECREE, a Canadian-British coproduction, is an altogether different matter. Certainly, it's one of the best Sherlock Holmes films ever made, as good as *THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION* and *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, and probably better than even the best Basil Rathbone Holmes film (*THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*). There are going to be people who violently disagree with my assessment of this film, because the movie goes against the grain of some of Sherlockians' most cherished beliefs, and their near-worship of Rathbone in the role. Also, some people just aren't going to like *MURDER BY DECREE* as a movie, whatever they might think of Sherlock Holmes as a character.

Christopher Plummer plays Holmes. Including even that of Nicol Williamson, Plummer's Holmes is the most unusual ever shown. He's warm, witty, vain and extremely human. Plummer has gotten inside the character in a way that few actors have. The script, of course, allows him to; writer John Hopkins' view of Holmes is at once divergent from the popular view and still quite close to Doyle. Holmes here seems more like a real human being and less like a collection of foibles, eccentricities and brilliant deductions. This Holmes is something of a plodder as a detective, but arrives at last at the final truth.

Plummer is brilliant; that's the word I want. He's become an awfully good actor in recent years

(his Kipling in the MAN WHO WOULD BE KING is marvelous), and this is the best he's been yet. It's a daring performance, to challenge the conceptions of Holmes -- he even cries -- to show him with ordinary human weaknesses as well as his usual Endearing Traits. But it certainly pays off.

For the first time in any Holmes film I know of, you see the very great affection that Holmes feels for good old Watson. The affection the other direction has usually been clear, but not Holmes' liking for his friend. Before, I used to wonder why Rathbone put up with that ninny Bruce; in most of the other films, Holmes and Watson were friends because the story required them to be. In one sequence in this film, when Watson is proudly showing off a drawing he's made, Holmes is watching Watson, not the drawing, and his love for this rather ordinary old man is shining from Plummer's face.

James Mason is Plummer's equal or even his superior as Dr. Watson. Mason has long been one of my favorite actors, but in recent years, he's frequently settled for trotting out his time-tested tricks instead of giving a performance. This is the best he's been since LOLITA, and that's saying a hell of a lot.

Mason makes the most of every opportunity; there's a scene involving a pea on a plate which is a masterpiece of comic timing and dignified putulencia. If this doesn't get Mason at least an Oscar nomination, I'll be surprised.

Watson, like Holmes, has been humanized. He's elderly, and that's the explanation for his peculiarities. He's not dotty, but he is just a little too odd to live with anyone other than someone even stranger than himself. (This is the only film I've seen in which, as it is in the stories, it's clear that it is Watson who has to put up with Holmes, rather than the other way around.) Instead of the tremendous warmth that Holmes clearly feels for him, Watson is more protective, long-suffering and content.

As for the rest of the film: Alas, the plot tends to be muddled. Instead of the usual one-madman theory, this one uses the currently fashionable idea that the Ripper murders were connected with the Duke of Clarence, and were efforts to get rid of all those who knew he had fathered an illegitimate child. (This theory belongs to attitudes of the Middle Ages, not of Victorian England.) The story is convoluted and drags in extraneous matters; I'm still not sure how the Masonic

Order figures into the plot and would appreciate being told.

There are lots of big-name stars here and there. Quayle overplays the head of Scotland Yard, David Hemmings is expert (as always) as a Yard inspector with a secret, Susan Clark is okay as a prostitute who knows too much, John Gielgud is adequate as the Prime Minister, Donald Sutherland is a haunted psychic, and Genevieve Bujold movingly plays a pathetic madwoman, whose plight causes Holmes to weep.

Bob Clark directed; he's a New Orleans-born director who has found his main career in Canada. He previously directed CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS, the new DEAD OF NIGHT, BLACK CHRISTMAS and BREAKING POINT. He's got a good, strong visual style, but his sense of pacing leaves something to be desired. MURDER BY DECREE is a very handsome film, but it's slow.

Movies lately have been slower in general; this is probably a good thing, because it gives a wider range of possibilities to film makers, but it will be a while before audiences are used to it.

I love Sherlock Holmes as a character far more than I do the stories Doyle wrote about him as fiction. I'm not a Sherlockian, but I do love to visit those Victorian Mean streets in his company. The company was never better than in MURDER BY DECREE, and with a warning about the slow parts and the confusion, I very strongly recommend it. I mainly praise it for the wonderful casting of Christopher Plummer and James Mason; I do so hope someone immediately puts them in another Sherlock Holmes movie.

IT SHOULD HAVE STAYED DEAD

A few years ago, the bizarre Larry Cohen directed a film called IT'S ALIVE, about a mutated, murderous baby, ready and able to kill as soon as it's born; John Ryan played its beleaguered father. This mildly interesting premise was worked out in a notably stupid fashion, but it proved unexpectedly popular.

Warner Brothers commissioned a followup, which was released last year as IT LIVES AGAIN. It's almost exactly the same story as before, except that there are three monstrous babies rather than just one.

The film isn't any better than the first one, and in most ways is worse. It looks like it was photographed by two different crews, one

using 35mm, one with 16mm, then edited with a cleaver; it seems as if Cohen used only one take for each scene. Entire sequences seem to have been added to the film just to pad it out, for they have no discernable relationship to the plot. I understand that Cohen kept cutting costs throughout the film, and refused to allow makeup man Rick Baker to make the three baby dummies look different from each other, because that would cost more.

The adequate cast includes John Ryan, Frederic Forrest, Eddie Constantine and Andrew Duggan, who seems to be in all of Cohen's films and was a regular on his (only) TV series, "The Invaders".

IT LIVES AGAIN was a boxoffice dud, and has only now been released theatrically in Los Angeles on a very limited basis, after it had already played local cable TV. For the Los Angeles release, it was retitled IT'S ALIVE 2, so there would not be any doubt.

I wonder what all concerned were thinking of, beyond profits. Haven't the money people yet learned that sequels should not exactly duplicate the effects and plot of the first film? They weren't made this way in the past; even cheap and shoddy sequels such as WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST (sequel to THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN, a cheap and shoddy original) tried to advance the plot, to do different things, to give what people liked in the first film while still adding fresh material. Sequels like JAWS 2 and IT LIVES AGAIN/IT'S ALIVE 2 are essentially remakes of the first films. Who wants to see that sort of thing? Not I, said the little red hen.

DAUGHTER OF BARBARELLA, SORT OF

Luigi Cozzi is an Italian science fiction fan and writer, who's also a filmmaker. When he realized the success of STAR WARS might open new doors for him, he got financing for the very peculiar STARCRASH (called prior to release THE ADVENTURES OF STELLA STARR). Made on a minuscule budget and with more imagination than sense, the film was to have been released by American International, but just before release, New World took it over and is distributing it in this country.

Caroline Munro, a beauty but no actress, plays Stella Starr, the gorgeous interplanetary bandit who rescues the apparently sole survivor of an attack on a spaceship by what look like blobs from a lava lamp. She and her copilot, Marjoe Gortner (who seems to be some-

thing of an interstellar leprechaun) are approached by the Emperor of the Universe, Christopher Plummer again, to seek out his son who was also aboard the ship.

The head villain, they are told, is out to conquer the universe with his lava lamp weapon, and only Stella Starr can stop him. She bounces around from planet to planet, usually being helped by the now standard comic robot and eventually not only rescues the emperor's son, but they -- well, you know.

If you see it in the right mood, the picture is a good deal of fun. It opens with a shot of the interstellar dreadnaught Murray Leinster and includes tributes to several films, including JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS and BARBARELLA. Cozzi's direction is slow-paced, but he gets there after a while. There are lots of cheap special effects, but they are handled with some verve and imagination. Overall, while certainly not a good movie, STARCRASH has its moments and you probably won't feel cheated if you see it.

BAVA BOTCHIES ONE

In 1961, American International released the Italian film BLACK SUNDAY, starring Barbara Steele. It was a beautiful, eerie film, and established director Mario Bava as an esoteric favorite of horror movie fans. Since then, he's made several interesting films in the genre, including BLACK SABBATH, HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE (better than you'd think), BLOOD AND BLACK LACE, PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES, KILL BABY KILL, WHAT?, A HATCHET FOR THE HONEYMOON and the retitled TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE. He's had some flops, like DR. GOLDFOOT AND THE GIRL BOMBS and BARON BLOOD.

Bava's style is pictorially lush and beautiful. His films have never had big budgets, but they almost always have been striking and eccentric in design, with a very knowledgeable and impressive use of color. The plots often reflect the beautiful strangeness of the film, and some stories, like THE EVIL EYE and KILL BABY KILL defy rational analysis. He often used to heavily overuse a zoom lens, but in recent years has gotten away from that.

Last year, he made a film that is being released here as BEYOND THE DOOR II, although it has nothing at all to do with the earlier film except to feature the same child actor in a key role. Bava did not direct the first film, which was a blatant ripoff of THE EXORCIST. The current movie is relatively simple, concerning the ghost of a murdered father using his young son to haunt and

torment the mother, the guilty party. In fact, the simplicity of the plot is one of the main things wrong with the film. There's just not enough going on to fill up the running time, and the film drags heavily in many places.

The last twenty minutes come spectacularly to life, however, and there's plenty of good, ghastly shocks to be had. A hand erupts from the ground and clutches the woman's ankle. The boy runs toward her to leap into her arms and the corpse of her dead husband stands up instead. These and other shocks, the way they are presented and the imagination involved in creating them, seem to be what attracted Bava to the film. But they come way too late to save it. It isn't as stunning-looking as the usual Bava film, and as Joe Dante said, it looks like Bava trying to be Antonio Margheriti (an inferior Italian director). I went to the film with high hopes, but they didn't last long.



CONTINUED FROM P.45

4-7-79 We're getting down to short-hairs time. I aim for the 10th of the month for delivery of these pages to the printer. And the 25-26-27th of the month for delivery of the enveloped and addressed copies to the post office.

So this may be the last editorial entry.

We've been putting out SFR on the bi-monthly schedule for about a year now.

Friends. It's too much.

We're going back to the quarterly schedule. Reasons are many: I have other fish to fry and need time to apply the heat--a lot of gardening, house-fixing-up, and a lot of other writing.

I need an extra 30 days of free-from-SFR work and obligations to write some novels. [A New York editor called a few days ago and

outlined a new line publisher is starting and which I would like to write for. Sexy S&S, basically. More details next issue.]

Before I forget: Do not send me money for a copy of my self-published STAR WHORES. I have the first chapter written, yes, but since writing it I've not had time to do more, and finishing the novel is on the back shelf for a while.

There is more bad news for you, I am afraid. In the past year the printing bill for SFR has increased from \$1083 to \$1475. And the post office has continued its scheduled increases in second, third and fourth class rates.

This means I have to ratchet upward the subscription and retail prices for the magazine. I hate to do it, but the only alternative is cutting down to 48 pages per issue. Nobody wants that.

On page 3 you'll notice (if you haven't already) that the single copy price is now \$1.75, and subscriptions are four issues for \$6., eight issues for \$12.

[There's no reduction for two year subscriptions because inflation eats it up over that span of time. Thank you, U.S. government!]

You'll be paying 25¢ more per copy. Well...I think SFR is worth the price of your average sf paperback book. I hope you do, too.

There is some good news implicit in all this: I've discovered I can't live without publishing and writing for s-f fans. Not discovered...confirmed. Fan publishing is my life. Thirty years after my death I expect fandom to start a semi-pro system of REG Awards.

"They'll be Alter-Ego Awards, asshole!"

OUT of here! I thought you had been recalled.

"I was. I went back where I came from and they debriefed me and were appalled. Said I was contaminated. Sent me back here to you for another fifty years. Aren't you thrilled, Geis?"

Oh, aaaaarrrrrrrggghhh!

"I knew you'd be pleased."

I've got a couple short, last-minute letters to print, do the latest books received, and that's about it for this issue.

Oh, yes. In the nature of pasting-up issues of SFR I often find myself with parts of pages empty at the ends of articles, interviews, columns. In those spots I place self-serving ads, announcements, whatever. I have more than enough gaps this time, so I'll also put a few of my reviews in the holes. That's editing, folk!

CARD FROM DON HERRON
537 Jones Street, #9207
San Francisco, CA 94102
3/20/79

'I just noticed your review of my ECHOES FROM THE VAULTS OF YH-VOM BIS in the new issue of SFR. It's gratifying to see you pick up on what exactly the book tries to do; many people haven't, though the few reviews it has received have all been favorable. I've moved from St. Paul, Minnesota since publishing ECHOES. It may be ordered at \$3.75 per copy from me at:
537 Jones Street, #9207
San Francisco, CA 94102'

CARD FROM GEORGE WARREN
POB 114-C
Pasadena, CA 91104
April 3, 1979

'Have just seen the worst movie of the year: BUCK ROGERS. The direction is strictly martial arts movie; the writing is strictly Stratemeyer Syndicate (or worse); the acting is truly, really bad porno movie walk-on -- you expect the players to throw off their skivvies any moment and get to blowing each other. The special effects are somewhere between GODZILLA MEETS RODAN and Buster Crabbe's Flash Gordon serials.

'The music is dumbass amateur rock. And Glen Larson (of Rattletrap Galaxative fame) has his name on the credits of everything: "Ash-trays by Glen A. Larson (big type) and Nerdley P. Soninlaw (smaller type)." I would not put my name on anything connected with this movie, not even on the order that closes it down. Ugh. And good God, they're thinking TV series. MY MOTHER THE SPACESHIP?'

((That reminds me... We saw QUINT-ET a week ago. It's a high-class bad movie. There didn't seem to be enough plot to go around, so cinematic padding abounded. It was difficult to understand much of the dialogue. Newman seemed very obtuse. The Message seemed Sophomoric to Cyntia with Hope tacked on at the end. Oh, I gotta go where the wild geese gove...))

((Thanks for the warning about BUCK ROGERS. I suspected crud when it opened here in Portland with a companion feature. Quality films command single feature release.))

RECEIVED

GOSPEL OF THE STARS
By Peter Lemesurier
St. Martin's Press, \$7.95, 1979
Nonfiction, Astrology with God.

ANDROMEDA 1
Edited by Peter Weston
St. Martin's Press, \$8.95, 1979.
Science fiction anthology, 10 stories. Beautiful jacket painting by Gary La Sasso.
Note: First published in England in 1976, paperback.

GLORIANA
By Michael Moorcock
Avon, 42986, \$4.95, 1979
Fantasy novel. Exquisite cover and six interior full-page illos by Elizabeth Malczynski.

THE INKLINGS
By Humphrey Carpenter
Houghton Mifflin, \$10.95, 1979.
Biographies of C. S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, Charles Williams, and their friends.
Note: emphasis on ideas and philosophies. First published in England, 1978.

THE MAN WHO RODE HIS 10-SPEED BI-CYCLE TO THE MOON
By Bernard Fischman
Richard Marek, \$7.95, 1979.
Fantasy fable. What's it all about, Bernie? Lessons about life.

TITAN
By John Varley
Berkley/Putnam, \$9.95, 1979
Science fiction novel.

4-8-79 The Postal Service is up to its usual nibbling for dollars again. Let me quote parts of a recent WALL STREET JOURNAL story:

'The Postal Service...also decided to boost charges for "oversized" envelopes and to ban "under-sized" ones as of July 15.

'The postal agency's move to ban small envelopes and charge extra for large ones was approved by the independent Postal Rate Commission a year ago, but the agency delayed putting it into effect to give manufacturers and mailers a chance to prepare for the change.

'Under the plan the agency won't accept cards or envelopes measuring less than 3 1/2 inches in height or five inches in length. In addition, a seven-cent surcharge will be assessed for envelopes more than 6-1/8 inches high, 11 1/2 inches long or 1/4 inch thick. The surcharge will be assessed for "oddly shaped mail" whose length is less than 1.3 times or more than 2.5 times its height.

'The purpose of the moves is to enable the Postal Service to

process most mail by machines, which are geared for envelopes of specific sizes. Postal officials say nearly all mail routinely send currently complies with the specifications.'

I called the post office this morning and was told these size regulations will apply to all first class mail and single-piece third class mail.

Pow! Right in the kisser, eh, fan publishers? If you send your zine by third class in the usual 9 x 12 envelopes---each copy will cost you 7¢ more. Better you should send it folded once---if it's thin enough---naked in a stapled-short format, or use 6 x 9 envelopes.

If the zine is at least 28 pages long, send it book rate, since the new regs. will not apply to books. But book rate is now 48¢ per pound, so maybe third class + 7¢ would still be less expensive.

And fellow writers...sending your mss. first class in 9 x 12 envelopes will cost 7¢ more per envelope. That can mount up if you write short stories and send out a lot.

There is a 4th class manuscript rate, of course, but it is SLOW. It might be better to go to 6 x 9 envelopes and fold your short mss. once. I don't think most editors mind a single fold in the middle of a page.

Thus we conform to the needs of the machine.

I've got an accumulated stack of new books and mags to list, so to work!

RECEIVED

I AM LEGEND
By Richard Matheson
Berkley 04053-4, \$1.75, 1979.
Science fiction, first published in 1954.

PICNIC ON PARADISE
By Joanna Russ
Berkley 04040-2, \$1.75, 1979.
Science fiction, first published in 1968.

THIS FORTRESS WORLD
By James E. Gunn
Berkley 03881-5, \$1.75, 1979
Science fiction, first published in 1955.

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO MIDDLE-EARTH
By Robert J. Roy
Ballantine 27975, \$2.75, 1979.
Nonfiction.

WITCH HOUSE
By Evangeline Walton
Ballantine 28020, \$1.75, 1979
Fantasy Horror. First published 1945.

THE MAN WHO AWOKÉ
By Laurence Manning
Ballantine 27969, \$1.75, 1979
Science fiction, first published in 1933.

CONVERGENT SERIES
By Larry Niven
Ballantine 27740, \$1.95, 1979.
21-story s-f story collection.

THORNS
By Robert Silverberg
Ballantine 27968, \$1.95, 1979.
Science fiction, first published in 1967.

THE POWER THAT PRESERVES
By Stephen R. Donaldson
Ballantine 25718, \$2.50, 1979.
Science fiction. Book Three of the Chronicles of Thomas Covenant, the Unbeliever. First published in 1977 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

A LIFE FOR KREGEN: DRAY PRESCOTT #19
By Alan Burt Abers
Illustrated by Richard Hescox
DAW UE1456, \$1.75, 1979.
Science fiction. #19 of a series.

SPACE OPERA
By Jack Vance
DAW UE1457, \$1.75, 1979.
Science fiction, first published in 1965.

HEROIC FANTASY
Edited by Gerald W. Page & Hank Reinhardt.
DAW UE1455, \$1.95, 1979.
Original anthology. 14 stories.

THE STARSHIP AND THE CANOE
By Kenneth Brower
Bantam 12451-X, \$2.95, 1979.
Biographies/philosophies of the father Freeman Dyson and his son George. Different views of the future of mankind.
First published in hardback 1978.

NEBULA WINNERS TWELVE
Edited by Gordon R. Dickson
Bantam 12477-3, \$1.95, 1979.
Nebula Award winners and some runners-up in the shorter-than-novel categories, plus some non-fiction about sf. These are the Best of the Year as voted by the Science Fiction Writers of America. First published in 1978 by Harper & Row, these stories are the 1977 winners and others.

ROBOT #53
December 1978 issue. An all-Heinlein Italian issue.

THE PLUTONIANS ARE COMING!
By Nancy L. Hill
Vantage Press, \$5.95, 1979.
Novelette-length hardback.
UOFiction.

URSULA K. LE GUIN: VOYAGER TO INNER LANDS AND OUTER SPACE
Edited by Joe DeBolt
Kennikat Press, \$15.00, 1979.
Nonfiction. Academic analysis.

THE FADED SUN: SHON'JIR
By C. J. Cherryh
DAW UE1453, \$1.95, 1979.
Original. Science fiction.

KINSMAN
By Ben Bova
Dial Press, \$8.95, 1979.
Advance copy of new novel, scheduled for August publication.

DAUGHTER OF THE BRIGHT MOON
By Lynn Abbey
Ace/Sunridge Press, \$6.95, 1979.
Sword & Sorcery novel. Trade softcover edition. Original. Cover by Bob Adragna, and 3 interior illustrations by Stephen Fabian. Scheduled for July publication.

THE ALIEN
By Victor Besaw
Fawcett, \$1.75, 1979.
Science fiction original. Advance copy; scheduled for publication in June.

NEAR MYTHS #1, 2, 3
Published by Galaxy Media Distribution, 40 West Crosscausway, Edinburgh 8, Scotland. \$1.50, 1978.
Review: Billed as science fiction and fantasy comics for adults, the vivid covers promise but the b/w interior comic art stories seem average and unexceptional in content, while the drawing is top-quality amateur or low-grade professional.

EMPIRE - FOR THE SF WRITER, #15
Edited and published by Mark J. McGarry, Box 967, New Haven, CT 06504, \$1.50.

Review: The fanzine has been revived. Valuable articles by Roger Zelazny and Gene Wolfe, on writing. A market report by Darrell Schweitzer. Interesting: a story, "Crazy Diamonds" by Ken Doggett, with criticisms of it by Al Sirois, Kevin O'Donnell, Jr., and Mark J. McGarry.

This magazine has a specific, worthwhile slant--helping the beginning sf/fantasy writer, and is of interest to anyone who follows sf and fantasy.

NEW WORLDS #214
Edited, (I guess) by Charles Platt.
Published by Charles Parrington in England. Available in USA for \$1.50

from Patchin Productions, Suite 718, 41 Union Square, New York, NY 10003.
Review: Nothing is sacred! Some vicious satire, mockery, outrage, of Communism, Fascism, Capitalism, Science... There is a story titled: Government study confirms science fiction is a cause of cancer.

Under a column titled "Swan Songs" are transcripts of 'this week's suicide notes.'

Outstandingly delightful are the five pages of vicious, often accurate, short, funny book reviews.

4-9-10 I suspect that there won't be room this issue for the contributors' addresses. Elton Elliott's news column got here last night far beyond the deadline...and it is a long mother. So it crowds out the addresses. So it goes.

Since I like the extended "Alien Thoughts" diary format this issue, with the "Received" sections and the short reviews and occasional Comment...I'll be continuing it next issue, probably at greater length...indeed, absolutely at greater length, given the quarterly schedule. Sheeee-it, I could probably fill up 30 pages all my myself! I think I will!

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THE HUMAN HOTLINE

S-F NEWS

BY ELTON T. ELLIOTT



Remember the address for this column is: Elton T. Elliott, SFR, 1899 Wiessner Dr. N.E., Salem, OR, 97303. Phone: (503) 393-6389

Ron Lambert said in a letter last issue that I said John Norman was a New York City College instructor or who is actually named John Norman.

What I said in my first column was "John Norman, author of the controversial Gor series of counter-Earth novels, is really John Lange, Professor of Philosophy at the City University of New York". My source is confidential; however, my source said that SCIENCE FICTION STUDIES, an academic publication, mentioned it in an article. John Lange was a nom de plume of Michael Crichton's at one time, that is correct. The fact that "John Norman" happens to be John Lange is just coincidence. The copyright was not a mistake. THE PRIEST KINGS OF GOR was written before nom de plumes could be copyrighted. If you have doubts, consider these two factors: The name John Lange is in the SFWA directory, the address given is a New York one; and the March 5, 1979 issue of LOOK magazine has a feature on Michael Crichton. He earns \$500,000 a year writing novels, screenplays and directing movies. He lives in a lavish mansion in the Hollywood Hills

Michael Crichton is no pseudonym and he has no time or economic need to write Gor novels. Besides, even an amateur can see the style of the man who wrote THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN and that of the person who wrote SLAVE GIRL OF GOR are not even remotely the same.

Poul Anderson has just finished the first draft of a new Flandry novel for Ace. Its tentative title is A STONE IN HEAVEN. In the novel, Flandry is now in his sixties but still, according to Poul, "pretty lively and completely unregenerate". The novel also features a planet with the mass of Jupiter's

but an atmosphere and density similar to Earth's. Anderson went on to mention that "Any Astronomer will tell you that's an impossibility. I had fun proving that it isn't".

After that he will be doing a Conan novel for Ace, which will use some of the Egyptian background he picked up on a trip to Egypt, with his wife Karen. He also has signed to do a novel for Pocket (for \$50,000.00), although it isn't at the planning stage quite yet. He will be guest of honor at Baltimore in April, and at the Scandinavian convention at Oslo in August.

Corrections, Amendments, Elaborations, Etc.:

I didn't mean to impugn the honesty of any individual when I reported last issue that there was ballot stuffing in the Nebula Awards, as such. "Ballot stuffing" were the words my source used. Perhaps a better way to put it is, there was widespread campaigning for nominations among some members of the SFWA. At least that's the allegation. SFWA president, Jack Williamson, has appointed a committee to look into the Nebula Awards process. The committee consists of George W. Proctor, F.M. Busby, Robert Silverberg, Charles L. Grant and Gregory Benford. I will have a report on the Nebula winners next issue.

Gregory Benford has just completed a new novel, TIMESCAPE. He terms it a "novel of process about time and how science is done". The softcover British rights to THE

STARS IN SHROUD, have sold for over \$7,000 to Sphere; the hardcover rights in Britain belong to Gollancz. Greg has just completed a new short story. His agent, by the way, is Richard Curtis.

Pinnacle's parent company, Michigan General (they specialize in road construction, household supplies, hardware, paint and the like) is selling Pinnacle because of a loss of 3/4 of a million dollars in the last fiscal year. Last year they lost 1/2 of a million, and have racked up enormous losses for the last three years, according to a source who is a stockholder in Michigan General. The reported sale to Harlequin has been questioned by the Justice Department on anti-trust grounds.

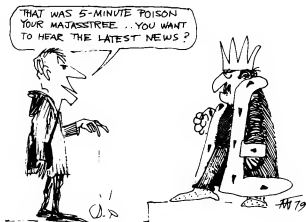
Steve Fahnstalk has sold an article to the Starlog SF Yearbook. Charles N. Brown also will be doing some work for the Starlog SF Yearbook.

Bruno Bozzetto of "Allegro Non Troppo" fame will be doing an animated film. He has purchased nine original SF stories from top name SF writers and will now decide which one to use. Asimov, Silverberg, Bradbury and Sturgeon were some of the authors mentioned.

If anybody is doing a biography of Richard Shaver, pass the news along to me. A reader would like to know, but is making his request anonymously through this column.

OMNI has asked Stephen Spielberg to do a TV documentary about UFOs. James Oberg who writes OMNI's UFO column (and takes a toughheaded stance towards the topic) is reportedly unhappy about this undertaking.

Hank Stine wants me to make clear that the statement about the subject of his first editorial being the most overpublicized writer in SF is my opinion, not his. I prefaced my comments on the features column in his first issue by saying



"Comments exclusively ETE, Hank should assume no responsibility". I will stand by what I said in SFR #29, and reiterate that that is my belief and not Hanks's, who, as a matter of fact, disagrees with me.

The first issue of DRAGONARD will feature an interview with H. Warner Munn, an article on Henry Kuttner, as well as my book review column.

Sandra Miesel has in addition to her fantasy novel-in-progress, THE COLUMBIAN SIBYL, an Afterword to BIESERKER MAN, Fred Saberhagen's new novel (Ace), and an Afterword for the revised edition of Saberhagen's trilogy THE BROKEN LANDS, also from Ace.

Some corrections on the information on Pamela Sargent, reported in last issue: WOMEN OF WONDER did in fact sell Spanish, British and French editions, but MORE WOMEN OF WONDER sold only French and British rights, and NEW WOMEN OF WONDER has yet to sell any foreign rights. The British editions are being published by Penguin.

Her novel for Simon and Schuster/Pocket is tentatively titled VENUS OF DREAMS. CLONED LIVES has sold the foreign rights as reported in SFR #30, but has not yet been printed abroad. VENUS OF DREAMS sold to Pocket while Adele Leone was still there, and its working title was EVENING STAR. Fawcett Gold Medal recently published her second novel THE SUDDEN STAR. David Hartwell of Pocket has bought two more of her novels: One of them, WATCH-STAR, will be published by Pocket, probably sometime in 1980; the other, THE GOLDEN SPACE, will be published by Simon & Schuster in hardcover, and by Pocket. A five figure advance was paid for each novel.

Ole Pettersen of Skoleholdervej, Denmark, comments that in Denmark there is a magazine PULSA, and in England an anthology titled PULSAR 1 published by Penguin. As to whether this gives these people the right to the PULSAR name is problematical--it'd be up to the courts. OMNI could probably have published under the name NOVA, had they chosen to fight the lawsuit, which the TV program NOVA threatened.

Karl T. Pflock, an active member of SFWA, a contributing editor to REASON magazine and a consulting senior editor to Arlington House Publishers, will be writing a science column for ETERNITY. Among other affiliations, he belongs to the AAAS, the American Astronautical Society, and the U.S. Naval Institute.

Orson Scott Card will be doing a book review column for ETERNITY.

Forrest J. Ackerman has turned actor. With the film AFTERMATH, wherein he plays the curator of the last museum on Earth, he has acted in 13 movies. Upcoming roles include playing a future President in CHILD OF THE STARS, a cameo role in THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF FLESH GORDON; the last will be a clothed role to, as Mr. Ackerman put it, "protect the innocent". He will play the alien astronaut in the gold and red suit, in the pilot for a new TV series entitled STARSTRUCK.

Joan Hunter Holly, outgoing treasurer of the SFWA, has just completed a Vampire/horror/historical novel. She has also completed an SF novel MIND SWORD, which is related to THE MIND TRADERS.

Jim Tucker, who lives in Salt Lake City, has sold two novels to Berkley-Putnam. The books are part of the same series, and they have purchased an option on the third in the series.

Ursula K. LeGuin's, THE LATHE OF HEAVEN, is being filmed in Dallas, Texas.

Lee Killough has sold a novel to Del Rey; it is her third, all of which have been sold to Del Rey. Her second, THE DOPPELGÄNGER GAMBIT, will appear sometime this summer.

Grant Carrington has signed to do a novel with Doubleday which will tentatively be out early in 1980. Its title is TIME'S FOOL.

William Rotsler has sold a novel to Playboy Press.

NEW DIMENSIONS has been revived, and number 11 will have a new publisher, Pocket, and a coeditor, Marta Randall. Robert Silverberg was the originator of the series and sole editor of the first ten.

DUNE has sold for a large six figure sum, but according to Frank Herbert (who will have total script control, plus a percentage of the gate) it fell short of the reported million dollar figure that was reported by VARIETY, THE SEATTLE TIMES and LOCUS. The producer will be Dino DeLaurentis, who brought you KING KONG. No director has been named. The deal is the second largest movie deal of all time. (JAWS was #1.)

And now for something which might go over one million: Robert A. Heinlein has completed the preliminary draft of his latest novel, the first in 6 years. The auction, at which both book and magazine rights are to be sold, is expected to easily set a new record for the advance for an SF book. No word about what the book is to be about other than that the plotline is des-

cribed as more traditional than his last few books.

Parties interested in the magazine rights include OMNI, GALILEO and ASIMOV's as well as PLAYBOY and GOOD HOUSEKEEPING (!).

I should have more information next issue.

BOOK NEWS

ACE

* THE DEMON BREED by James H. Schmitz has been postponed from February until September because of contractual problems.

* They will do a new edition of SILVERLOCK by John Myers. It will have introductions by Pournelle, Anderson and Niven.

* All six of the Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser books will be reissued in August.

* BASILISK, edited by Ellen Kushner, an anthology. Stories by Lisa Tuttle, Lynn Abbey, Elizabeth Lynn, Joan Vinge and Alan Garner, among others.

* They will publish ten titles in October, their promotion month for SF, led by Paul Anderson's Fantasy novel, which will appear in an oversized edition like that of THE MAGIC GOES AWAY by Larry Niven.

* They will also be publishing another novel by Larry Niven in the same oversized format.

* Also on their list is a new book by Gordon R. Dickson, THE SPIRIT OF DORSAL. It will include a new Dorsai story, as well as "Brothers", plus other sections. Altogether, it will run, with illustrations, well over 300 pages.

BANTAM

* Sydney Weinberg has been promoted to Executive Editor.

* William Morrow and Bantam announced the formation of a joint imprint, Perigord Press, for the acquisition of hardcover and paperback rights at the same time. This is the first time a joint publishing venture has been formalized between a paperback house and a hardcover publisher which are separately owned and operated; Perigord Press will offer six to eight books per publishing season in Perigord Press/William Morrow hardcover editions. These will be reprinted in paperback as Perigord Press/Bantam Books one year later. The two companies have worked closely together in the past on books by authors such as Jacqueline Susann, Jeanne Dixon and Irving Wallace.

BERKLEY-PUTNAM

In February their hardcover warehouse was destroyed by a malfunction in the water system which caused water to freeze on the ceiling which eventually caused the ceiling to collapse. Their computer was damaged, and the entire supply of Berkley-Putnam hardcovers was destroyed. Including all the SF. Paperbacks were at another warehouse and were not affected. RED NAILS by Robert E. Howard was hurt the most. Other books damaged were WATCHTOWER by Elizabeth Lynn, CATACOMB YEARS by Michael Bishop and VECTOR ANALYSIS by Jack C. Haldeman. TITAN by John Varley was at the bindery and was not affected. However, the shipping and order offices were affected as well so bookstores have experienced some difficulty getting the book in, orders being lost, shipments delayed, etc. An autograph party for John Varley at the GALLERY BOOKSTORE here in Salem had to be delayed because the orders were lost. The autograph party was to have been held April 11. It will be delayed for about a month. The remaining stock of 1978 SF hardcovers was demolished. 1978 hardcovers affected included THE STARS IN SHROUD by Gregory Benford, STRANGERS by Gardner Dozois, UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD by James Tiptree, Jr., THE EARTH BOOK OF STORMGATE and THE AVATAR, both by Poul Anderson, THE TWO OF THEM by Joanna Russ, MOTHERLINES by Suzy McKee Charnas, BLIND VOICES by Tom Reamy and THE YEAR'S FINEST FANTASY by Terry Carr.

All of these books are now out of print. Which means that unless they are reprinted the authors have no hope of earning any royalties, a combination of facts that has left some writers disgruntled and bitter. As one writer put it, "Berkley-Putnam has insurance, they can recoup their loss. How about us, unless they reprint those books we're out hundreds, maybe thousands of dollars in royalties".

Berkley-Putnam has merged with Jove. The new name is the Berkley/Jove publishing group. I will have more details on the merger and how it will affect the SF program next issue.

PAPERBACK NEWS

ACE

June:

Jerry Pournelle-----JANISSARIES
(With over 70 illos by Bermejo)
Thomas J. Ryan-----THE ADOLESCENCE
OF P-1
Fred Saberhagen-----AN OLD FRIEND OF
THE FAMILY
(Sequel to THE HOLMES-DRACULA FILE)

Barry N. Malzberg & Bill Pronzini --
Editors -----THE END OF SUMMER:
SCIENCE FICTION OF THE FIFTIES
(Analog Book #10)
Andre Norton ----EXILES OF THE STARS
Robert E. Howard--WORMS OF THE EARTH
Robert E. Howard--TIGERS OF THE SEA
A. Betram Chandler THE COMMODE AT
SEA/SPARTAN PLANET

July:

Arsen Darney -----KARMA
Norman Spinrad-----THE STAR-SPANGLED
FUTURE
(A Short Story Collection)
Poul Anderson-----FLANDRY OF TERRA
(Second in the Flandry Series)
Walt & Leigh Richmond ---GALLAGHER'S
GLACIER
Robert E. Howard ----THE SOWERS OF
THUNDER
Robert E. Howard -----THE PIDGONS
FROM HELL
Robert Silverberg---CONQUERORS FROM
THE DARKNESS/MASTER OF LIFE & DEATH
L. Sprague de Camp -----THE GLORY
THAT WAS

(An introduction by Heinlein)
James Baen (Ed.)-----DESTINIES #4

AVON

June:

Brian Aldiss (Ed.)-----EVIL EARTHS
Ann Maxwell-----A DEAD GOD DANCING

July:

Marvin Kaye & Parke Godwin---MASTERS
OF SOLITUDE
Garry Kilworth -----IN SOLITARY

BANTAM

June:

George Bishop-----THE APPARITION
Ruth Nichols-----SONG OF THE PEARL
Kevin O'Donnell Jr.-----BANDERSNATCH

July:

Tanith Lee ---COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD
("The Winter Players" also included.
Both it and the title story are
novellas)

BERKLEY

June:

Joanna Russ -----THE TWO OF THEM
Richard Matheson--- A STIR OF ECHOES
Charles L. Grant-----LEGION
Robert Aickman ----COLD HAND IN MINE

July:

Terry Carr (Ed.)-- THE YEAR'S FINEST
FANTASY
Robert Silverberg-BORN WITH THE DEAD
(A New Introduction)
Frank Herbert-----SOUL CATCHER
(Non-SF)
Richard Matheson -----SHOCK 2

DAW

June:

C.J. Cherryh -----FIRES OF ACEROTH
(Third book in the Ivrel Series)
Jack Vance-----SERVANTS OF THE WANKH
(2nd in Planet of Adventure series)
K.W. Jeter -----MORLOCK NIGHT
Jo Clayton-----MAEZE
C.J. Cherryh-----BROTHERS OF EARTH

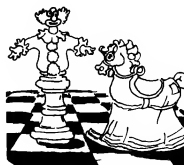
July:

Ian Wallace -----HELLER'S LEAP
Gerald W. Page (Ed.)-THE YEAR'S BEST
HORROR: VOL. 7
Jack Vance-----THE DIRTDIR
(Third in the Pof A Series)
E.C. Tubb -----WEB OF SAND
(Unsure if this is a Dumarest novel
it wasn't specified as such.)
Gordon R. Dickson -----NECROMANCER

DELL

June:

Greg Bear -----HEGIRA
(Illustrated by Stephen Fabian;
Cover by James Fox)
L. Ron Hubbard -----SLAVES OF SLEEP
(Edd Cartier illoes from the original
magazine version)
(Cover by San Julien)



July:

Linda Bushyager -----MASTER OF HAWKS
Jack Williamson-----DARKER THAN YOU
THINK
(With the Cartier original illoes,
from the magazine version.)

DEL REY

June:

James P. Hogan ----THE TWO FACES OF
TOMORROW
Tim Powers-----THE DRAWING OF THE DARK
Hal Clement--THE BEST OF HAL CLEMENT
(Intro by Lester del Rey)
Alan Dean Foster--THE TAR-AIM KRANG
Donald Moffitt -----THE JUPITER THEFT
James Branch Cabell -----THE SILVER
STALLION

July:

I have no information for this
month. When it came time to type

up the column I discovered this and there was no time to rectify it; I hope to cover these titles in my next column. One note: AND THE DEVIL WILL DRAG YOU UNDER by Jack L. Chalker was scheduled for June release, but was postponed.

FAWCETT CREST

June:

No titles planned.

July:

Isaac Asimov -----THE HUGO WINNERS
VOL. 3, BOOK 2

FAWCETT GOLD MEDAL

June:

Victor Besaw ----- THE ALIEN

July:

Isadore Hailblum-- NIGHTMARE EXPRESS
(Described by Machaela Hamilton,
Fawcett Gold Medal senior editor,
as Science Fantasy)

JOVE

Combined with Berkley-Putnam. I'll have a report next time illuminating the question of whether Jove will be doing any SF under the combined imprint. The last title I had for them was PLEASANT DREAMS: NIGHTMARES by Robert Bloch; it was formerly scheduled for June release.

POCKET

June:

Barry N. Malzberg -----BEYOND APOLLO
Jane Gaskell -----SOME SUMMERLANDS
Angela Carter--- HEROES AND VILLAINS

July:

Jane Gaskell ----- STRANGE EVIL
Theodore Sturgeon---THE COSMIC RAPE
Keith Laumer-RETIEF AND THE WARLORDS
(A new novel; it was only tentative
that it would come out at the time
I was given this information)

POPULAR LIBRARY

June:

No titles scheduled.

July:

Terry Carr (Ed.) ----- UNIVERSE 8

SIGNET

June:

R.M. Meluch -----SOVEREIGN
Robert Heinlein--- THE MAN WHO SOLD
THE MOON

July:

Brian Aldiss ---- THE LONG AFTERNOON
OF EARTH
Robert A. Heinlein-MENACE FROM EARTH

HARDCOVERS

BERKLEY-PUTNAM

June:

Terry Carr (Ed.)---THE YEAR'S FINEST
FANTASY

July:

Elizabeth Lynn---THE DANCERS OF ARUN
(Vol. 2 of the Chronicles of Tormor)

DOUBLEDAY

June:

Christopher Stasheff --- A WIZARD IN
BEDLAM
Suzette Haden Elgin ---STAR ANCHORED,
STAR ANGERED

July:

Tim Lukeman -----RIJAN
Gary K. Wolf ----THE RESURRECTIONIST

HARPER & ROW

July:

Kate Wilhelm ----- JUNIPER TIME

TRADE PUBLICATIONS

BARONET

They will publish an illustrated edition of THE STARS MY DESTINATION in May. It will be volume one of two parts. There will be a special limited hardcover collectors' edition published simultaneously with the trade edition. It will be illustrated by Howard Chaykin, fresh from collaborating with Samuel R. Delany on EMPIRE.

STARBLAZE

July:

Robert Asprin-----MYTH CONCEPTIONS
(Sequel to ANOTHER FINE MYTH)
Katherine MacLean---THE TROUBLE WITH
YOU EARTH PEOPLE
(Short Story Collection)

MAGAZINES

ANALOG

The July Issue

(Out in early June):

Serial:

William Cochrane --- CLASS SIX CLIMB

Novellette

Michael McCollum

Short Stories:

Lee Corey

Lee Robinson

Michael Bishop

George Annas

Paul Nahin

Bob Buckley

The Cover will be by Bob McCall and the articles will be connected to the 10th Anniversary of Apollo 11. Ten years already!

The August Issue

(Out in early July):

Serial: (Conclusion)

William Cochrane-----CLASS SIX CLIMB

Novellette:

Sam Nicholson

Short Stories:

Edward J. Bryant

Stephen Tall

Thomas Easton

The Cover is by John Sanchez. There will be several articles on cosmology, one by Thomas Easton.

On the Analog Book line, eleven of the fourteen titles contracted for Baronet and Ace are set to go. At the end of the current contract, Conde Nast will make an analysis of the situation, according to Stanley Schmidt.

AMAZING & FANTASTIC

Tom Staicar, who has sold three book reviews to SFR, has been appointed book reviewer for AMAZING. He has written articles for a variety of magazines, including one on Robert Asprin for WRITER'S DIGEST. His first column should appear in the issue on the newsstands sometime early in April.

No word on whether Arthur Bernhardt, who appears to be the real editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, with the name listed as editor, Omar Gohagen, suspected by many to be a fiction, will change the policy back to original stories, as opposed to their present reprint policy. Also there is no indication as to whether they will begin to pay for the stories they do reprint.

DESTINIES

DESTINIES has gone from bimonthly to quarterly. Ace Editor, James Baen mentioned the lack of good short fiction as the reason.

ASIMOV'S & ASIMOV'S ADVENTURES

Baird Searles, who does the film column for FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, has replaced Charles N. Brown as the permanent reviewer for ASIMOV'S. Mr. Brown, who mentioned lack of time as his major reason for not doing the column, will still do a column once every year for them. No word as to whether Mr. Searles will continue his column for F&SF.

Due to the paper shortage caused by the pulp and paper workers' strike, Davis has been forced to reschedule the magazine appearance. ASIMOV'S will now come out a week later than had previously been the case. Davis couldn't find enough paper to print ASIMOV'S as well as their two mystery digests, ALFRED

HITCHCOCK'S and ELLERY QUEEN'S, hence the change. At this time the move appears to be permanent.

ASIMOV'S ADVENTURES appears to have passed the test; it will now appear as a quarterly. The third issue still has no information about subscription rates.

GALAXY

The final Pierce edited issue appeared on the newsstands the first week in April. They have now published two issues since August. After countless published rumors of the magazine's demise or sale, I called Arnold Abramson. He was furious, particularly over statements attributed to the March update of Andrew Porter's newsmagazine SF CHRONICLE, and threatened to sue Porter if Porter had printed what Abramson had heard Porter had printed. Andrew Porter had reported that the bank notes to GALAXY's parent company UPD had been bought up by a Boston based firm which was mulling over whether to put UPD into receivership, with some sort of decision on the matter expected by early April.

According to Mr. Abramson, the ELM Corporation which operates from the Wellesley Hills part of the Boston metropolitan area, mentioned by Porter, is a partner, of sorts, and is helping UPD get over their financial woes. Mr. Abramson was particularly disturbed over the incident because he said that Porter received his information on the matter in part from a conversation with him. Mr. Abramson also mentioned that UPD would be sending all the writers to whom they owe money a statement and a check for part of the money owed. These letters should have been received by the writers by the end of March.

Before I talked to Abramson I did some checking on the ELM Corporation, and found that they do not do business in Oregon. I also found that the Mass. Chamber of Commerce had no record of them, nor did the Boston Metropolitan Buyers and Sellers Business Exchange. They also were not listed in either the offices of the Mass. Secretary of State or the Mass. Department of Commercial Development. I have not had an opportunity to check further since my conversation with Mr. Abramson.

I did receive a call from Hank Stine as I was writing this column. He has a new address:

Hank Stine
2661 N. Blvd.
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

He also talked about expanding my column and said GALAXY will go bimonthly in May when the first Stine issue is scheduled.

GALILEO

As a result of problems with computer firms that handled their subscriptions, they have not published an issue since September, 1978.

GALILEO 11/12, a double issue, has been scheduled for mailing by the time you read this.

Starting with the June issue, out in May, they will become a newsstand magazine distributed by Dell. The June issue, number 13, will have a print run of 150,000. The price will go to \$1.95 (which'll probably fuel another round of price increases by the other SF magazines; AMAZING and FANTASTIC are up to \$1.50 already), but the page count will remain at 96. A novel or serial will appear in all future issues. The schedule will be bimonthly.

St. Martin's Press will publish an anthology edited by Charles C. Ryan, the editor of GALILEO. Their circulation in late 1978 was 61,000 of which 57,000 was subscriptions and the remaining 4,000 were bookstore sales.

LOCUS

I will be doing some work for LOCUS in the future. #219 featured the use of color in the cover and indeed, I believe, for the first time.

ONNI

They have upped their advertising rate base to 750,000. They started at 500,000. This allows them to charge more for ads. They are reporting 75% newsstand sales. 50% is considered good for most magazines. With SF magazines the percentage is usually lower. Their total worldwide sales break down thusly: 800,000 copies sold on the newsstands, 125,000 subscriptions, 100,000 sold in Canada and over 60,000 in other foreign locations, for a grand total of over 1,100,000. This information courtesy of Ralph Perricelli, an employee of ONNI Publications International.

ONNI continues radio and TV advertising and they also are setting up publicity sessions for writers, the first time I have ever heard of a magazine doing that.

STARLOG/FUTURE

At one time they were interested in buying GALAXY but turned it down because, in the words of STARLOG Editor Howard Zimmerman, they "didn't want the debts, bad reputation". However, they have not given up on the idea of doing an SF magazine. According to Zimmerman the idea is in "limbo, but it's still alive, the concept, that is, not anything specific". STARLOG went bimonthly

in March. FUTURE changed its title to FUTURE LIFE, and they added two new titles to their stable, CINE-MAGIC and FANTASTICA.

CONCLUDING WORDS:

Rumors and rumors of rumors. It is one thing to talk about them; it is another entirely different game when you report them in a news column.

Andrew Porter, and Larry Carmody, in their news column in STARSHIP/ALGOL have indulged in the habit of printing rumors and surmising in print over the guise of news. The GALAXY matter is just a symptom of a deeper problem. In the Spring 1979 issue of STARSHIP it was reported that ANALOG was in trouble with the powers that be at Conde Nast, and had been moved out of Conde Nast's main offices as a prelude to selling the magazine. Now, this might very well be, but I talked to Stanley Schmidt and he said there was nothing to it. As I say, these are instances of a larger problem.

I report a news column, if I use a source I make sure that is apparent to the reader. If somebody says something to me not for attribution, then it stays not for attribution. I don't take potshots at authors or others in the field.

I'm not Rona Barrett and I'm not THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER. And when I see news columns headlined "The Galactic Drift", an SF gossip column or some such, like the column in DESTINIES, I want to vomit. Every time a news columnist deliberately misspells an author's name and makes fun of it as B.D. Wyatt did to Robert Silverberg in his column, it does more than expose his lack of maturity, it reflects negatively on all of us.

Let's this be taken as sour grapes of jealousy, let me take this space to say how much I admire people like Charles N. Brown who have done a consistent job year after year, and others like Bill Warren who maintain high standards of honesty and credibility.

I would like to say thanks to all those who sent cards and letters. Your responses are deeply appreciated. It makes me feel that there are actually people out there who do care about accuracy and honesty. After all, that's what all this is for, to keep people informed.

And, last but not least, I want to thank Dick Geis for his kindness, support and patience. It is hard to believe I've been writing for SFR for almost two years. See you next issue.

BACK ISSUES

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THE ALIEN CRITIC #5 Interview
with Fritz Leiber; "The Literary
Dreamers" by James Blish; "Irvin
Binkin Meets H.P. Lovecraft" by
Jack Chalker.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #6 Interview
with R.A. Lafferty; "The Trench-
ant Bludgeon" by Ted White; "Trans-
lations from the Editorial" by
Marion Z. Bradley.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #8 "Tomorrow's
Libido: Sex and Science Fiction"
by Richard Delap; "The Trench-
ant Bludgeon" by Ted White; "Ban-
quet Speech" by Robert Bloch;
"Noise Level" by John Brunner.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #9 "Reading
Heinlein Critique" by Alexei
and Cory Fanshin; "Written to a
Pulp!" by Sam Merwin, Jr.; "Noise
Level" by John Brunner; "The
Shaver Papers" by Richard S. Shav-
er.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #10 An Inter-
view with Stanislaw Lem; "A Nest
of Strange and Wonderful Birds"
by Sam Merwin, Jr.; Robert Bloch's
Quest of Honor speech; The Hein-
lein Reaction.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #11 Interview
with Avram Davidson; "Founda-
tion On Sand" by J. Alder-
son; "SOLD OUT" by La. Fan History"

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #14 In-
terview with Philip Jose Farmer;
"Thoughts On Logan's Run" by Wil-
liam F. Nolan; "The Gimlet Eye" by
John Gustafson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #15 In-
terview with L. Sprague de Camp;
"Spec-Fic and the Perry Rhodan
Ghetto" by Donald C. Thompson;
"Uffish Thots" by Ted White.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #16 In-
terview with Jerry Pournelle; "The
True and Terrible History of Sci-
ence Fiction" by Barry Malzberg;
"Noise Level" by John Brunner;
"The Literary Masochist" by Rich-
ard Lupoff.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #17 In-
terview with George R. R. Martin;
Interview with Robert Anton Wilson;
"Philip K. Dick: A Parallax View"
by Terrence M. Green; "Microcos-
mos" by R. Faraday Nelson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #18 In-
terview with Lester del Rey; Inter-
view with Alan Burt Akers; "Noise
Level" by John Brunner; "A Short
One for the Boys in the Back Room"
by Barry Malzberg.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #19 In-
terview with Philip K. Dick; Inter-
view with Frank Kelly Freas; "The
Notebooks of Mack Sikes" by Larry
Niven; "Angel Fear" by Preff; "The
Vivisector" by Darrell Schweitzer.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #20 In-
terviews with Theodore Sturgeon
and Joe Haldeman; "Noise Level" by
John Brunner; "The Vivisector" by
Darrell Schweitzer; "The Gimlet
Eye" by John Gustafson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #21 In-
terviews with Leigh Brackett & Ed-
mond Hamilton, and with Tim Kirk;
"The Dream Quarter" by Barry Malz-
berg; "Noise Level" by John Brunner.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #22 In-
terview with John Varley; "S-F and
S-E-X" by Sam Merwin, Jr.; "After-
thoughts on Logan's Run" by Wil-
liam F. Nolan; "An Evolution of Con-
sciousness" by Marion Zimmer Brad-
ley.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #23 In-
terviews with A. E. Van Vogt,
Jack Vance, and Piers Anthony;
"The Silverberg That Was" by Rob-
ert Silverberg.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #24 In-
terviews with Bob Shaw, David G.
Hartwell and Algis Budrys; "On Be-
ing a Bit of a Legend" by Algis
Budrys.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #25 In-
terviews with George Scithers,
Paul Anderson and Ursula K. Le
Guin; "Flying Saucers and the Sty-
mie Factor" by Ray Palmer; ONE
IMMORTAL MAN--Part One.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #26 In-
terviews with Gordon R. Dickson
and Larry Niven; "Noise Level" by
John Brunner; "Fee-don Road" by
Richard Henry Klump; ONE IMMORTAL
MAN--Part Two.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #27 In-
terviews with Ben Bova and Stephen
Fabian; "Should Writers Be Serfs...
r Slaves?"; SF News; SF film news;
The Ackerman Interview; ONE IM-
MORTAL MAN--Part Three.



SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #28 Inter-
view with C.J. Cherryh; "Beyond
Genocide" by Damon Knight; ONE IM-
MORTAL MAN--Conclusion; SF News;
SF film news & reviews.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #29 Inter-
views with John Brunner, Michael
Moorcock and Hank Stine; "Noise
Level" by John Brunner; SF News,
SF film reviews.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #30 Inter-
views with Joan D. Vinge, Stephen
R. Donaldson, and Norman Spinrad;
"The Awards Are Coming!" by Orson
Scott Card; S-F News; Movie News.

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